

NOVEMBER, 1945

PRICE FIFTY CENTS
Canada Fifty-five cents

Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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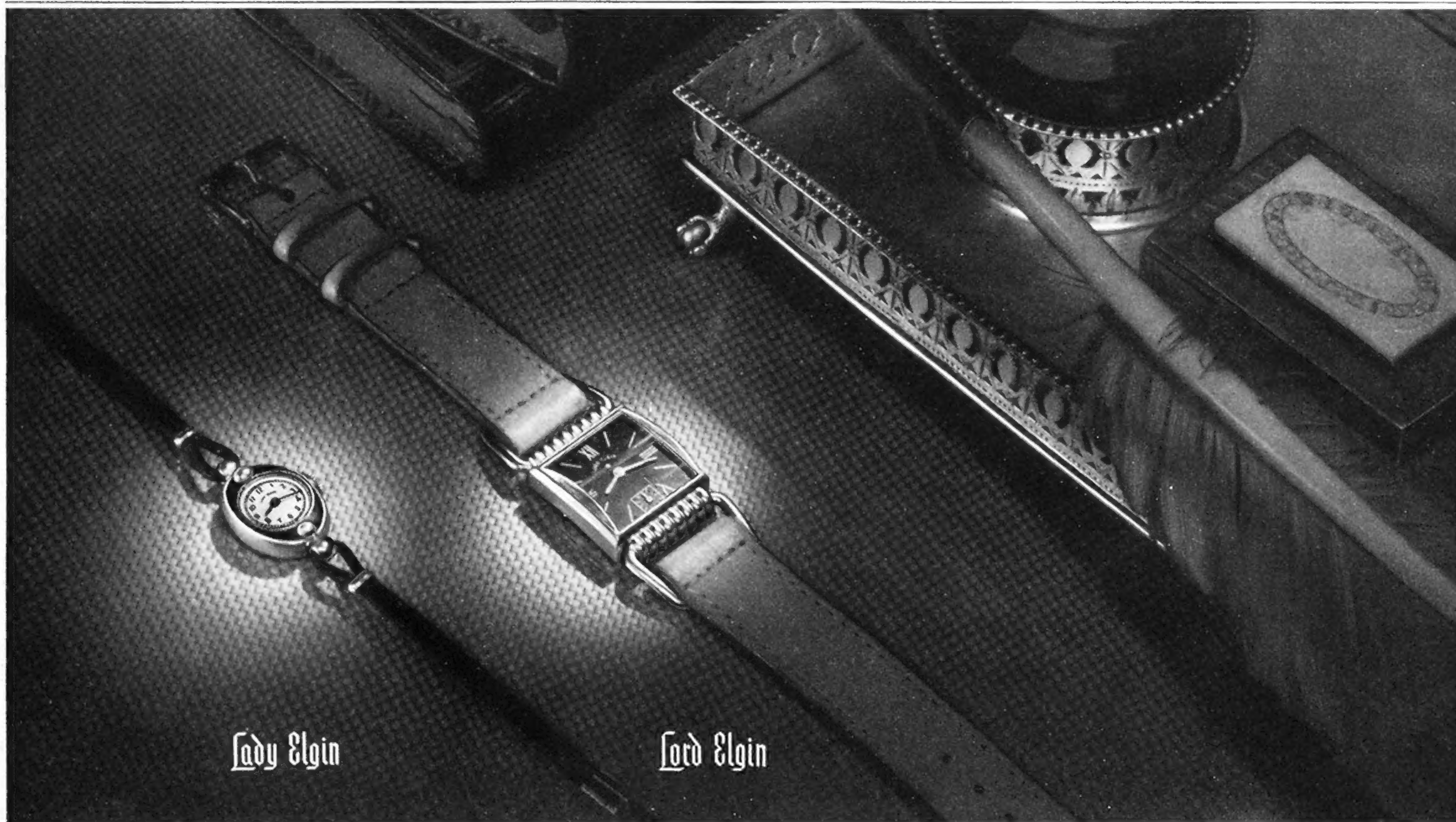
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On Looking into Gallico's Europe

Perhaps none of our contributors has the capacity for provoking such violent and stimulating dissent as Paul Gallico with his column, *This Man's World*. Whether he blasts at birds, headwaiters or Scotch Whisky, he is sure to draw scorching protests from our far from ox-like readers. That's what we like about Gallico, and that's what we like, incidentally, about the men who read Esquire. Even Gallico's comparatively mild and wistful essay on the pleasures of visiting peacetime Europe drew the following hot retort from a major who contends there is no place that even approaches home.

Your "opinion" article *This Man's World* (August Overseas Esquire) is good. A real lusty manifestation is The Business and anyone who loves birds should hear one of these big old African crows warm up its fog horn.

But *Going to Europe* turned out to be un-Gallico, in my mind, at least. Such a charmingly hopeful conclusion: "That is what it was like to go to Europe in the old days, and maybe it will some day approach it, though perhaps it will never be just like that again."

From the corner I hear a man who says he's not worrying whether or not it does return. It is one of our American tourists who made the trip across, when streamers of colored paper were missing. He saw the sights and is now waiting for that exhilarating ride back home. (His European travels were marked by many experiences, a minor one of which was making Pfc.)

He gives the travel books the razzberry with the remark that in some ways, going to Europe isn't all it's cracked up to be. Henceforth, he says, he'll be damn glad to sit at home and listen to singing commercials on the radio or an extemporaneous speech on our future inter-planetary policy delivered in the corner bar by a learned gentleman with a dese and dose accent. And how about a steak at Jack's when the show is over at the Garden.

Those will be the days. Things will get back to normal. But there will be a new group of Americans among those of The Old School who will whisper when the travelogue describes the beauties of the castles on the Rhine, the docks of Naples or La Maison Pierre and its wonderful champagne.

"Bill's outfit hit that place two days ahead of us and man, you should have seen how those guys busted it up."

The grandeur of Europe will return. Americans will pay to see it and have a fine time. But certain of our Big Men of tomorrow will remember their first European tour with far different memories.

No, I haven't seen all there is to see outside the States, but I haven't seen all there is at home either. The latter comes first from here on. We're going to load our suitcases and kids in the old wagon and take off to the White Mountains, the Jersey beaches, the Grand Canyon, the corn of Kansas or the World's Fair of 19xx. And we'll have a hot dog and a bottle of pop in the middle of the afternoon. That's something I missed when I saw the King's Summer Palace at Caserta.

Yes, that will be the day!

S. E. CRICK, Major.

While there is much to be said for the beauty of the White Mountains, some Joes seem to think the Alps are pretty good too. And who knows, after that vet the Major speaks of has drunk his fill of soda pop, he may start bragging to his kids about the time their old man took in the Summer Palace at Caserta, and how he lolled on the beach at Nice. One thing leading to another, those kids will be cashing in their tricycles and howling for a trip on the first packet or air liner that will take them over. And that will be another day!

David A. Smart

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Editorial: NOW IS THE ALL-IMPORTANT MOMENT OF THE WAR'S FOLLOW-THROUGH



A PECULIARLY American institution is the follow-through. Foreign athletes have always found it hard to understand the emphasis on the importance of the follow-through in American sports. Yet it is the one thing that has made us supreme wherever slugging counts. Watch slow-motion movies of championship performances, in golf, baseball, boxing and tennis, and you will see that the tremendously stepped-up striking power that characterizes the typically American slugger is expended in a stroke that, without the proper follow-through, would inevitably dump him on the seat of his pants.

All of which is only a pretty obvious way of pointing out that your own Uncle Sam is at this moment, after his world-shaking knockout punch on the button of Dai Nippon, poised precariously in a position where the sudden withdrawal of your support could well ruin his follow-through, with the uncomfortable result that at the time of his wiping the insolent grin off Japan's face he could momentarily fall on his own. And don't think that you wouldn't get a nasty shaking up yourself in the process, if that should happen.

In other words, if the atomic bomb was the short, sharp jolt that glazed the enemy's eyes and buckled his knees, then the Victory Loan is the follow-through to keep us from losing our own balance as a result of unloosing our Sunday punch.

* * *

All of the foregoing was made gin-clear to us in the course of a meeting of editors that was held in Washington, in the office of the Secretary of the Treasury, on the very morning that the first news came of Japan's willingness to accept the Potsdam surrender terms. The meeting had been called to discuss the Eighth War Loan, but before it got under way it was apparent that the Eighth would have to be called the Victory Loan. To all of us editors there assembled, this sounded like wonderful news. To the harried heads of the War Finance Division, however, glad as they were to see the signs of the approach of war's end, it represented an added hazard and handicap to be coped with, if this next loan were to carry the Victory label. For they recalled that in the last World War the only Bond Drive that encountered rough sledding was the last one, after the Armistice, when Liberty Bonds became Victory Bonds. That one slowed down to a walk, as the people, panting after the will o' the wisp called Normalecy, lost their former lively enthusiasm for bond buying.

So they were frankly worried that morning in Washington this past August, with the war's end in sight, about how to present to the public this next and last War Loan. In some respects it represents the most desperately needed money of the entire period since Pearl Harbor. For one thing, it's the last hedge against inflation. For another, it's needed to bring the boys home (after all, it costs just as much to bring them back as it did to send them over). For still another, it means money that simply has to be spent for the rehabilitation of veterans and the care of the wounded (you can't throw a big party for a guy to whom you're deeply indebted and then just walk out on him when the waiter shows up with the check). Then, too, there's the cost of maintaining Armies of Occupation abroad, and of averting chaos on the termination of contracts for war materials . . .

"But those are just some of *our* reasons for worrying," said one of the Treasury officials, "and they may not have much appeal to the public. Asking people to buy bonds to maintain their sons abroad is probably useless. They'd rather buy bonds to pay for bringing their sons home. And explaining why it costs money to stop buying war materials is a fairly complicated job."

"On the other hand," said one of the editors, "scare copy is no good at a time like this. With the Germans and the Japs both done for, there's nothing left to be scared of."

"They don't need scaring," the meeting's chairman said, "just tell the public the truth about these bonds and they'll buy 'em." That had a Lincolnian sound of sense to it, with its ring of "let the people know the truth," and everybody harked to it. "Good reason-why copy is

enough," he went on, "if it simply points out that these bonds, this time, are better than the bonds were in the last war, that these are savings bonds that can't go down in value, and that they're virtually the only sure thing in the investment field—well, they'll buy 'em because they're a good thing, that's all, because they're the best thing that money can buy."

So it was agreed to make, not patriotism, but enlightened self-interest, the theme of the public promotion of the Victory Loan.

* * *

So buy a bond, bub, because it's the best thing you can buy. You've got to buy something, you with all that greenery in your pockets, so buy a Victory Bond. Buy an extra bond, just this once. For this one last time, this one last chance, buy just one extra bond.

Buy it only because you know it's a sure thing, and because it's the only sure thing you know to buy. It's a savings bond, this Series E, and it's non-negotiable and non-marketable, unlike the Liberty Bonds of the last war. So it's a *guaranteed* investment, and it's depression-proof, and you can't take a loss on it, the way some people did on their Liberty Bonds back in 1920. Its value travels a one-way street. It can't go down. It can only go up. What else can you think of to buy that you can't sell for *less* than you paid for it?

So buy a bond, boy, while they're still to be had. Count up how many you've got, and if you have any fewer than ten then you're below the average for individual bond buyers, and you'll want to hurry to even up your own share of this gilt-edge wealth-insurance. There's no better bargain to be had, anywhere in anything, and while bonds will be sold for some while to come, this Victory Loan will be the last big public drive where you'll be reminded of your chance to get in on this one sure thing.

But don't buy it because you think you ought to. Just buy 'em as a hardheaded businessman should, and don't go playing the sentimental sucker. Don't buy the new \$200 Roosevelt Bond, for instance, for the way you felt that day last April when, with both wars unwon, you sensed the cold, quick pang of being left lost and leaderless, with the one man gone that you *knew* had never once been afraid.

And don't go playing any hunches. Don't buy an extra bond for this Victory Loan just because the last war's Victory Loan was a straggler, and remembering how we won the war and lost the peace that time, you're determined to do all you can to keep history from repeating itself in that bitter cosmic jest. You're just one guy, you know, so if all the rest of us are bent upon being such two-time idiots as to throw the world away again, don't you go trying to stop us all by yourself.

And, of all, don't get into any crazy mood of buying these bonds *in spite* of their being a sure thing. Don't go buying them for the sake of the widows and children of those boys who in darker days were not content to wait for a sure thing, who in fact went up *against* a sure thing at Bataan and Corregidor and on that nightmare run to Murmansk. Oh no, Quixote, tilt at no windmills now, and Cyrano, doff thy plume—the war's over and the time has come to be coldly and calmly practical about this loan. Just buy a bond now because it represents such a super-safe place to put your money, because it's such an excellent investment to make. Don't give a thought to the fact that only four years ago you had no way to know whether your money would be any good by now, nor whether there would be any investments left for you to make, other than by the sweat of your brow in forced labor under a conquering tyrant's lash. Just follow your enlightened self-interest—just buy a bond.

* * *

Personally, we're perverse enough to prefer to buy our extra bond for any one of the "bad" reasons, for any one of the above don'ts, rather than for all of the safe, sane, sound and sensible "reason why" arguments all put together. How about you?



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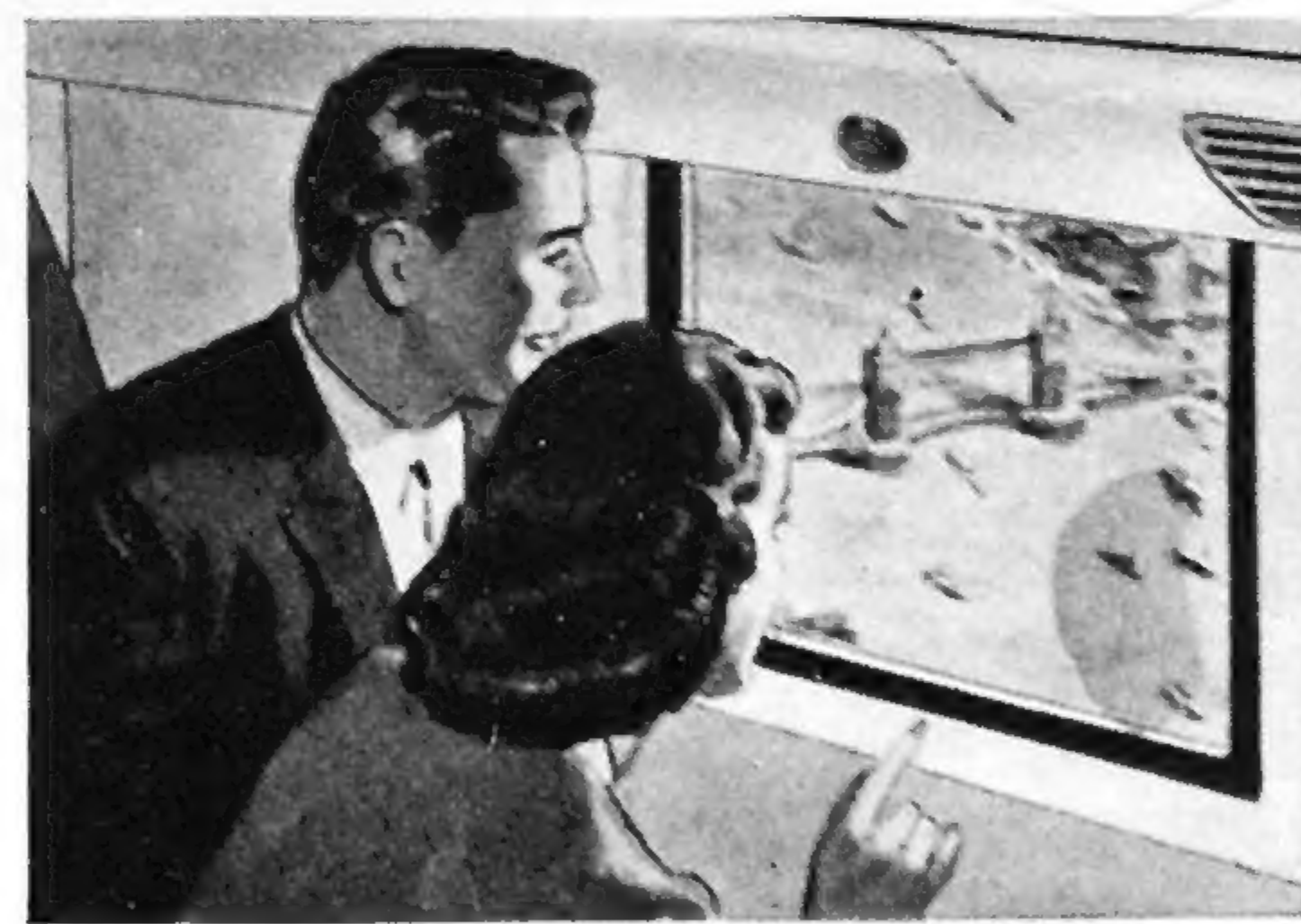
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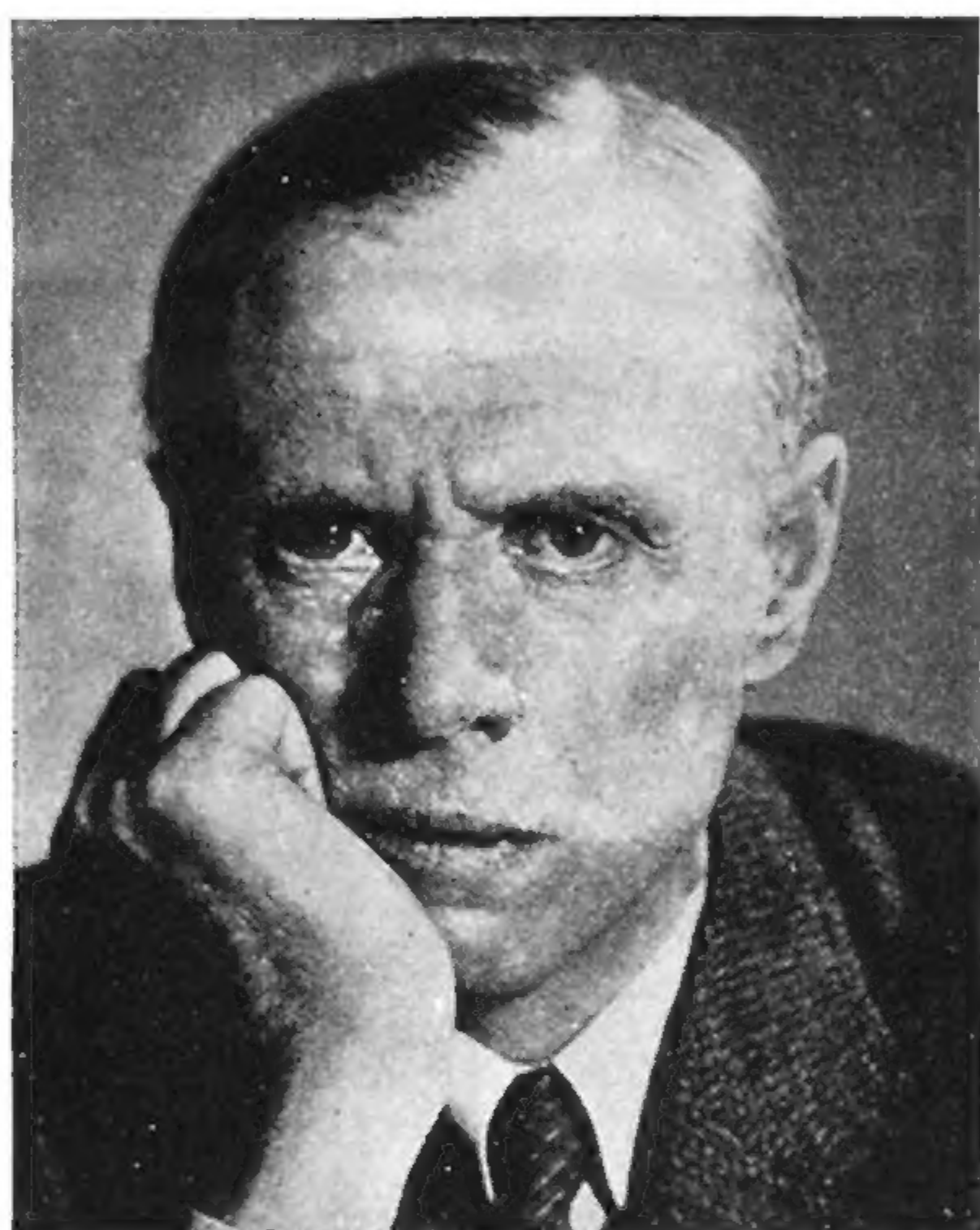
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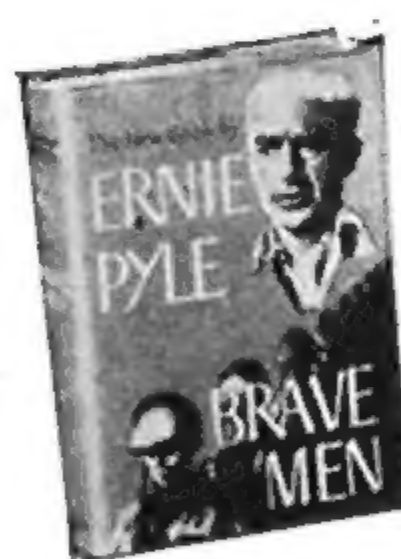


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You're baffled? Don't know anything 'bout it? Well, Esk—if you have but a few moments, I'll explain.

'Twas a hot, September afternoon—the year, 1943—and I was an employee of the Office of Censorship. Lunch time that day was spent across the street in a little place called "Scotties" (known for their "Tuna-on-Toast" sandwiches, exclusively).

An Esquire, September issue, served as company while I sipped my malted milk—and there, there in the Sound & Fury column, I found him! The photo intrigued me. Impulsively, I jotted a note to the photographer—not really expecting a response.

However, dear Esqy, one came several months later—a beautifully written six-page letter. Strangely enough, Mel too, was a Brooklynite.

And that is how it began! Our correspondence developed into a sturdy friendship; my letters following him to New Guinea, Netherland East Indies, and Leyte.

This past January Mel came home! We met for the first time—and fell in love. I wore the "wings" given to him by General Kenny. It was as if Melvin Silverman had come home to me.

This last June, he was discharged from the Army—and then we announced our engagement.

As I sit at my desk and write, my heart swells, and tears fill the corners of my eyes—without you, I could never have known such great happiness.

We thank you, Esqy, and are so very grateful to you for helping us find each other.

MR. AND MRS. MELVIN SILVERMAN
Brooklyn, N. Y. (TO BE)

the Okinawa sports poll

Last evening a group of us Marines were sitting around after hours having a typical bull session, and the subject eventually turned to baseball. After literally tearing apart and patting on the back Esquire's recent survey on all-time greats, someone suggested having a poll of our own.

There were nine of us, representing seven different states. Present were rooters of the Yankees, Pirates, Tigers, Giants, Cubs, Dodgers and Cards. The voting went this way. We wanted to select the all-great team from 1930 to the start of the war—and only from 1930 on. The results are highly interesting, and you may get a kick out of them. The guys wanted to send returns to Esquire, so I was chosen. If you don't agree with the results, at least you must agree that our team is good, and that even in the midst of a war, baseball still rates tops with the men who are away fighting it.



First base	Lou Gehrig	unanimous
Second base	Charlie Gehringer	unanimous
Shortstop	Joe Cronin	5 votes
	Arky Vaughn	4 votes
Third base	Stan Hack	5 votes
	Pie Traynor	4 votes
Outfield	Paul Waner	unanimous
	Mel Ott	8 votes
	Joe DiMaggio	4 votes
	Al Simmons	3 votes
	Ted Williams	2 votes
	Hank Greenberg	1 vote

Catcher	Bill Dickey	5 votes
	Micky Cochrane	4 votes
Pitcher	Carl Hubbell	unanimous
	Lefty Grove	7 votes
	Diz Dean	5 votes
	Bob Feller	4 votes
	Ted Lyons	2 votes
	CPL. TOM LEHMIER	
	Okinawa, Ryukyu Is.	

borrowing a crown for Gallico

I would like to suggest that you borrow a small coronet from your literary cousins and present it to Paul Gallico for his dissertation on the uselessness of birds, which appeared in the August issue of Esquire.

Mr. Gallico is, obviously, a man of keen perception and independent, courageous thought. It is high time that someone set forth to debunk these feathered little beasts. Whoever first called them "our feathered friends," no one can say, but as far as I, and perhaps Mr. Gallico, am concerned, I feel certain that the good Lord was in a whimsical humor when he pulled the lever that started such a weird evolution from perfectly good reptiles.

FRANK W. STONES
Louisville 1, Kentucky



fashion note from Burma

Have you heard that the GI's are staging a large "Homecoming week?" A week lasting more than a year, maybe?

Well, here's their anti-khaki song! Can you slug a slight plug for it?

I don't bound around much any more. There has been sort of a war goin' on—and somehow I became involved—so I lie here now—and think—and wonder how I can please somebody.

This seeks nothing for myself. Give it to the boys.
I've Gotta Passion For Fashion
I've gotta passion for fashion;
I've gotta run on fun;
'Cause I'm ten-million new civilian
Ex-GI's in one!
I've got urges for serges;
I've gotta need for tweed;
I'll put a smile in a mode of stylin'
No War Department decreed.

Chorus
I'll be the Civ-suit-Suitor;
I'll be the Rainbow-Beau;
I'll be the luminous,
Most voluminous
Viva-Truman-ous
Leader in the Freedom show.
I've gotta passion for fashion;
I've gotta run on fun;
'Cause I'm ten-million new civilian
Ex-GI's in one!

CPL. ROBT. B. CHARLES.
48th Evacuation Hosp.
Myitkyina, Burma.

crowding Janie's amen corner

According to my principles it is my responsibility to second the opinions of my sisters, and so... I agree absolutely with Janie Close's statement: "American men are no more magnificent than any other animals." Of course not! For a really enjoyable evening there is no pleasure comparable with that of dining with a charming armadillo, or dancing with a handsome zebra, or sitting on the lap of a voluptuous dromedary. As for being kissed by a magnificent hippopotamus—oh, brother! BUGSIE (MRS. T.) MASCARO
West Point, Pa.

Paradise enow

Have just received your letter of Nov. 2, that has followed me all over the South Pacific. A very kind reply considering the nonsense I must have written to you about your South Seas cartoons. At the time I was in an evacuation hospital, and very bitter at everything and the world in general. Now I'm in a much better frame of mind, and have regained my old sense of humor somewhat, and wishing to confine my remarks directly to Esquire, will say I enjoy your cartoons of soldiers in South Pacific with beautiful native girls. I guess it



is all just a part of the not-so-obvious bunk that has been published for ages about the glamorous romantic islands of the South Pacific. You will probably enjoy as much as myself, the complete irony of the situation, in such future cartoons with the above photo of the real South Sea islands glamor gals. I do not wish to destroy this happy myth, as it is no doubt a great morale booster for folks back home.

New Guinea HAROLD NICHOLS

Brody gets a basting

Mr. Iles Brody led with his chin in Man the Kitchenette in the September Esquire. "Why can't women cook?" asks Mr. Brody. His very question leads me to believe that he has been moving in the wrong circles. The women I know can cook—all of 'em.

As to his exposition on male cooks... we have them in our family, too. My father was an expert in making several things, particularly divinity candy. But he had to have twice the usual number of dishes, absolute quiet, and considerable help in finding the things he needed. Afterward, it was mother, not dad, who cleaned up the kitchen.

I've watched the same procedure in salad making, in steak cooking and in French dressing mixing, which are some of the specialties of the males of my acquaintance. Yes, Mr. Iles Brody, they do concentrate on it—very, very much so. But some woman in the household must make all the preparations for them, stand by to help out in pinches and then clean up afterwards.

If men had to answer phones and doorbells, rescue the offspring from all sorts of danger points, clean the house, do the family laundry and still keep up the family's social contacts by playing bridge and gin rummy and at the same time cook at least three meals a day (more when the children are small), they might welcome eagerly short cuts that come from cans. And don't forget the matter of dishwashing—who does the dishes after dad cooks????

As a matter of fact I like to cook and I enjoy the challenge of planning meals, but I'm not above making things easier for myself through using new kinds of foods. I've seen some very attractive pitcher and basin sets that used to be on washstands in bedrooms back when grandma was a girl. They really were pretty, but I'm darned if I'd change my bathroom for one. And I'm not go-

ing to spend all day at the stove, either. This is 1945.

As for dragging professional chefs into the matter... that strikes me as a poor comparison... rather like comparing a professional writer like Mr. Brody and his work to a mediocre letter writer like myself.

Anyhow, tell Mr. Brody that if he is ever in our part of the country to stop in for dinner. We might even give him mountain trout.

MRS. PAUL G. TOBIN
Casper, Wyoming.

Southerner says it's "Evolution"

Sinclair Lewis' article, "Gentlemen, This is Revolution," in the June issue of Esquire, is the type of article that causes more trouble than it cures. As a matter of fact, no cure was mentioned by him. Of course there is a Negro problem, but what can be done about it? I am a Southerner and have lived and worked in towns that have a population of fifty per cent Negro, and I feel that I know and understand the Negro. I have no prejudice against the Negro, and the South does not have as much prejudice against the Negro as we are led to believe by many writers who are not familiar with the situation. There are many Negroes in the South that have "made good," which proves that the opportunity is there if the people concerned have the education, character and ambition to achieve success. Some organizations, such as Walter White's Association for the Advancement of Colored People, want equality handed to them on a silver platter, but such intelligent and successful Negroes as Booker T. Washington, George W. Carver, Mary Bethune and others realize that it must be won and not received as a gift. It certainly cannot be denied that the plight of the Negro has been greatly improved since the Civil War; and it will continue to improve as the Negroes become better educated and more civic minded.

As for Negro soldiers being discriminated against in the Army, I have been in England, France and Germany and I fail to see any discrimination. They have every liberty and opportunity that a white soldier has. It is true that the majority of them are in service units, but let us not forget that, even so, white men still outnumber Negroes in service units. Furthermore, ninety per cent of the guys in the fox-holes would probably be glad to trade places with some colored lad in the rear. I am sure that no soldier who has seen action would call it discrimination to be put into a service unit! It seems to me that Walter White makes mountains out of molehills by bringing up a few isolated cases of discrimination.

Mr. Lewis says that Lillian Smith's *Strange Fruit* "... is a condensation of the entire history of one-tenth of our population." I fail to see his point here. Having read Miss Smith's book, I see it only as another best-selling work of fiction and not as a true representation of the lives of any individuals. If the story has real live characters, they are so few as to be negligible. It would be like using John D. Rockefeller as the typical white man.

Mr. Lewis, in his review of Richard Wright's *Black Boy*, mentions the fact that the Negro does not really like things as they are. Well things can't be changed by asking it or by demanding it. It must be as C. C. Spauldin says—it must be paid for by character and achievement. We must remember that there are two sides to every story. How about looking at the white man's side for a change?

CPL. CLYDE W. KIKER
Germany

Continued in center of page 191



How to make a Sphinx talk

AMONG your friends there is probably a quiet, reserved fellow who's practically a sphinx when it comes to praising anything.

Well, next time he drops in, serve him a highball made with Four Roses.

We sincerely believe that after the first sip, the "sphinx" will speak right up and say that he's never before tasted

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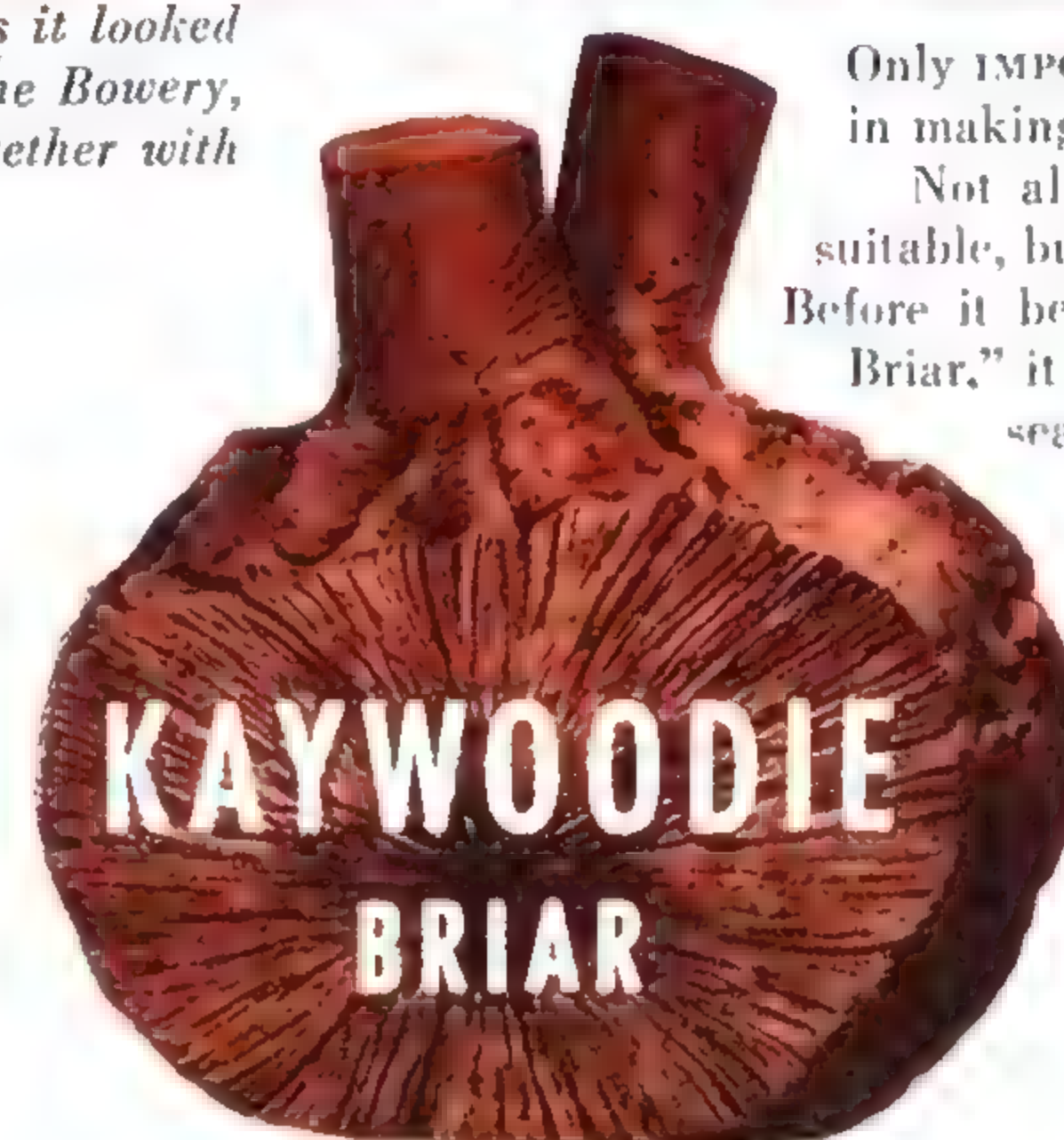
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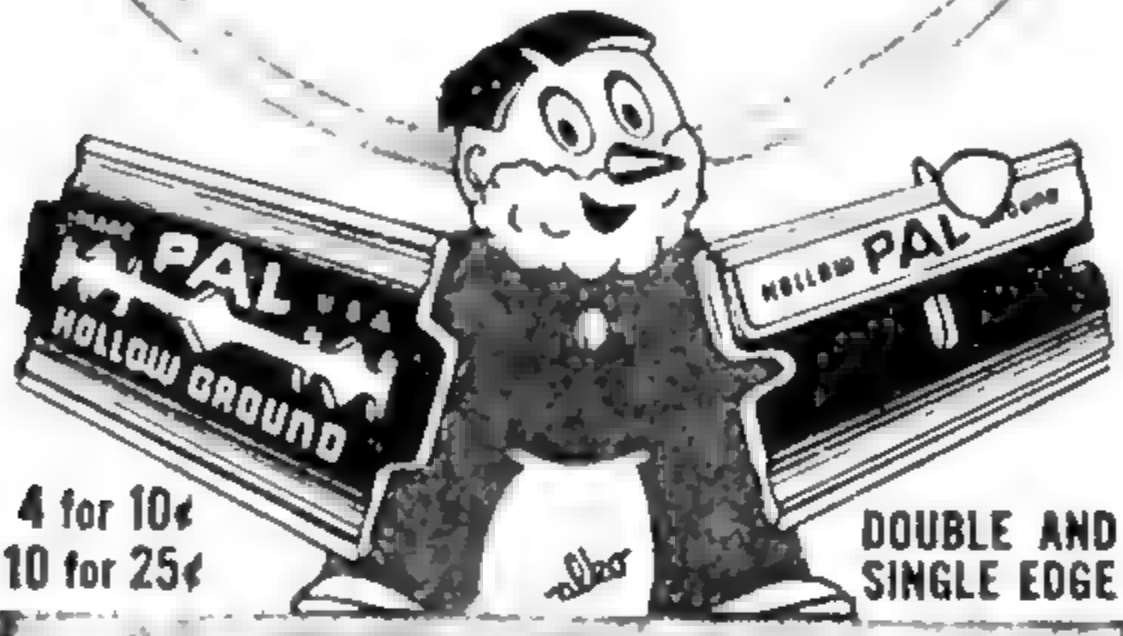
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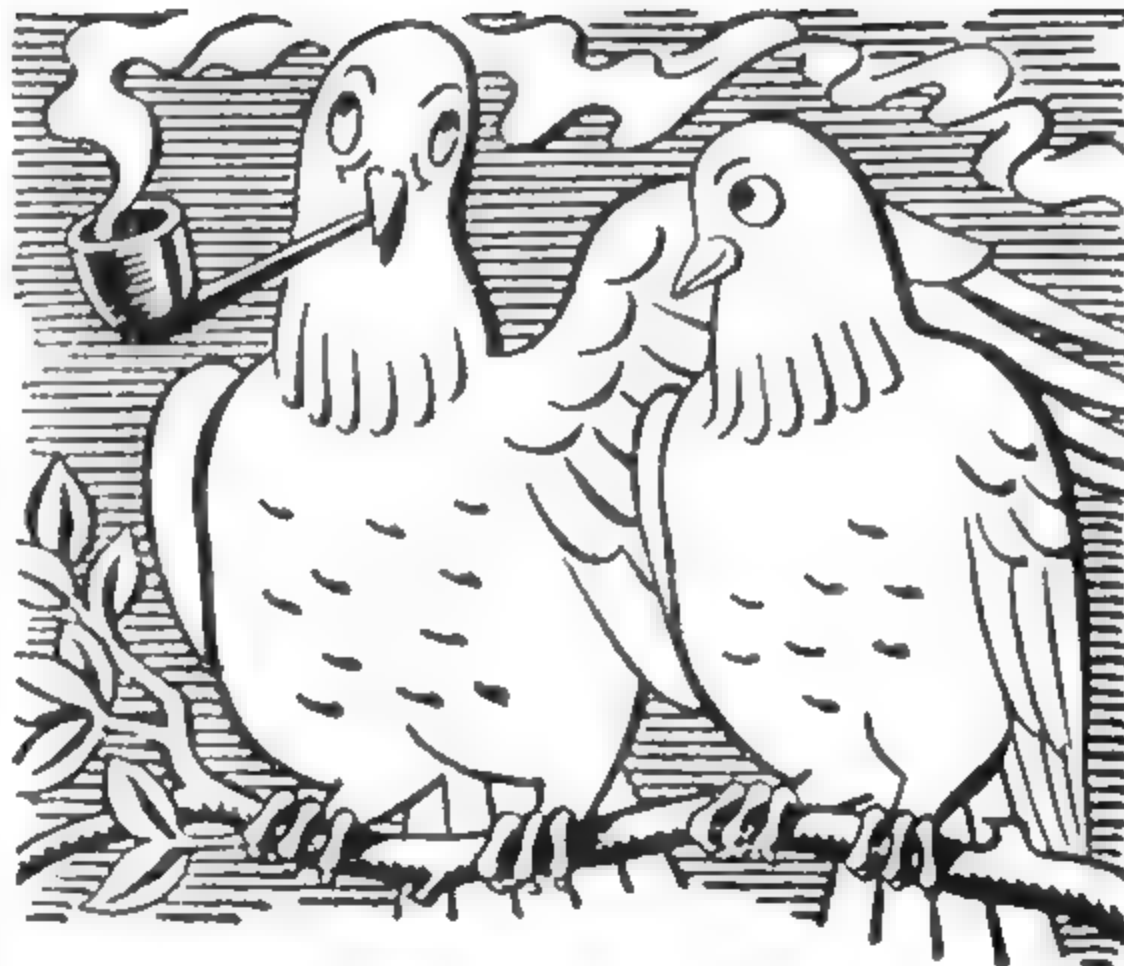
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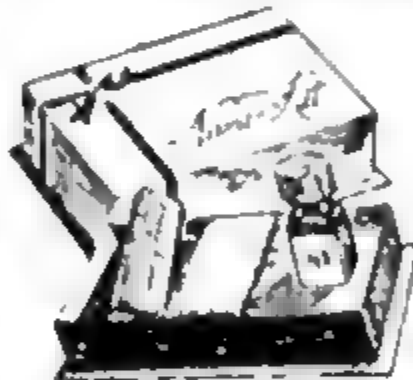


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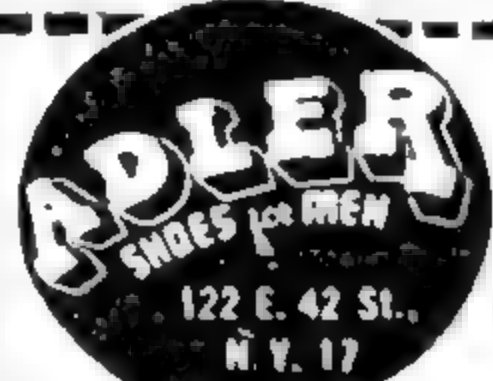
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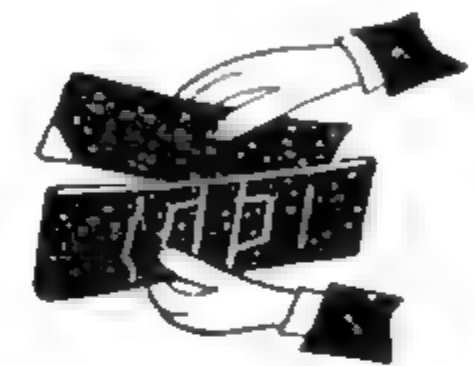
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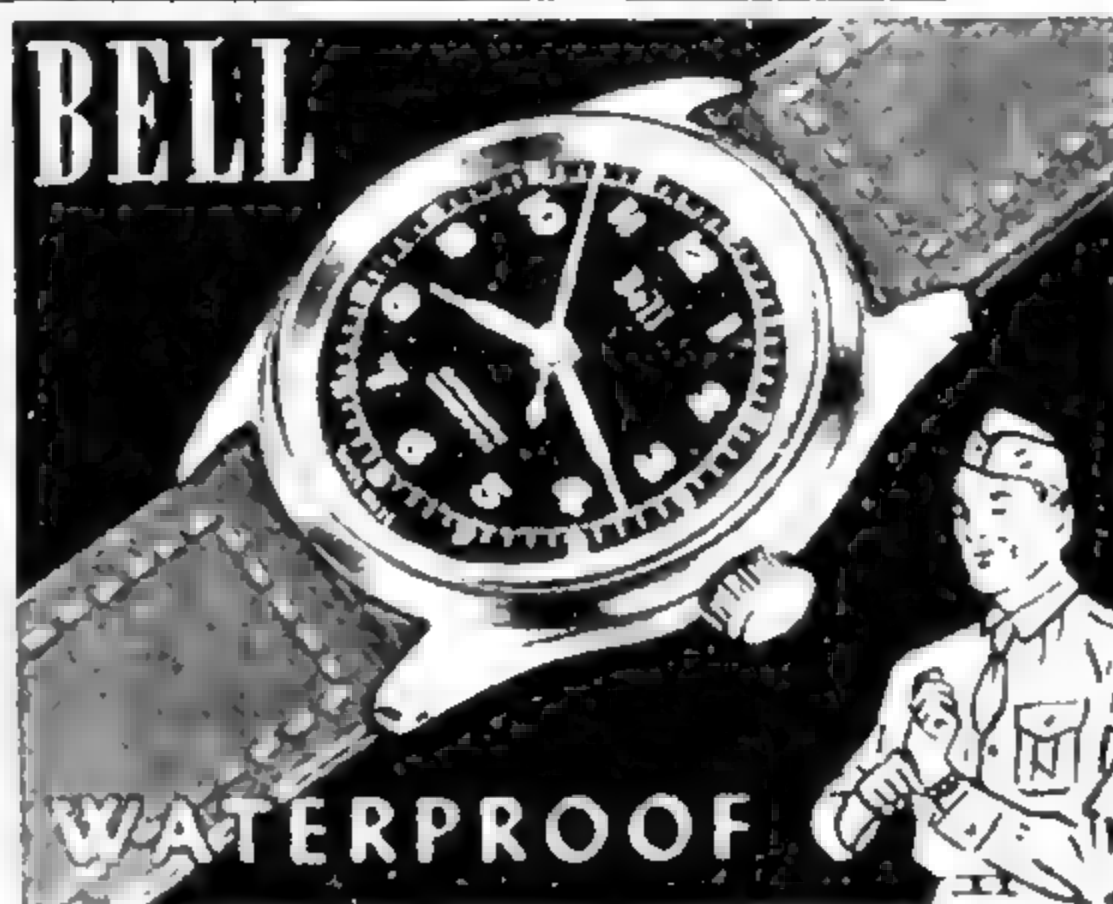
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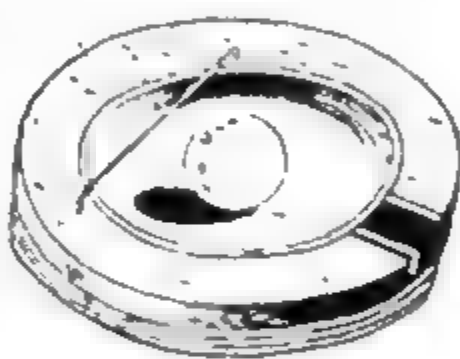
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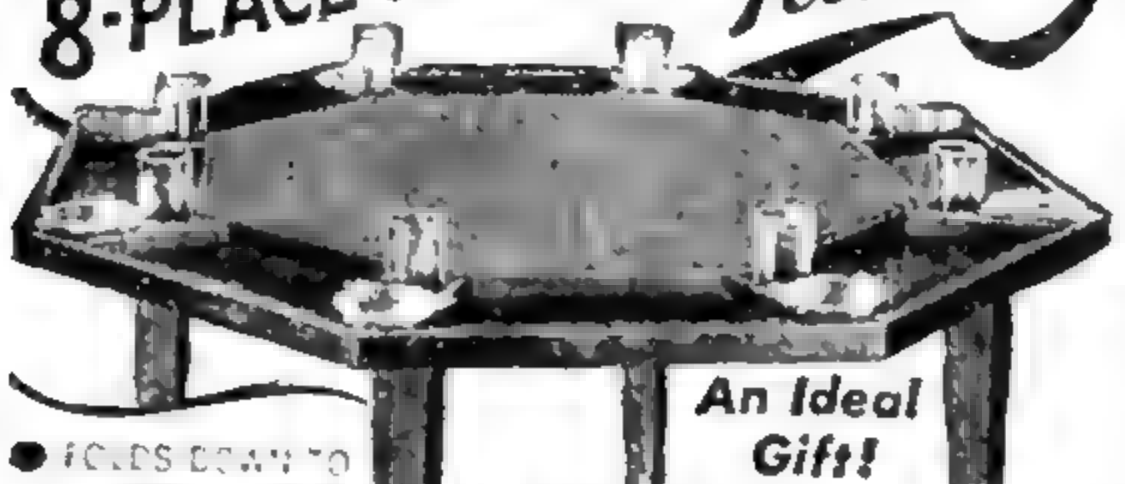
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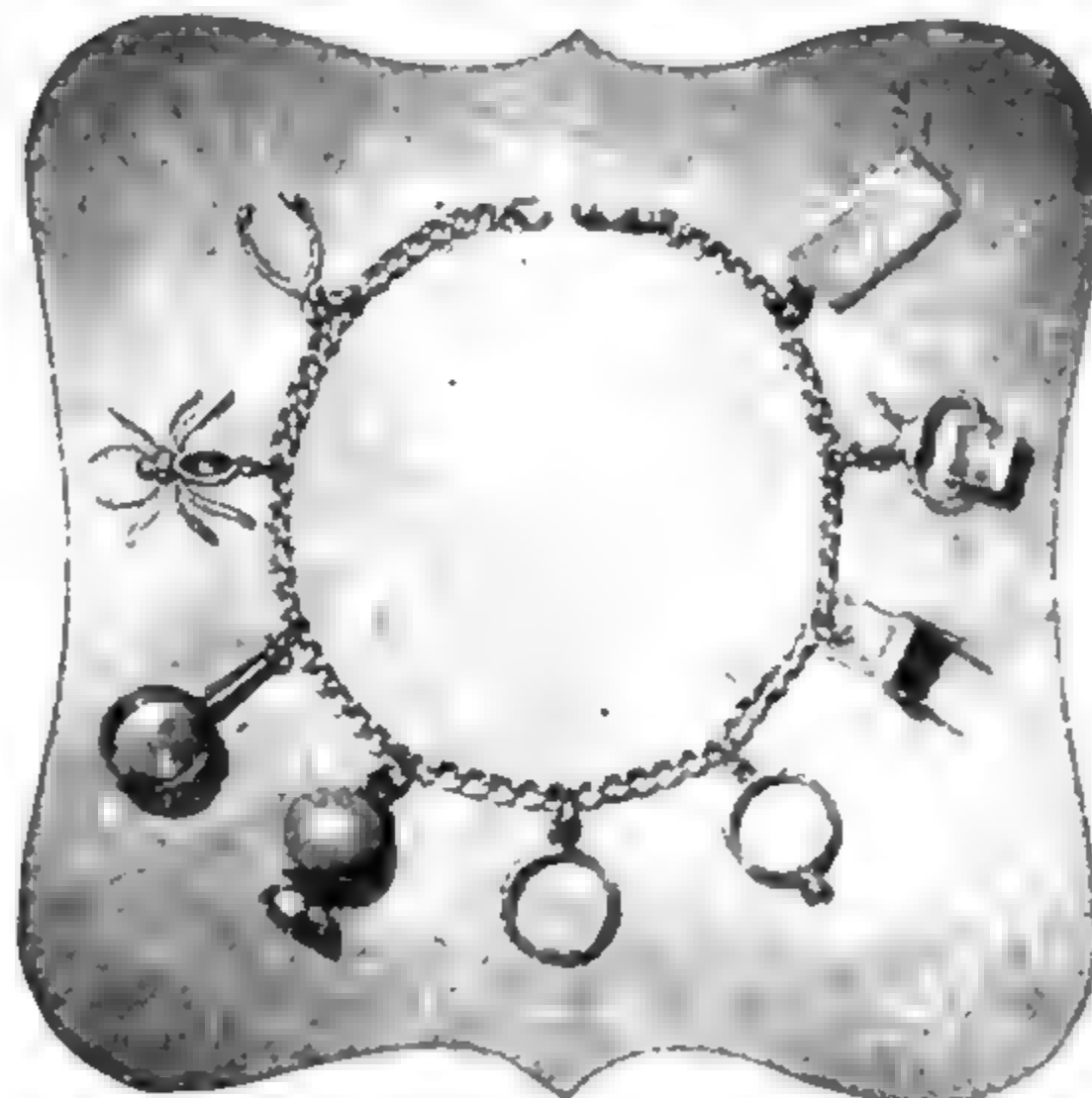
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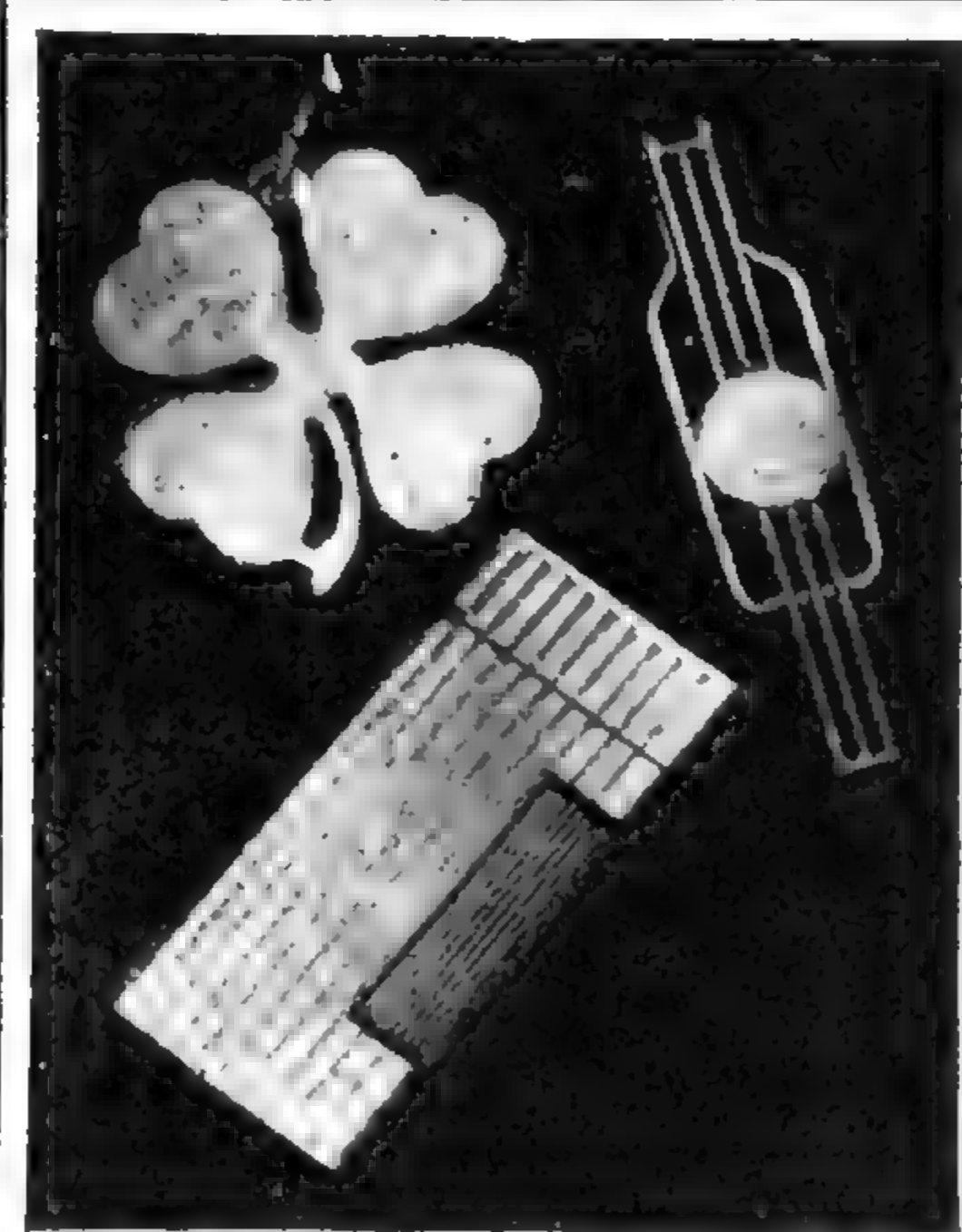
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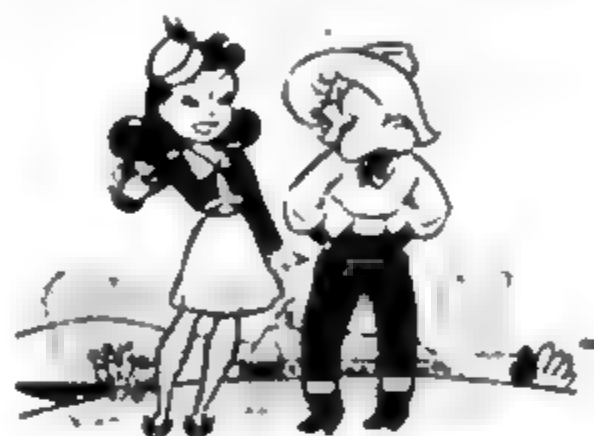
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^{*}To serve 4 or 5, have 2 lbs. of beef short ribs cut in serving-size pieces. Roll in flour, brown slowly on all sides in 2 tbsps. shortening in heavy kettle. Add 1½ tps. salt, ¼ cup chopped onion and 1 cup California Burgundy or Claret wine. Cover, simmer slowly 2 hours or until tender. Skim excess fat from liquid; add ½ cup boiling water. Add whole peeled potatoes, carrots, turnips, and small onions; sprinkle with salt and pepper, cover, cook about 45 minutes, until vegetables are tender. Serve piping hot—and pour glasses of hearty red Burgundy or Claret for all



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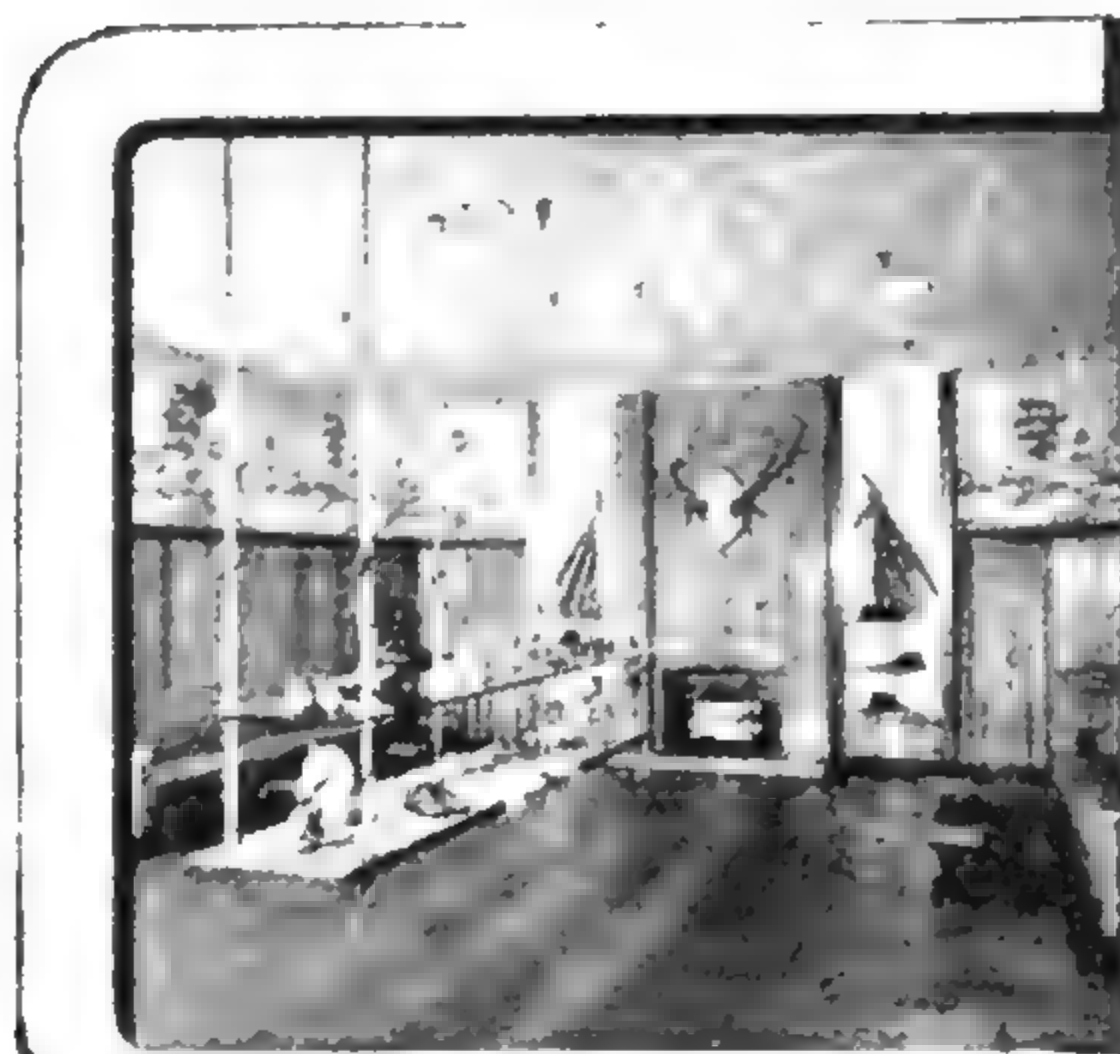
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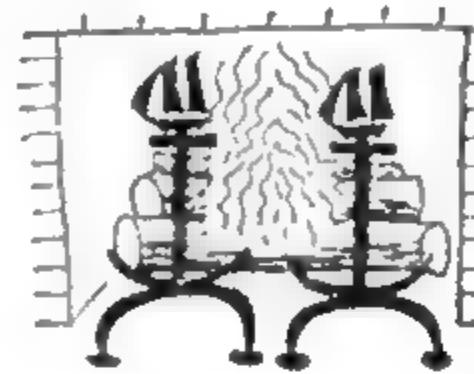


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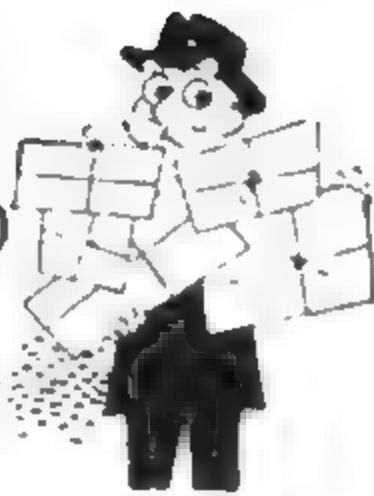
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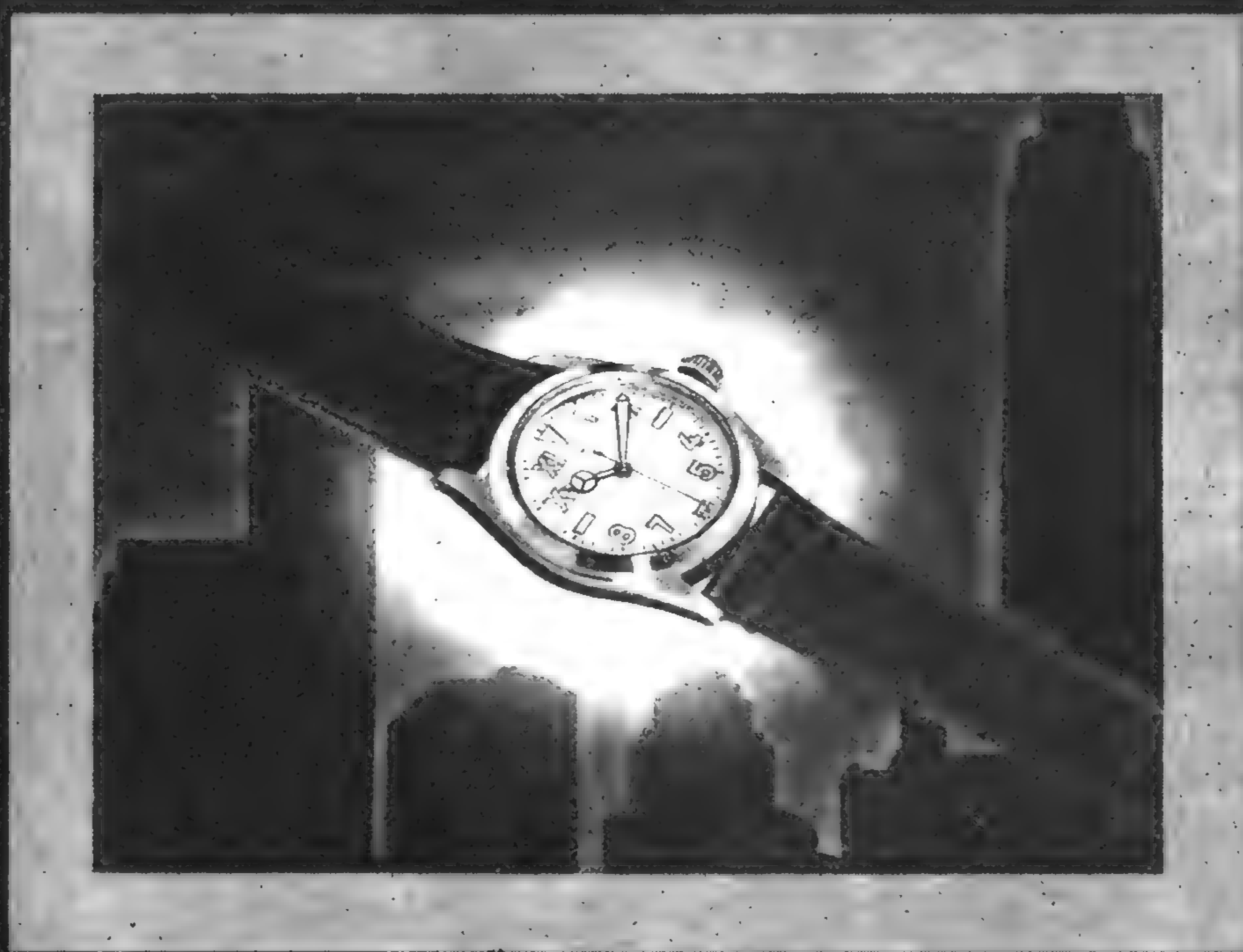
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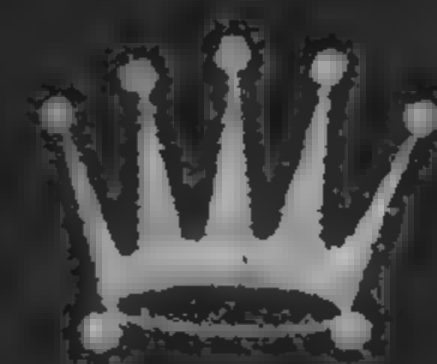
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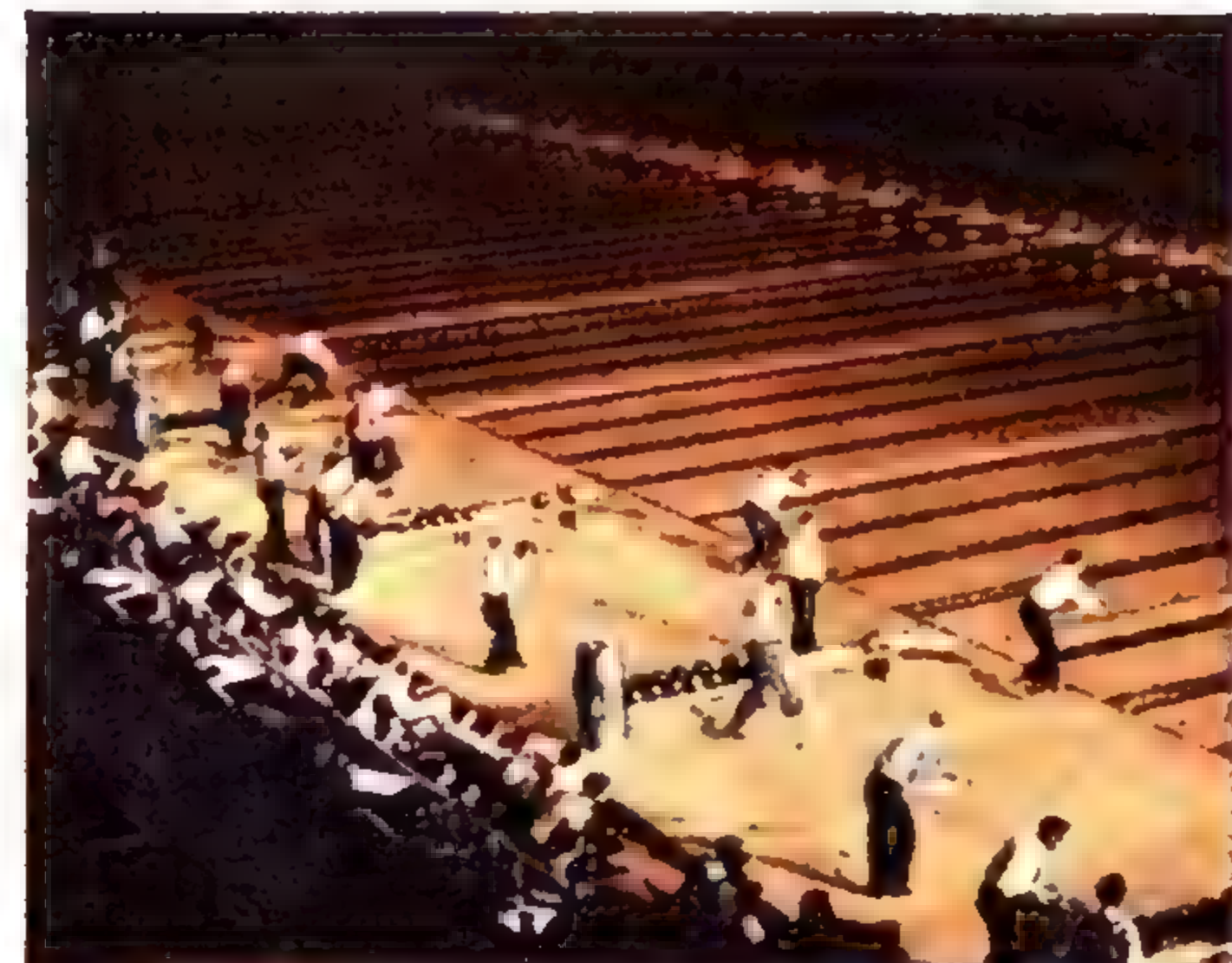
Bowling...fun for 16 million



1870 THOSE WHO enjoy bowling today have years of precedent behind them. "Bowling at ninepins" was brought to this country by early Dutch settlers. By 1870, 12 years after the name Corby's Whiskey was introduced in Canada, indoor bowling was popular in the East.



1901 BOWLING was rapidly becoming an organized recreation with uniform rules throughout the U. S. The first national tournament was held in Chicago. Rules called for 10 pins; 464 entries competed for \$1,592 prize money in this, Corby's 43rd year of Canadian fame.



1942 NEARLY 80,000 entries competed for \$250,000 in prize money in the last national tournament held before war eliminated bowling congresses. Local competition attracted more bowlers than ever before, as the name Corby's reached its 84th year of great Canadian tradition.

1945 THE NEW bowling season is around the corner. It's time to enjoy the favorite fall and winter recreation of 16 million Americans. It's a good time, too, to watch for Corby's Whiskey in your bar or store. Corby's is now being distributed regularly. Brought to the U. S. A. from Canada four years ago, the name Corby's is a sure guide to a light, sociable blended whiskey that is just right in your favorite drink.



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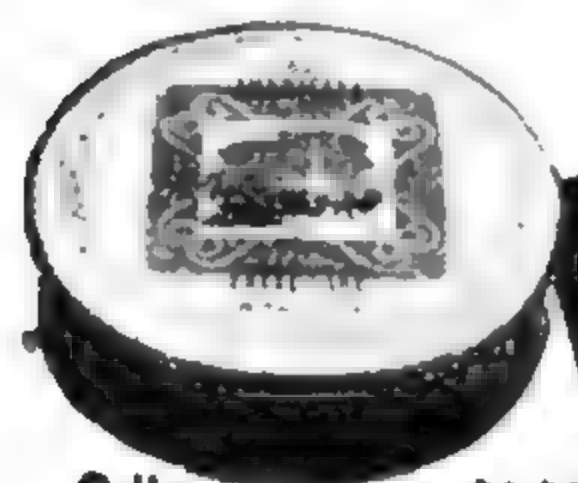
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Patronizing the Town with Esquire



CAVANAGH'S (260 West 23rd since 1876) is holding catch-up classes in steak eating . . . Fond rememberers of old Delmonico's, Prohibition casualty, have been getting a kick out of seeing and listening to rosy-domed Joe Fejer, Delmonico Hungarian violinist, leading dinner and supper background melodies at Bradley's, 161 East 54th . . . Accenting the superlative, Jack & Charlie's "21" has redone its front and part of its lower insides. Patrons lined up at the bar will spend the winter facing south instead of west . . . In the Oval Room of the Ritz-Carlton one lunches on the music of Feri Sarkozi's Gypsy band, and dines on that of Larry Stry's orchestra, but food and drinks are also available. No dancing . . . Rarely does the Whaler Bar (Madison Ave. at 38th) have to throw us a hawser; we moor unwinded.

TAXIS hieing eastward on 14th St. to doorway No. 244 are laden with fans of Russian Kretchma food and entertainment, host Peter Nemiroff having reopened this cherished spot for its 24th season. Music and colorful revues are under the jurisdiction of Gleb Yellin, St. Petersburg Conservatory alumnus. Cossack dagger-mouthed Mischa Uzdanoft will obligingly spear folded money for you on his target board, his skill surpassed only by that of the bartender as a

spot-hitter with drinks spiked with vodka.

INTENSIVE and tumultuous are the indigoings-on at Broadway's Zanzibar, Duke Ellington presiding. Convinced that this is no time for hoarding, the management has splurged on Sepian stars till the stage is practically a planetarium of them: Golden Gate Quartet, Jesse & James, Carter & Moreland, The Nightingales, and so on. To make sure the Duke doesn't become over-fatigued, there are two additional orchestras—Louis Jordan's and Claude Hopkins'—each of headline caliber.

VISITORS from Chicago parting-shooting at the Bar of the Hotel Commodore feel as though home already, service is so like that of Windy City's Palmer House. And there's good reason for that impression, because same man, Edward T. Lawless, set up the policies at both places—first the Commodore, at the time of Repeal, and then, a year later, traveling on his laurels to the Palmer, of which he's been prexy and general manager ever since. For five of these years his beverage sales have topped the nation. Next to cleanliness and courtesy, Lawler law is: "Do not stint on any of the 'mixings.' Let the guest see he is getting an 'honest count' drink with a view of the bottle."

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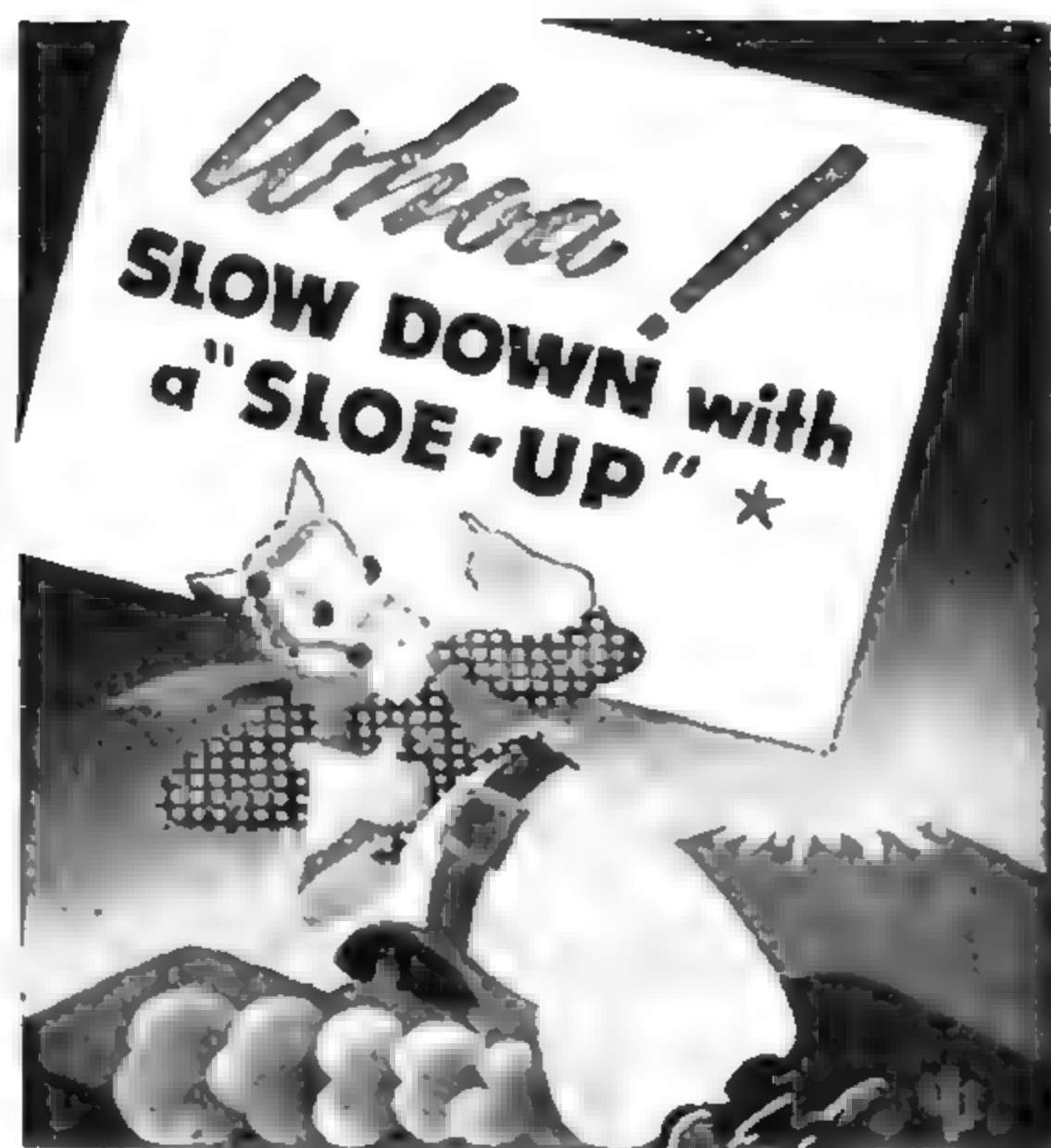
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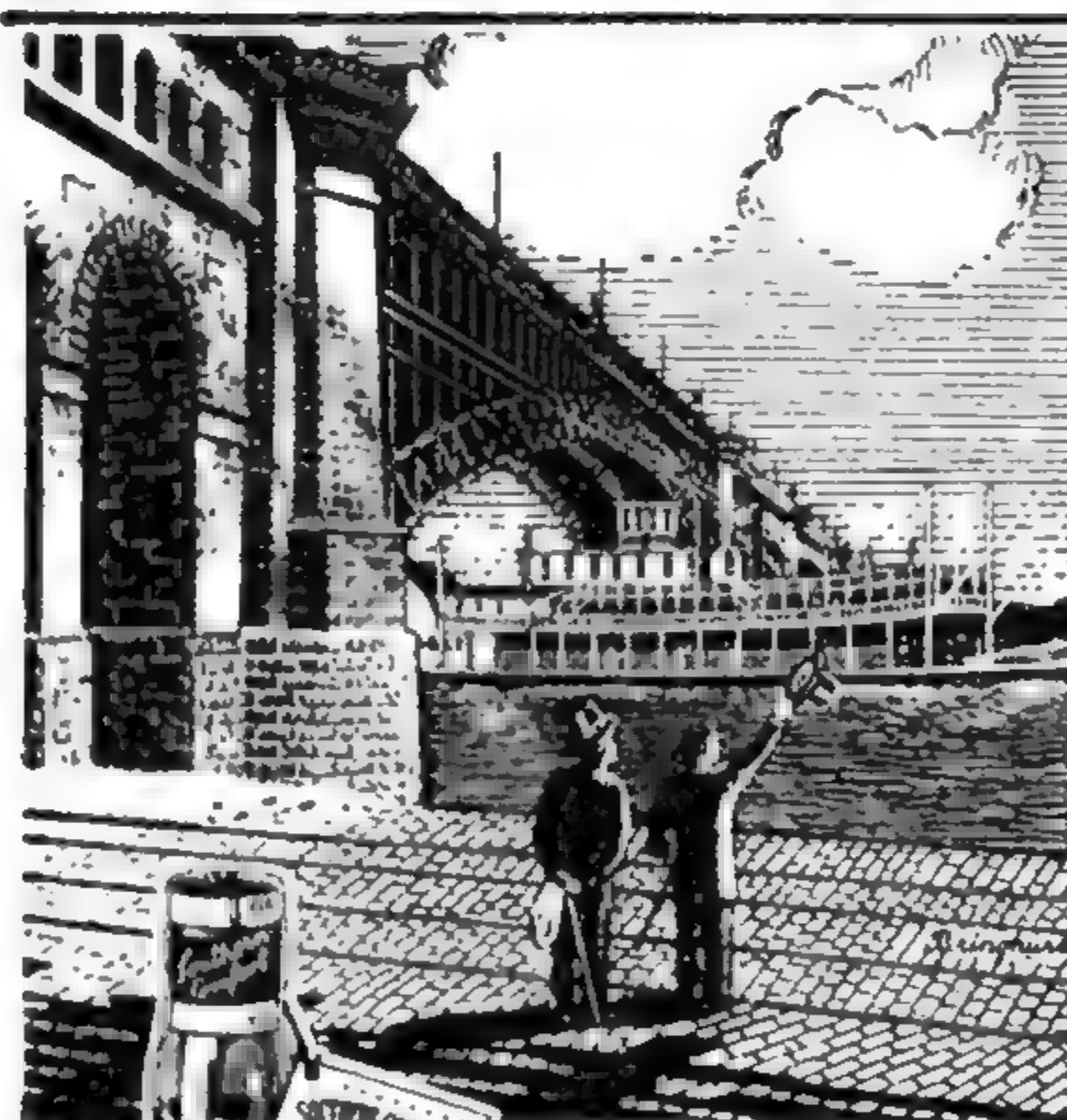
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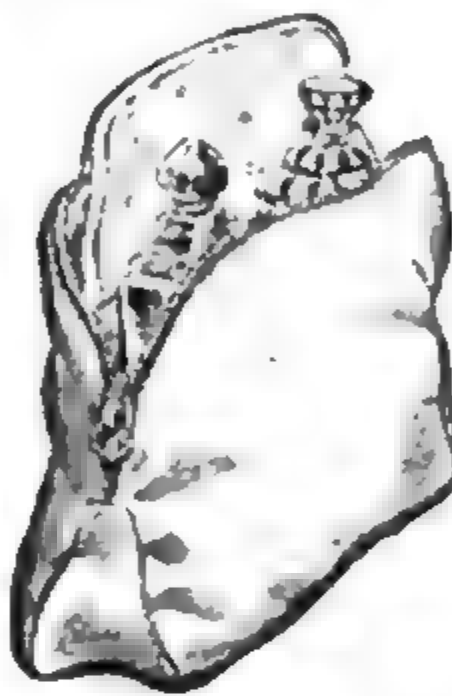
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SPEAS COMPANY - SEBASTOPOL, CALIF.

Painting the Town

NOURISHMENT is stupendous at the Iceland Restaurant — Broadwayside cavern between 52nd & 53rd — of smörgasbord superman Mike Larsen, the guy from Denmark with the build and brawn of a bruin from Alaska and the joviality of Kris Kringle. Much of this festive fodder is raised on Mike's own farm in Connecticut, live-stocked with 42,000 chickens, prize herd of cows, and critters of the grunt persuasion. But rivers, lakes, and seas have to be drawn upon for the smoked and fresh salmon, the aspic-jellied eels, the shrimps, the anchovies marinated in wine, and the 15 styles of herring, which, with 20 varieties of pickles, make up a few of the dishes on his smörgasbord table. A mere after-theatre snack of Danish open-face sandwiches looks like you are having a birthday party. Iceland Special Cocktail, in which akvavit (traditional opening shot) and Scandinavian punch (approved night cap) are combined, fits any time of the evening, same as Lou Martin's music fits your ankle urge. The Iceland revue (songs, gals, novelties) is sheer bonus.

REFINED FEET at the Waldorf-Astoria's Wedgwood Room are being tickled by the elegant outgivings of Emil Coleman. A nice spot to try to get into . . .

The much angled-for Mme. Sophie La Tucker has taken up her singing abode at La Martinique (57 West 57th) making glad the hearts of host Dario and his customers . . . Stan Kenton and his bandstanders are rhythming the Café Rouge of the Hotel Pennsylvania . . . Cheery sight: bronzed major home from the Pacific, his wife and his teenage daughter, dining at the Caviar Restaurant with all fixings — good old waiter captain Fred serving the champagne and pan-juggling the crêpes Suzette. You can bet this grand feed at this grand feedery had long been dreamed of.

CAFE SOCIETY UPTOWN (128 East 58th) sporting a complete new décor by Lucille Corcos which ribs the glitter set not too mercifully, is hailing the return of Jimmy Savo. Towering basso Kenneth Spencer intones songs clear down into the cellar. Blonde chantoots Julie Gibson, eye treat from Hollywood, sends up temperatures. A group of Katherine Dunham dancers enact samples of jungle emotion, goaded by tom-tommer they've brought along. The orchestras of fiddler Eddy South and clarinetist Ed Hall swap musical honors. Even the unseen performers in the kitchen have talent.



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Satisfying as a Turkey Dinner*

To complement the succulent taste of your holiday meals, try rich, mellow Jamaica Rums. You'll find them ideally suited for both traditional drinks and cooking recipes.

Created in 1661, Jamaica Rums have conceded nothing to today's mass-production methods. Now, as in the seventeenth century, smooth, really satisfying rums are assured by the use of the painstaking, but unchallenged pot-still process — rigidly controlled by British Empire regulations.

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**Ocean-Clear
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THE OVAL ROOM
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Home of the Merry Go Round
BOSTON

with Esquire



WHITE-TIED social sparkle at the Iridium Room of the St. Regis has Paul Sparr sendolgy to glide to, along with that of Hammond organ riffer Theodora Brooks and her adept outfit, these tune teams sequeling their successes scored on the roof this past summer. Maisonette lures are topped with song queenie Dorothy Shay, official divinity of this nether room, which is clubbier than the stately Iridium but no whit less smart.

"WATERPIPES" hardly sounds like a tempting dish, but when you call them by their Italian name, *cannelloni*, and order them at "Sixty-Eight" Restaurant (59 Fifth Ave., just to be intricate) you draw a sizzling delicacy which is gladsome to behold and glorious to go at — homemade *pasta* of melt-in-the-mouth texture encasing creamy white cheese and draped with subtly seasoned tomato sauce. People at neighboring tables are registering equal satisfaction over dishes they are trying, which keeps partners Toni, Peter, and John

busy bobbing about receiving congratulations on grilled jumbo shrimps à la Toni, veal chop au Madere, roast prime ribs of beef, etc. Partner Martin officiates at the bar, and he's no disappointer either.

BULL SESSIONERS arguing as to what life is going to be like in the wonderful era we're heading towards, would do well to take a look at something remarkable that's here already — the 1-2-3 Club, noggin-child of its host-pianist Roger Stearns: night club for people who don't care for night clubs. Soothingly beautiful room whose charm creeps up on you as you sit back and listen to the latest tunes à la Stearns, or keep right on with your conversation. Sagacious Joseph and his waiters understand your wants, the chef is a flavor artist, ditto the bartender. But no floor show, dancing, nor excitement whatever. The high-tension folk (stage, radio, and such) who haunt 123 East 54th, come here because the mood is All Serene.

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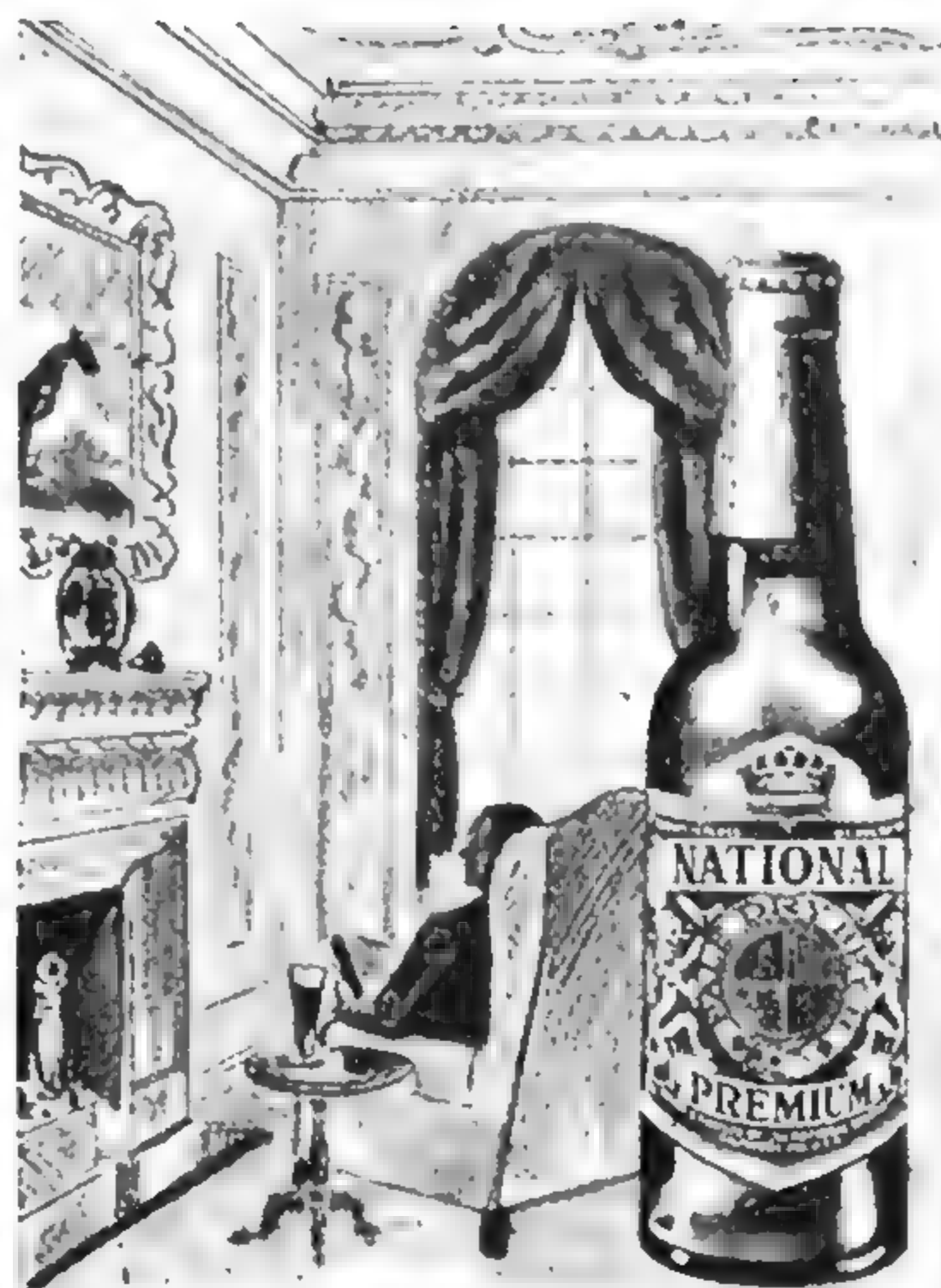
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Backstage with Esquire

MERVYN WALL, whose story *The Demon Angler*, actually provoked roars of laughter from our case-hardened script readers, is a frequent reviewer of books and plays from the Dublin Broadcasting Station, a contributor to *Harper's* and other magazines. Educated in Bonn, Germany, and at the National University of Ireland, he entered the Irish Civil Service in '34. He has written three plays; *Alarm Among the Clerks* and *The Lady in the Twilight*, produced by the Abbey Theatre, and *The Shadow*, produced at the Players' Theatre in Dublin.



Mervyn Wall

LT. SAMUEL CHO, who has been in the Army since '41, writes: "I never did really concentrate on playing contract bridge until I arrived overseas in New Guinea, where I devoted my spare time to playing that game. I lost consistently and, in desperation, I thought up the Cho System and I started to win consistently."



Zipp Newman

ZIPP NEWMAN, who leads with his chin in declaring that Duke University's Harry Gilmore is *Better than Baugh* (see page 65) has been sports editor of *The Birmingham News* for the last twenty-five years.

After six months at Cornell and a few years of the depression, IRA J. WALLACH went to the Near East and worked at various jobs in Palestine, Syria and Egypt. He went to sea for awhile, returned to the States and eventually landed in the Circulation Department of the *Daily Worker*. He is at this writing a staff sergeant in the Army, serving overseas with the 8th General

Hospital. His puckish tale, *The Artist and the Waiter*, is on page 48.

MORRIS ERNST, a member of the New York Bar for more than thirty years, has been a militant defender of the freedom of the press, serving as counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, the Dramatists Guild, and Authors League, and representing such publications as the *New York Post* and *Life* magazine. He has defended the majority of books which were attacked on the ground of obscenity, including the famous case of James Joyce's *Ulysses*; and his active interest in social and political issues led to his representing the C. I. O. in its fight against Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City and serving as a member of Mayor LaGuardia's Commission on race problems in Harlem. His books include *Too Big, America's Primer* and most recently, *The Best Is Yet*, an informal autobiography published by Harper and Brothers.



Morris Ernst



Clint Dunathan

CLINT DUNATHAN declares he has been a conservationist ever since the time a small-town justice of the peace acquitted his brother-in-law of a deer poaching charge and then tried to bribe him, a reporter, to keep the case out of the newspaper. Times have changed since then, our reformer observes, but some justices still have brothers-in-law. Dunathan, whose education was largely acquired outside of schoolhouses, went to Northern Michigan at thirteen to work in lumber camps and sawmills, served in the old Life Saving Service on Lake Superior, finally became city editor of the Escanaba (Michigan) *Daily Press*. He is married, has a son and a daughter.

"Thousands of people vacation in Escanaba each season," he crows, "we have the advantage of living here the year around."

Readers who missed our annual forecast on the Kentucky Derby by ROBERT SAUNDERS DOWST last spring—due to the regrettable fact that the race had not been scheduled by the time our May issue went to press—may be consoled by looking into his new book, *Straight, Place and Show*, published by M. S. Mill Co. last August.

Esquire joins CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER in an abject apology to Len Ormsby, the automobile racer. Contrary to our sweeping assertion in the article *Ralph de Palma's Glorious Failure*, Mr. Ormsby is alive, and justifiably kicking:

"Kindly refer to your article by Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker on page 38 of the July, 1945 Esquire. I was surprised to learn that I am dead, having died, naturally, in bed, according to the story.

"I feel certain that whoever wrote this article, confused me, Len Ormsby, with Len Zengle, who was mentioned in the same paragraph, as I believe Len Zengle is dead, and I know he never had a Chevrolet Agency in Dallas, Texas, whereas, I have had a Chevrolet Agency in San Antonio, Texas, for over 22 years.

"The unfortunate part about this seemingly unimportant statement to the effect that I am dead, is the question that arises in the minds of those who know me by reputation only. If Ormsby, the former race driver, is dead, then who is this imposter?"

"I have been using my experience as a race driver to promote my business which is one of the largest, and as a result, I am probably better known nationally than any other dealer."



Len Ormsby



Surely one of the nicest, if oblique, tributes our artist, Varga, has ever received is the Golden Guernsey Pin-up Gal, sent by MR. L. C. SYKORA, from Cleveland, Ohio.

LION FEUCHTWANGER predicted the poisonous wave of anti-Semitism in Germany as long ago as 1922, in his novel, *Pow*. Furthermore, he outlined the dangers of Hitler and National Socialism in *Success* which he wrote in '25. This novel, like its predecessor, was translated into all languages, but met with belief only in the eastern part of Europe. After Hitler's seizure of the German government, Lion Feuchtwanger was the first to be expatriated and to have his possessions confiscated. He lived in France and the Vichy Government put him into a concentration camp; after the Nazis had demanded that he be delivered to them, he succeeded in escaping, with American help. During the years of his exile he had completed his *Josephus* trilogy and written the novel, *Paris Gazette. The False Nero*, published here as *The Pretender*, dealt with the fate of the Hitler gang under an historical mask. *The Death of Nero*, page 59, was written in connection with this novel, in 1934.

With twenty-twenty vision or a magnifying glass you may have doped out the background of CDR. ALAN MCCracken's *One Room Mansion for One* from that page of his manuscript which is reproduced, along with his drawings, on page 106. During a nineteen months' stretch at Davao Penal Colony Farm in Mindanao where his fellow prisoners—not to mention the Japs—were too much with him, Cdr. McCracken dreamed of a solitary home for future halcyon days, and got his design down on the limited paper he was able to salvage. Before the war, Cdr. McCracken, who is a graduate of the U. S. Naval Academy, was in command of the river gunboat, U. S. S. Mindanao. He was captured at Corregidor and gained his freedom when the American forces took Bilibid Prison at Manila. He has written a book, not yet published, about life behind the barbed wire.



Cdr. Alan McCracken

DESIGNED FOR YOUR PLEASURE

*Today, Tomorrow
and Always*



YOUR PATIENCE is richly rewarded when you fit the last jig-saw in place...our patience in so carefully blending Seagram's 7 Crown also rewards *you* each time you taste this magnificent whiskey. Each bottle is of the same high true pre-war quality...blended to please the most critical taste...today, tomorrow, always!

Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality

Seagram's *Seven* **7** *Crown*

Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York City.



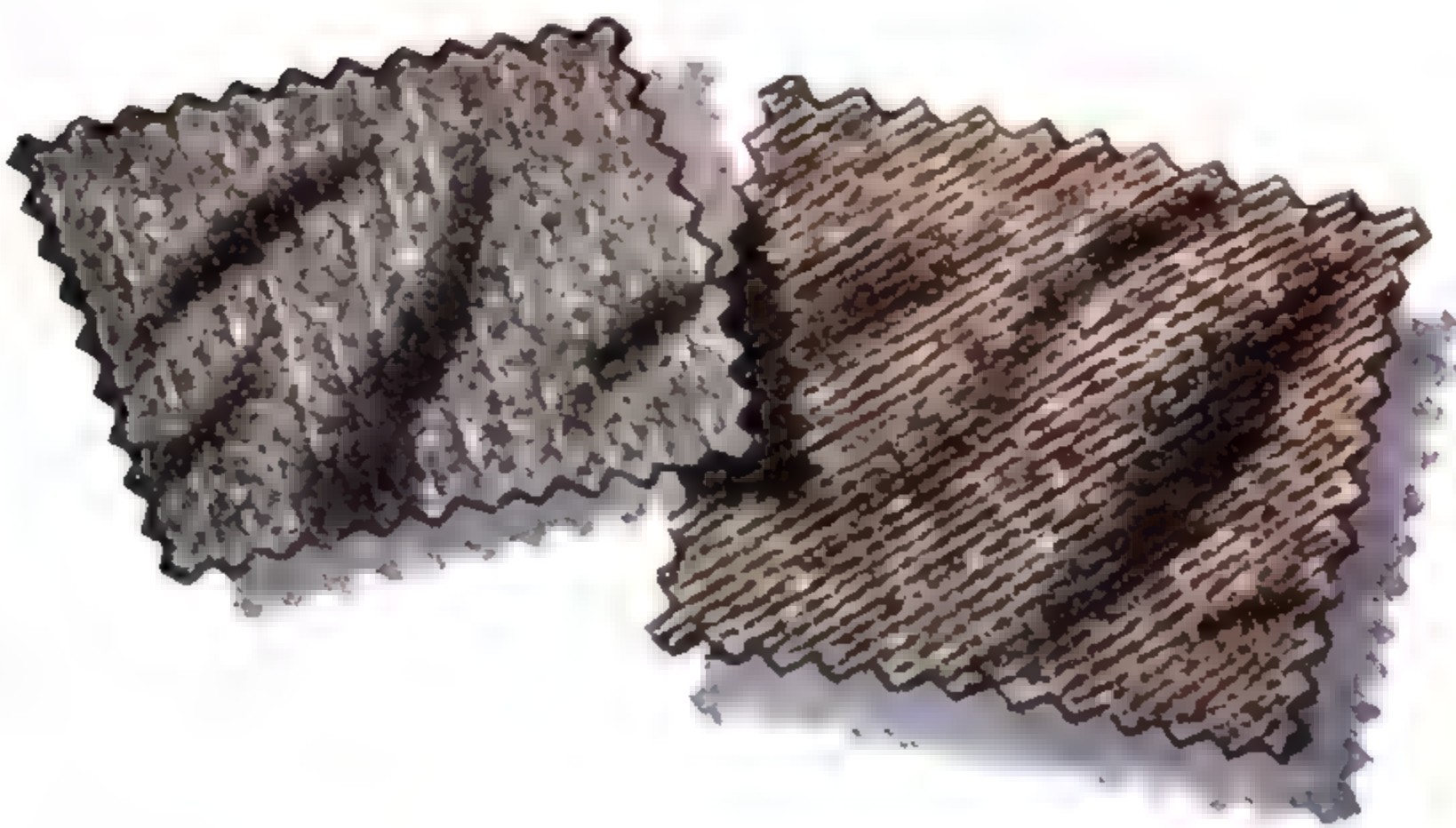
How far can a man travel on appearance?

1. It won't get you on an airliner without a ticket or step you up to the front office.

The fellow you see above goes up fast because he's that

kind of person. But, *being* that kind, he knows it helps to look his best on any occasion.

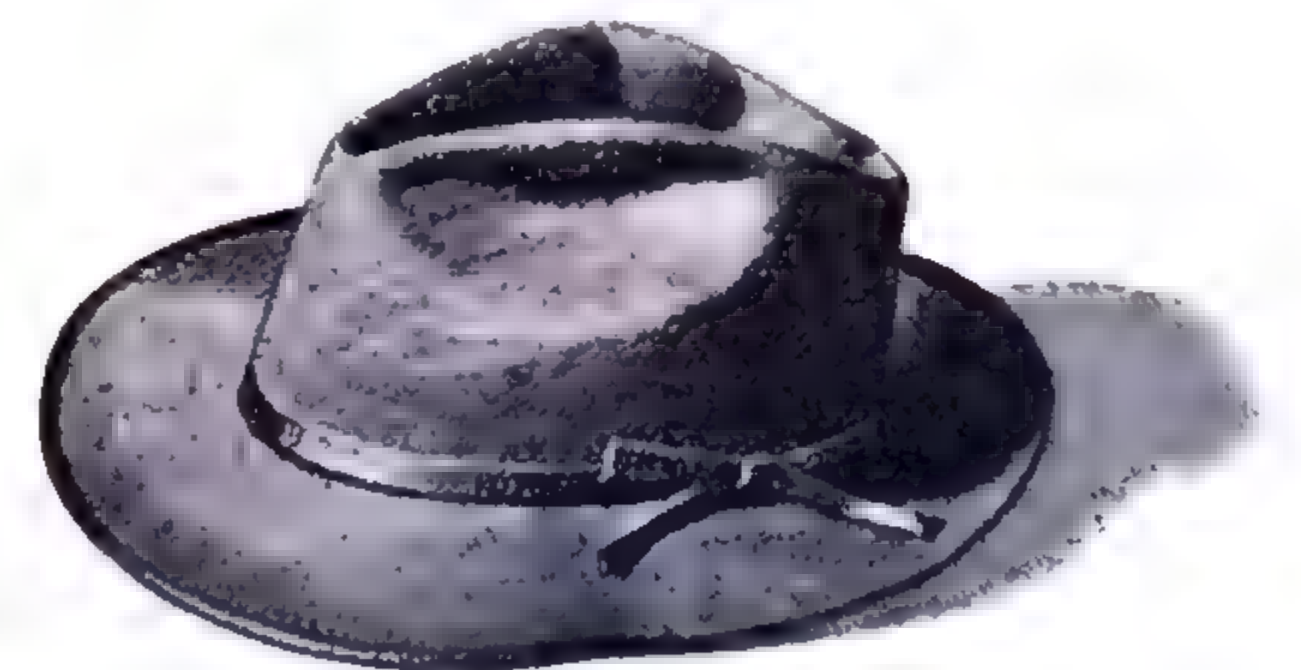
That suit and topcoat he's wearing, for example...



2. The gray cheviot suit and gray topcoat will catch more eyes than those of the stewardess. Both style-wise and color-wise, they lend an up-and-coming note.



3. The blue shirt shows off a red-and-blue tie that harmonizes perfectly with the rest of the outfit. The brown shoes and maroon socks add warmth to the whole picture.



4. The Stetson Stratoliner, in Alpine Blue, tops this outfit to a "T." Streamlined as the plane for which it's named, this hat is a "natural" for a man on the way up. \$7.50.

Right for going places — The STETSON Stratoliner

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AIR TRANSPORTATION is changing the tempo of life.

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of engaging in overseas commerce. Thus it becomes one of the principal "American Flag" lines in international air transportation. We are aware of the responsibility on behalf of our country which goes with this assignment. We shall fulfill that responsibility with diligence and sincerity.

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it blends with all your friends!

Pour its satisfying mellowness quickly onto the waiting ice . . .

add soda, gardenias and cheerios . . .

and three's not a crowd, it's a party!



IF IT ISN'T

P.M.

IT ISN'T AN EVENING

National Distillers Products Corporation, New York. Blended Whiskey.

86.8 Proof. 51% Straight Whiskey, 49% Grain Neutral Spirits.



Plotting a course for such curious men
as chemists, physicists and engineers

Science Careers for the Yanks

by GUS LARSON

MANY of our men who fought on European and Pacific battlefronts have what it takes to become the men of science of tomorrow. And that's good because there will be plenty of career spots waiting for topnotch men who can produce. Less than two months ago American industry reported plans to boost research staffs to twice the 1940 level. That's a 20-per-cent jump over the present number of scientists at work in research.

But the news that was really startling was that industry is actually sitting on the research budget lid until a few first-rate scientists begin rolling out of our universities. The war years have already cut by 6,000 the number of scientists that normally would have moved from classrooms to research laboratories. But the deficits in science and technology students who would have obtained bachelor's degrees during the war is 150,000. Many of these technologists and scientists with bachelor's degrees do not go into research but go to other jobs where scientific education is required.

What kinds of scientists are they going to need?

To move ahead to industry's postwar goal of more and better things for Americans will take more of all kinds of research scientists. Here are a few notes and figures on how research laboratories are increasing their staffs. Now that the Japs have yelled "uncle," chemists find 17 per cent more research jobs than before the end of the war. Chemical magazines even now list a good many jobs with excellent long term outlook and salaries. Jobs in packaging research—product development—pharmaceuticals—wood finishing—plastics and many more. The outlook for research engineers of all kinds is up 17 per cent—but the outlook is probably even better for mechanical, electrical and chemical engineers. Physicists up 17 per cent—if you don't know what they are, look them up in your Websters; biologists up 31 per cent—many will find spots in the food industries; geologists will jump 50 per cent—but few are engaged in industrial research at present. Mathematicians will find the outlook 25 per cent better than at present. But the need here is for first-raters who can help solve some of the tougher research problems that lie ahead. The lesser folk of science like lab helpers and many kinds of aids will find improved job prospects, too.

These figures cover only industrial research, while many scientists end up in sales development and other fields calling for scientific knowledge. Some openings will be filled by men returning from the armed forces. But you can bet for certain that there will be a shortage of good scientists.

The question of what sort of fellow a scientist should be is best answered by what leading directors of research say about the kinds of scientists they like to add to their staffs. First, a scientist must be plain honest. He always admits that he is wrong when the facts catch him off base. And second, he has a way of putting all the mind and muscle he has



McDERMOTT

into the job at hand. He's like a cheer leader at a football game.

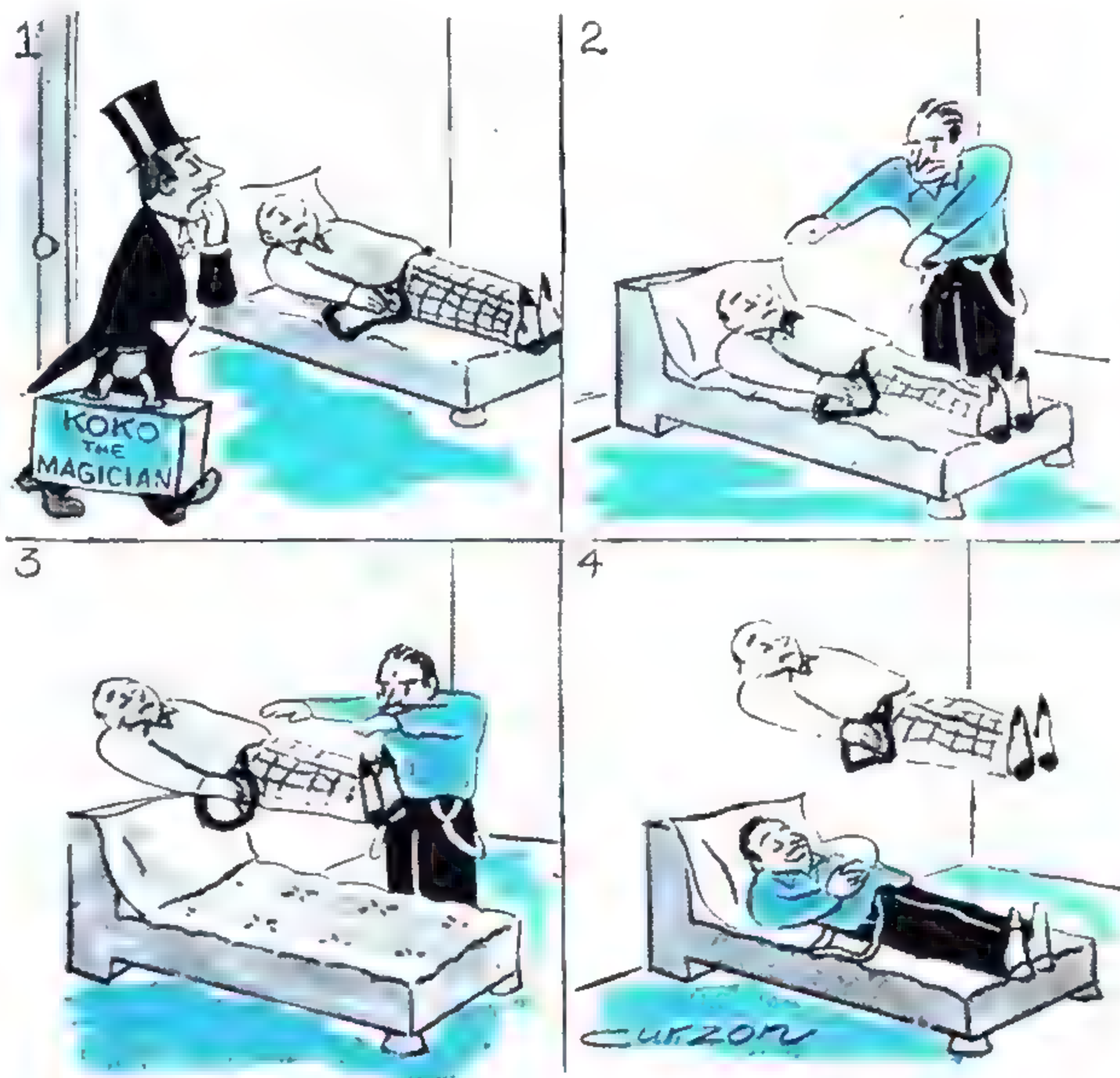
When new ideas come along he never turns thumbs down until he's sure they are bad. The scientist also needs imagination, practicality, a passable personality and a college education. If he wants to move up the scientific ladder he had better shoot for a master's degree and preferably a Ph. D.

Research scientists park their shoes in a good many places. They are found in industry, government, business, colleges and universities, and many private endowment organizations like the Rockefeller Foundation, Carnegie Foundation and Brookings Institute. In 1940 there were over 2,300 industrial research laboratories employing over 70,000 scientists and technical personnel. The really big boys who employed the biggest share of these scientists before the war were chemicals, radio apparatus and phonographs, petroleum, rubber, electrical machinery and apparatus, and electrical communication.

Now let's peek in on some of the big fellows. Chemical research is carried on by companies like Du Pont, American Cyanamid, and many others. The big oil boys—Standard Oil, The Texas Co., Sinclair, Shell—learned long ago that research pays dividends. In the electrical field, companies like Westinghouse and General Electric have big research budgets. And all the automobile people keep new and better models rolling off assembly lines by keeping their test tubes busy. Better metals are hatched by companies like American Brass, American Rolling Mill and U. S. Steel. Now add a few hundred other companies in textiles, glass, food and pharmaceuticals—and still you haven't had more than that promised peek.

If we focus a little finer we can see what's going on in one of these companies. How about Chrysler? Here engineering and research is divided into three parts. One part of the staff works to find better ways of designing a car and its parts. Another part analyzes and controls the quality and design of the materials, parts and processes that go into the new model. A third group tests the completed car and compares the results with similar cars from competitors.

But even that look needs a finer focus if we want to see what some of the scientists in each of the three divisions do. In division one—physicists might be studying the interplay of scores of car vibrations so that engineers will have the data needed to work out a way to dampen this vibration. Or, chemists and metallurgists will be looking for ways to toughen up metals or make better plastic parts. In division two—the scientists are testing all the materials and parts that go into the car. From these tests the company is able to write specifications for better materials, new materials, parts. Elaborate facilities are found in the third division. Here they have many models that reproduce all kinds of road conditions to find out what (Continued on page 178)



Visitors in England desiring to meet a
shade may apply to this chastened writer

Dear Old Ghost of Mine

by MacKINLAY KANTOR



BARER

IN England, on Friday night, April 20th, 1945, I went to bed in a haunted room, and during the night I was besieged by ghosts.

This is no gag. When I say that I met up with ghosts in a quiet room in South Kensington, I mean just that. It was the first first-hand supernatural experience of my life.

This article is written not with the hope of proselyting any non-believers, but because the tale may prove entertaining to some people. It doesn't matter a particle to me whether folks believe the yarn or not. I know what I saw and heard and felt. I wasn't drunk and I wasn't asleep and I wasn't sick; I am confident that the room is or was haunted; and I am pleased that this eerie incident befell. After existing completely ghostless for forty-one years, it is very satisfying to meet up with an honest-to-God phantom filled with good old-fashioned ectoplasmic corpuscles.

Probably the spook or spooks is or are still there, and maybe someday I will go back to visit him or her or them again. In the meantime a fictitious address and name for the landlady are presented. It wouldn't be nice to rob a fluttery old Scotswoman of possible future tenants, in case some copies of this magazine trickle over to London.

If anyone approaches me and produces bona fide evidence that he is going immediately to Britain and promises faithfully to sleep in that room, I shall furnish him with the true address, and he can go and see for himself. But not unless.

My first acquaintance with the room came on the afternoon of Tuesday, April 10th. The 364th Squadron of the 305th Bomb Group (H), with which I was flying at the time, had been "stood down" for a couple of days (that means taken off Operations) so I decided to go up to London for a brief holiday. Major J. J. Kostal of Chicago went with me. We intended going our separate ways when once we were billeted; but together we applied for rooms, and together we were directed by the billeting officer to No. 40 Truxley Court, in the south end of Kensington.

Truxley Court is a winding street not far from Old Cromwell Road. The lodgings were in fact two houses, No. 40 and No. 42, tan-colored Victorian structures remodeled as a single lodging house. You could

enter either at No. 40 or 42; there was a passage cut through on the first floor. The entire menage was presided over by a gentle, beaming woman with curly grey locks. She was Mrs. Effie Stuart and she did her best to make us comfortable.

American officers, she said. . . . Ah yes, indeed, she often had Americans in her house. Now, let's see just where could she put us . . . she was so frightfully sorry! She was quite full up these days, what with the V-bombs having stopped nearly a fortnight before, and more people coming back to London every day . . . no, nothing on the first floor. Perhaps on the third or fourth story . . . oh, dear no. She remembered that all those rooms were filled. . . . She trotted about earnestly, jangling her keys, trying the doors of rooms, retreating with hesitant apologies.

Ah, yes, here indeed! On the second story, on the side. But she could not put us in a room together. She had only single rooms left.

The room on the side was small, but it looked comfortable. I told Kostal to go ahead and take it, and I'd shop around. I tagged after Mrs. Stuart, and at length she hesitated before an open door at the front of the second story.

This was in fact the second story and a half. There was a peculiar construction to these houses. The rear portion on every floor, except the first, was half a flight below the front portion of the house.

Mrs. Stuart looked at me inquiringly. "This is the only one I have left," she said in her thin, clear voice. "It's very small, I know."

She was correct. The room was about ten or twelve feet in length and certainly not more than seven feet wide. In truth it was a continuation to the hall itself, apparently walled off by some earlier generation in order to make an extra sleeping room.

Sundry later explorations about the premises (when I was searching for a bathroom where some spinster tenant hadn't locked herself in already) proved that the same plan followed on the first floor, below, and on the third and fourth stories, above. In each case there was a little hall bedroom walled off at the front—a narrow room with one window looking down on the springtime trees of Truxley Court.

I do recall thinking it odd that those lame old retired naval commanders and pensioned-off great-aunts who tenanted the place should prefer to live in third or fourth floor hall bedrooms, and not on the second floor. They would only have to climb one flight and a half of stairs in order to reach the room where Mrs. Stuart was putting me.

She left a key and went away. I put my musette bag on a chair and got out my toilet articles. The room was about as unghost-like as the interior of an A & P store.

A wide hall door, fastened by a modern spring lock, filled about half the north wall; the other half was occupied by the head of the studio couch—a very modern looking studio couch, with a heavy greenish spread and a lot of daytime cushions. The couch-bed took up a good share of the floor space, its head against the north wall next to the door, its right side against the west wall of the room.

Beyond the foot of the couch, on the south wall next to the one big window, was a hall tree where you could hang coats and clothing. A low table stood in front of the window. Well down the east wall was a desk of the secretary type, with a slanting lid which could be turned down to write upon. This was an especially dull and hideous piece of furniture, the British equivalent of the mission school: made of golden oak or something like that.

For the rest of the room's furnishings there were only a couple of chairs. Everything was clean and bright and well dusted, and the afternoon sun



It took strategy to win the Glidden cup, particularly when your observer worked for a rival automobile company

Petroleum Parade, 1907

by **JOHN LEATHERS**

"BROTHER, can you spare an eight by ten patch, this horseshoe nail has pierced both sides of my tire, and please lend me your hydrometer. That damned druggist at Mianus must have stuck me with sixty-eight test gasoline." Thus did the tourist of 1903 carry service station and laboratory, with which to coddle his temperamental machine, ten miles at a time, to its doubtful destination. The Lord knows what made those early motorears run, but the things that stopped them were legion. Gaskets blew out frequently, spark plugs had to be cleaned daily, and the indispensable "dry cells" gave out twenty miles from home, if the horseless carriage got that far. In the case of the steamers, such minor ills as leaky stuffing boxes and blown-out pilots were all subordinate to the major bugaboo, fire. Obviously this mishap need occur only once to render the machine a complete write-off.

Charles J. Glidden, ex-reporter, telephone pioneer and irrepressible tourist, was familiar with the early motorear, having by 1905 toured thirty-nine countries in an English Napier, and motored from Chicago to San Francisco over the rails, using flanged wheels. Glidden was one of the few who sensed the thrill of controlling the automobile's tremendous power, and knew that every American would demand one, just "to get from A to B, sitting down." To this receptive motorist, two Boston automobile editors, Jack Kerrison and Jim Sullivan, sold the idea of offering a trophy for an owner's annual reliability run, and the Glidden tour was born.

At a time when motor mishaps provided comic-strip jokes, the infant industry was apathetic to this demonstration, and it remained for thirty-four enterprising owners in 1905, and forty-eight in 1906, to show the world what the new smoke wagons would do.

Picture, if you can, as you glide along in your overstuffed armchair with the silky straight eight motor, the ruggedness of motor travel in these years. The N.A.A.M. tour of 1904 (pre-Glidden), was routed from New York to Pittsburgh, via Buffalo and Cleveland, and included five days of torrential rain. Roads were deteriorating hourly, bridges washing out and floods deepening, so that the cry of "Keep going, keep going," spurred jaded drivers to continued effort. Slithering over wet clay, grinding through bottomless mud, and bouncing over trap rock, man raced along feverishly to beat the flood. Tops were to be had, but were left behind as needless encumbrances, so that the incessant rain beat upon the goggles of the tourists, seeped through rubber ponchos, and formed pools in the seats. Added to these trials were the constant changing of clincher tires, the drying of water-shorted ignition, and the repair of mud-caked driving chains. Yet despite violent obstruction by nature and machinery, twenty-four of the thirty-nine pioneers brought their cars into Pittsburgh.

The year of the great money panic 1907, found the factories still indisposed, and again loyal motor fans, through club teams, carried the torch. The Automobile Club of Buffalo captured the cup in a manner gratifying to that city's Chamber of Commerce. Four of the winning five cars, were made in Buffalo.

There now began, also, the iron rule of the AAA technical committee, and as mechanical troubles declined, the penalties grew, ranging from "steam leak in line, one point." to "broken steering rod, five hundred points." There were penalties for unscheduled engine stops, undue spring sag, even for premature arrival at controls. The begoggled tourist, ten minutes early at the control sta-

tion, could neither stop his motor nor enter. Should idling overheat his engine, a hard-boiled official entered in the record, "Leak in water lines. One point." A system of rotation daily assigned each car a new observer, who must enter the garage with the driver at the morning's start, and stay with the machine until it was locked up for the night. Many observers proved to be princely fellows regarding their memory of repairs, but woe beset the Glidden entrant who drew as observer an official of a rival company.

There was no limit to the thoughtfulness of the committee. It extended even to seals for the hood, coil box, transmission and differential. A complete set of seals plus his competition number tended to make a Gliddenite proud, but his ego was deflated when he learned that each broken seal must be accompanied by a complete account of the repair which followed.

With the 1908 tour, the motor makers awoke the press. Cleveland gave a rousing send-off. Five thousand spectators lined the curb in Buffalo. Welch's grape juice was served free at Westfield. Underwood typewriters were furnished at central points for reporters, and Morgan & Wright distributed "Matches that won't go out" with a lavish hand. These wax vestas procured for Morgan & Wright a double-barreled reputation, for upon being flung from moving cars after igniting cigarettes, they kept on working, and set off what became known as "Morgan & Wright grass fires." Even that modern nuisance, the "sound truck" was anticipated. The White Company provided a barbershop quartet which rendered a persuasive ditty concerning the cheapness of the kerosene burned in the steamer, only to be blasted off the road by a set of Gabriel exhaust horns on an Oldsmobile. This outfit played *In My Merry Oldsmobile*, but much louder.

By 1909 the Glidden had become a motor picnic, thought the AAA, so just to furnish the boys with some problems they added a thousand miles; Detroit, Chicago, Denver, Kansas City, and yet a perfect score was achieved, by a Pierce Arrow.

They produced a real motor mauler for 1910, running from Cincinnati to Dallas, to Chicago, a distance of 2,850 miles. The factories, now in the fight to a finish, entered twenty-six cars, of which only eleven finished, the award going to a Premier driven by Ray McNamara, despite a penalty of ninety-three points.

The Glidden had brought the infant motorear to those who couldn't come to see it. It had emphasized the need of good roads. But it had got too big, and already contained the seeds of its own decay. The 1910 award was disputed by the Chalmers Co., whose entry came in second, and appealed from the referee to the AAA Contest Board. Premier retorted with an injunction, and Chalmers secured dissolution of this ruling by a New York State supreme court, achieving a hollow technical victory. Attendant publicity revealed the Glidden as a commercial venture, and public interest flickered out in 1915.

This, then, was the Glidden tour, which had matured by 1907. Distances were formidable, rules were strict, and motors were well equipped to meet the challenge. The splendid painting by Peter Helck appearing opposite is not merely a picture, but rather a portrait of that era. The familiar features of the White, Lozier, Packard and Rainier, with the dusty rural road, will connote happy days to the old-timer and if he be a real enthusiast, he will declare, "those were the greatest adventures ever." ‡

A NOTE ABOUT THIS PAINTING

Painting by Peter Helck

At his home in Boston Corners, New York, Peter Helck has two studios: one for "commercial" painting—magazine illustrations, ads and other lucrative assignments; the other for things he *wants* to do whether or not anyone cares to buy them. The only

thing Pete would rather do than paint pictures of old cars is to drive around in one of the sixty-seven veterans in his stable. He *wanted* to paint the picture above; yet Esquire was paying him to paint it. After a brief struggle, he did the painting in

his commercial studio. He made a dozen pencil sketches before he began the final composition in tempera. The steam-driven roller is based on actual photographs. People of Boston Corners posed in linen dusters from the artist's private collection.



© ESQUIRE, INC., 1945

THE GLIDDEN TOUR OF 1900

(The Automobile Club of Buffalo captured

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE



07 by Peter Helck
(the cup)





Model Life

*An artist is a funny chap,
His ways are seldom stable,
When summer tilts the mercury
He poses you in sable,
But when the icy breezes blow
And temperatures are grim,
You have to don a bathing suit
To suit his current whim!*

Painting by Varga
Verse by Phil Stack

Attorney's views about the real guilt
in the infamous Sacco-Vanzetti case

"Who Killed Parmenter?"

by MORRIS L. ERNST



GREENHALGH

ON April 15, 1920, at 3:00 p.m., a paymaster, Parmenter, and his guard, Berardelli, were robbed and killed at South Braintree, Massachusetts. Witnesses testified at the trial that the occupants of the murder car looked like Italians. The departing car, with a flapping awning, was seen by various witnesses over a dash of about twenty miles, where it seemed to turn around. The testimony indicated that there were two cars on the job and a change of cars took place at a little wooded triangle. The murder car was found the next day.

A shoe company had been robbed of its pay roll boxes—tin boxes two feet long, one foot high, and eight inches wide, in which wooden boxes were placed—containing 15,766 dollars. A traveling salesman named Gould was so close to the car that a shot went through his clothing. He went to the prosecuting authorities and said if they ever picked up suspects he could identify the murderers with certainty. The authorities charged two Italians with the crime, but never called upon Gould to identify the defendants.

The trial proceeded, reported on the back pages of the local papers. Years later Roy Gould, a razor paste salesman, learned of the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti. He saw their pictures. He came forward voluntarily to swear that he had seen the shooting and that the wrong men had been tried and convicted. Mr. Katzmann, the prosecutor, had concealed Gould's evidence of innocence. I wrote an article for the *Nation* on the ethics of a district attorney concealing evidence of innocence. I asked leading lawyers to comment on this phase of our jurisprudence. Emory Buckner, United States attorney in New York City, was shocked at Katzmann's concealment. The chairman of one of the Ethics Committees of our lawyers' associations wrote that Katzmann was under no duty to produce evidence save that pointing to guilt, and Max Steuer went overboard in declaring that a prosecutor should always introduce evidence of innocence just as an attorney for defense should produce any evidence he possesses of guilt.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case became a cause célèbre.

I was not professionally active in the Sacco-Vanzetti case, nor did I go to Boston with Ruth Hale, Robert Benchley, Dorothy Parker and others for the final curtain. After reading Felix Frankfurter's brave and concise analysis, I made up my mind that the defendants had received less than a fair trial.

After the Rockefellers financed the publication in six volumes of the entire record of the S-V case, with a foreword by John W. Davis, Elihu Root and others, I read every word of the entire record of trials, motions and appeals. I became convinced of the innocence of the fish peddler and the shoemaker. A world-wide protest followed their electrocution. By such public indignation does the process of law receive correction.

From that time on I engaged in an exciting inquiry. Through underworld creatures I ran onto a trail, explored by others to be sure, but as a boy detective I kept up the pursuit for nearly twenty years.

I am sure I know the gang who did the job. Sacco and Vanzetti had nothing to do with it. In the thirties, the bad boy of the gang

was at Auburn jail in New York State. He had been given about fifteen years for killing a cop in open daylight on Mulberry Street, New York City, and at the time of his arrest had in his possession a rare Steyer gun. Back at the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti there was evidence about a bullet fired through a "Star" gun, said by ballistic experts to be a Steyer. With the aid of Paul Kellogg, editor of *Survey Magazine*, I persuaded the head of our state prisons to transfer the gunman to Wallkill Prison, where there are few guards, many privileges. The Superintendent made it clear that he understood our intention to talk to the prisoner about the Sacco-Vanzetti case but that he, as a state official, would not lift a finger to persuade him to see us.

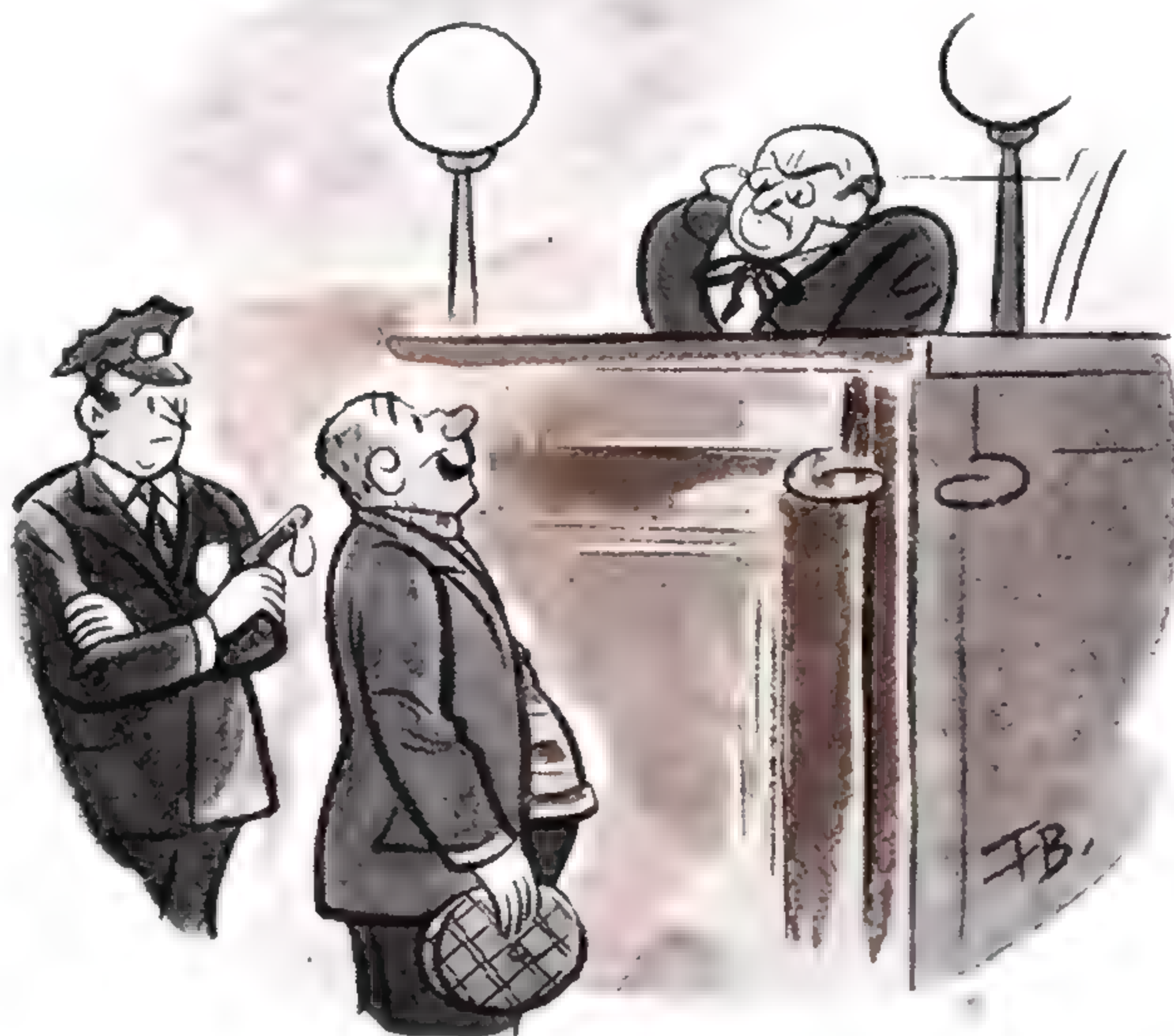
Confident that out of gratitude we would be granted an audience by this killer, we waited for a decent time and then I wrote to him. I told him why I wanted to see him, mentioned the evidence I had from interviews with another member of the gang. He never replied. I would still like to chat with him. He should feel very safe. He could go on the courthouse steps in Boston and tell his entire story. Nobody would proceed against him. It would be like proceeding against former President Lowell of Harvard, former Judge Thayer, the convicting jurist, and former Governor Fuller. Society cannot afford to convict the memory of such personages, even for the sake of historic truth.

While reaching for this criminal, I had arranged through an attorney in Providence a conference with the head of the gang. I had complete familiarity with all the details of testimony at the original trial so it was easy to pick up the talk of the gang leader to see if he were bluffing. Where did you get the second license plate for that other car described by the state in the evidence against Sacco and Vanzetti? Why did you turn the car around and double back at Matfield after the murder? Did you change cars? Where? Describe both cars. Where were the cars stolen? Where did you get the license plates? Describe the curtains of the car. How much money was in the box?

No person of this man's make-up would have read the minutes of the trial with enough precision to fit all his answers into the known facts, down to the description of the flapping of the side curtain on the murder car. Nor could any human being have guessed the many details of the shooting about which I confronted him. I left completely satisfied that the gang chieftain was in the murder car and knew all the details of the planning of the robbery, the details of the shooting, and the technique of escape.

At a meeting at the home of Oswald Garrison Villard, the editor of the *Nation*, a fund was raised to pay for checking up this statement if reduced to writing, and to pay money to the gangman and his counsel if it checked. Obviously the criminal's word was worthless, but after he had sworn to a statement the facts could be checked up by outside evidence and his statement thrown away. Money would be paid over if the statement was accepted as true by some reputable, disinterested attorneys.

With 10,000 dollars underwritten I had increased hope and went



"I've got a Robin Hood complex"

to many leaders of the New York Bar, but none would take on this chore. They were afraid their respectable clients would object.

My correspondence with the gangster revealed him as an aspiring writer. Part of one of his letters follows:

"If you are interested to put my story on the market I'm sure the book would sell like hot cakes. Have you read Al Capone's book, his book would not compare with mine. You must remember that I been in the racket 40 years and still live, therefore I must have something to tell. If you were to read the history of my life your hair would stand straight up under your hat."

I went back to my underworld contact. I remember sitting in the lawyer's office with the leader gazing out the window, and after a few minutes giving a signal to someone on the street below. I asked what that was for. He had merely signaled to some of his boys that I was "jake." Nothing to fear.

We got along swimmingly until I disclosed that I had promised one of my underworld intermediaries 1,500 dollars. He was burned up. Why should that guy get so much when he was to give the story?

I shifted. Would he deliver to me for 2,500 dollars the money boxes stolen from the shoe factory? To this he said, "You couldn't get them out of Canapa Pond at this time."

That was the end of our talk. When I saw him years later he had

settled down, got religion and wanted to sell an illustrated book he had just finished to Little Brown.

We checked up the pond he had mentioned. It was on the exact route of the escaping murder car. The name he used for the pond was the local name for that bit of water. I checked with metallurgists to see if the American Express Company numbers would still be discernable on the stolen metal pay roll boxes. But then, bringing up the boxes would prove little, for he might have heard from others where the boxes were thrown.

It's now more than twenty years since the murder of the paymasters and the murder of Sacco and Vanzetti. It would have been wholesome as a bit of social catharsis to have brought out the true story, to which hoped-for end the Rockefellers had published the record.

Except for Herbert Ehrmann of Boston, a great lawyer for the defendants in the case, most of the main participants have died. I found few of my friends to encourage me. This was dead fish. New problems took their energy. I didn't exactly lose interest. I just gave up. But I suggest that it would be dangerous for anyone to egg me on to take up the clues, no matter how stale. Truth can still win out even if slapped down for several decades. ‡

(The foregoing is a chapter from *The Best Is Yet... published by Harper & Bros.*)

The Artist and the Waiter

No one could have a less sinister motive
than the Apple Orchard's unwanted guest

by IRA J. WALLACH



FRANK never drank liquor. He preferred potions like root beer, an occasional shot of sarsaparilla straight, and milk from a cow.

When the editor of the magazine showed Frank the new serial story he was to illustrate, it raised a problem. A good deal of the action took place in a respectable bar. Frank's habit was to visit the sort of places which were described in the writings he illustrated. He would haunt them for a few hours and make secret sketches in a notebook because he hated to have people watching him at work. People like to watch artists almost as much as excavations.

But a job was a job. Dutifully, at 9 p.m. when he understood

such establishments were warming up, he dropped in at the Apple Orchard and took a small corner table. The Orchard was well-mannered, with wired music and no entertainment.

In a few minutes a waiter came over, said good evening, and nodded expectantly. Frank looked at the list of drinks, then put it down with decision. It would be embarrassing to sit around for a few hours, dawdling with one drink and more embarrassing still to send back a drink untouched and then order another.

"Tell you what, waiter," he said, "it's now nine o'clock. I'll take any kind of drink. But don't give it to me. Give it to any one of your customers. Just say it's from someone. At nine-thirty, give away another drink, and keep it up every half hour until I leave. Put it on my bill, and I'll sit here."

"The drinks are all different prices."

"I know," said Frank. "So give your favorite customers whatever they happen to be drinking."

The waiter, with the fatalism characteristic of all men who are at the mercy of public whim, went about to fulfill the errand. Frank looked around, making mental notes of what situations to sketch, how people looked at the bar and the tables, the manner in which women walked into—and out of—the powderroom, the way waiters deport themselves. He relaxed with a cigar and the ability to enjoy seeing things, which made him a good illustrator.

Not so with Joe, our waiter; going to the bar to order the drink, he paused. What kind of drink and for whom? "Make it Dutch gin and bitters," he said. Old Mr. Henschel was there, sipping his gin; a nice fellow, quiet and friendly.

He brought the gin to Mr. Henschel who accepted it with thanks and surprise, wondering who the unknown donor was. There were few people in the bar whom he knew, and very few of those would make such a gesture. But he shrugged and sipped his gin.

Joe, the waiter, went about his business during the next half hour, making a mental note as he did that Mrs. Hensley had come in by herself again, and young Mr. Carolan was back at his regular



"Mrs. Botts, you can't do without love!"

table. But this Henschel now, a nice old man. Every night he stopped for two gins and bitters. Joe figured he came to the Orchard for company before he went to bed. Two gins every night. Yet this free one, this one on the house made three. There was old Henschel drinking it, sipping it slowly, hardly aware that it was his third.

An old duck like that goes along drinking his two gins and nobody is the worse for it. Then someone comes along and talks him into a third. He takes it. It goes down warm, it tastes even better than the second. He's an old man and he probably hasn't many friends left. That third gin is nice. It invites a fourth. With that, you begin to get a little tight and you forget you're an old man without any friends, and before you know it you come in night after night for that third and fourth gin. And maybe a fifth.

"Tsk, tsk," said Joe to himself, as he brought a Scotch and soda to Mrs. Hensley, and a whiskey sour to Carolan at the other table. It wouldn't be long, he supposed, before Mr. Carolan got up and joined her at the table, casual-like.

Before he knew it nine-thirty rolled around, time for another on the house. He looked at Henschel, still nursing the gin and bitters. No more for Henschel, that was for sure. Guess it would have to be Mrs. Hensley. She was a steady customer and a good tipper. Joe didn't like her very much, but in the waiter business you have to be pretty objective about such things. So he brought her another Scotch and soda, on the house.

Mrs. Hensley took it with proper expression of surprise and made believe she was looking around to find the donor. But her eyes rested on Mr. Carolan who sat at the other side of the room. She gave him a faintly perceptible nod and smile to indicate her thanks for the drink. Joe caught the glance and the semi-smile. And he didn't like it, not one little bit. He wanted no part of that sort of thing. And so he looked tentatively at Frank, the artist, as though to say, "Look what you're doing." But Frank only nodded in his direction to tell him to go right ahead. Joe shrugged and walked over to a table of strangers who had just come in. Two couples, rather much like all other two-couple collections he had seen walk in and out since prohibition. They ordered Manhattans all around.

Joe made a mental note as he filled their order. Mr. Carolan would be next on the list of drinks. He had a bond with Mr. Carolan, forced upon him by his job. Mr. Carolan knew that Joe occupied a ringside seat to the Carolan-Hensley affair which progressed in the Orchard. Joe knew they enjoyed it, too, because Mr. Hensley who frequently worked late, often dropped into the Orchard. That gave the whole business the proper element of risk.

Just then Mr. Hensley walked in, greeted Joe, located his wife, and took a chair beside her. He pecked her properly on the cheek.

The two couples who had just come in called Joe out of his reverie for another round. Then things quieted down a bit, and he strolled over to the bar for a brief chat with Eddie the bartender.

There was nothing eventful about the half hour that passed before it was time for the third drink on the house. This was Carolan's drink, and Joe ordered it from the bartender, put it on the artist's bill, and delivered it to Mr. Carolan with the proper speech.

Mr. Carolan took the drink with a smile, and a little touch of astonishment as well. He was not astonished at the gesture, which was in line with the little game he and Frieda were playing. But the nerve of it! With her husband sitting right next to her. By God, she was admirable!

Thus was forged another link in the liquid chain of their affection. He was almost sorry for Hensley, or would be if he weren't such a stupid fool and a prig. Obviously no man for a girl like Frieda.

At an opportune moment, Carolan peeked at the table where Mr. and Mrs. Hensley sat. He managed to make the peek meaningful and practically unnoticed. Mr. Hensley, however, caught enough of it in the corner of his eye. One more grain of salt went kerplunk in his wounds. Hensley turned away hurriedly, determined not to lower himself by becoming involved in that play of glances.

Joe turned away, too, summoned by a call from the two-couple table where they were taking their Manhattans a little too fast and with too easy hilarity. He brought them more, smiling pleasantly, and deciding that they were a rather childish group anyway.

He stopped at Mr. Henschel's table to say a word or two. Mr. Henschel said my, he was enjoying his gin and bitters! Enjoying it! Didn't he realize that it was his third, almost his fourth, and that from the third to the fourth to the fifth, to endless nights of gin and bitters, to an old age passed in sodden drunkenness, was but a step?

A few other customers came in to corral Joe's attention. But he was so preoccupied he almost mixed the orders. For whom would the ten-thirty drink be? His field was narrowing, and finally he settled on Mr. Hensley, just as a mute and anonymous gesture of sympathy for a man whose Frieda was flirting with this Carolan.

When ten-thirty came, as it must to all nights, he asked the bartender to take special care in making Mr. Hensley's drink. He brought it with the usual message—"From someone in the bar. No name." Mr. Hensley said thanks, but he looked stern as he took it. Very stern. Joe puzzled about it as he walked away. Then he looked back and saw Mr. Hensley was looking toward Carolan with bitterness and hate.

Suddenly it struck Joe hard! Hensley must think Carolan sent him the drink. What gall, he must be thinking, for Carolan to flaunt this whole business, to send him a drink, to laugh in his face!

"What have I done?" thought Joe. "What miserable thing have I done?" He thought with tenderness of his wife and two small children who were destined to be husbanded and fathered by a blundering fiend. There was Hensley, sitting with the drink before him, staring at it in silence, hypnotized by his own emotions.

At eleven o'clock Joe was a bundle of nerves. He saw that the artist fellow was still scribbling in a pad, and he had another drink on the house to serve. Well, he would play it safe this time.

He simply ordered a Manhattan and brought it to the two-couple table, giving it to the less attractive of the girls there. She giggled at the message, and took the Manhattan with the delight of a child grasping a new toy, and gulped it down. Joe sighed as when his youngest downed a spoonful of medicine after a period of coaxing.

He walked back toward the bar with a sense of real relief, and asked Eddie for a small beer to take the dryness out of his throat.

While he was drinking, the commotion started. A quick look gave him the picture. Hensley had evidently walked to Carolan's table and thrown the drink in his face. He was now marching out, practically dragging Mrs. Hensley. Near the door was the girl to whom he had given the Manhattan. She was rushing out, followed by the other three. Joe could see

she was making for the nearest exit to be sick. The man in back of her was saying too loudly, "I'm tired of this happening all the time."

As they reached the door, Carolan rushed past, and Joe followed, drawn by his own malevolence. When he opened the door and hit the cool air, he heard the two-couple girl's boy friend saying, "I'm finished with nursing you," as he strode up the street. He saw Mrs. Hensley break away from Mr. Hensley and run toward Carolan. At that moment, Hensley pulled a gun and fired straight at Carolan—except that the two-couple boy friend got in the way. Joe got his head back inside the Orchard just as the wounded man, hugging his leg above the knee, slumped to the curb.

Joe strode over to the bar quickly. He didn't want to get mixed up in this. But on his way over Frank, the artist, called him. "Think I'll call it a night," he said. "Did you serve the drinks?"

Joe nodded, bitterly silent, and handed the man his check. The artist gave him a nice tip and left. Joe watched him as he walked out the door, a man walking into the hell of his own creation. "Beast," Joe muttered, "dirty rotten beast! I hate you! I hate you!"

He looked around to see Mr. Henschel beckoning to him. "You know, Joe," said Mr. Henschel when Joe reached the table, "I think tonight I'll have another gin and bitters." #



"See what just a few drops will do, sir?"

Tale of a decadent spider, a cynical slant on Olympic Games and the larger aspects of the shirt-sleeve incident

This Man's World

by **PAUL GALLICO**



BARER

THAT genial, enterprising goodhearted warmonger, Mr. Avery Brundage, is on the loose again laying the fraternal, sporting and international good will groundwork for World War III, the Olympic Games of 1948, scheduled for London, and while there is yet time to put a stop to it, I think someone should.

Mr. Brundage is past president of the Amateur Athletic Union and head of various Olympic Committees and any time there isn't a war on, he is as busy as a bee organizing the great international track and field meets known as the Olympics and continues to do so until the shooting, which invariably breaks out, puts a temporary end to his activities.

When last we heard from Mr. Brundage he had been about to put the Olympic games into Tokyo. But Tokyo was knee-deep in the China incident and was not a popular center for fun and games, whereupon the site of the 1940 games was moved to Finland with London as a second choice. And by 1940, both Helsinki and London were up to their necks in war. Even if Mr. Brundage cannot be held directly accountable for this, one must yield to the suspicion that he and his games have been damned bad luck.

I have known Uncle Avery for a great many years and have always found him a right nice man, and he will be shocked when he reads this and finds me referring to him as a warmonger. It isn't that he means to be one. It is just that he still suffers from the dangerous illusion that public competition on the athletic field, or on any kind of field, engenders good sportsmanship, makes nations love one another and is good for peace. It is and does nothing of the kind. It's the finest stewpot for cooking up international hates between wars and keeping them alive, next to a round-table gathering of diplomats.

It would of course be grotesque to charge that Mr. Brundage and his Olympic and A. A. U. pals were responsible for World Wars I and II, but it is also a cinch that if there really were such a thing as brotherly love between men there wouldn't be any more wars. The brotherly love business, International branch, is never at lower ebb than during and right after an Olympic game. The distaste which the young men of the various countries acquire for one another during the running off of this sporting series begins practically automatically

the first time their coach holds a blackboard talk and says, "Now here's what those bastards are going to try to do, etc. etc. etc. . . ."

Somehow there appears to be a much tenderer sentiment developed between men of different nationalities right after they have been firing off rifles, mortars and machine guns at one another than exists following a close decision in the 100-meter dash or the 135-pound boxing championship. All athletes except the winners are convinced that the judges, referees, timers, starters, umpires and officials are crooked and pulling for their own countries, and half the time this idea doesn't shoot too wide of the mark.

But irrespective of shenanigans with officials, one just doesn't love one's opponent, period. The European is so intensely nationalistic that victory in an event takes on an importance out of all proportion. The gayer, more leger and lighthearted Americano from sheer habit of competition works up a pretty good hate for his opponent which, while artificial, is every bit as good as the real thing and has the same reactions upon the emotions.

I will give you a case in point. I don't like Chicago. I don't like any part of the town. I don't feel good when I'm there. I'm always glad to get out. Now, what's the matter with Chicago? Nothing. It's a fine city whose skyline has a beauty and thrill of its own to match ours in New York. It contains one of the finest hotels in the country for appointments, food and service, the Ambassador, it is full of charming people, many of whom are well-loved friends of mine, including that greying old sportswriter and war correspondent, Dr. Herbert Graffis, the climate is salubrious, Michigan Boulevard is a dream street, the Lake Front is superb. What then have I got against Chicago? I repeat, nothing except that I used to bring Golden Gloves boxing teams there to compete against the Golden Glovers of the Chicago *Tribune* and invariably we got licked in Chicago.

All right, it was just a game, a sporting match, but that's the way it is. As one of the co-promoters of the matches I should have kept aloof from all partisanship. But I wanted our kids to win. I wanted them to win like the very devil. I had watched them earn their championships in New York, lived with them, broken bread with them, trained with them, and the desire for victory became a paramount emotion. How I suffered at the ringside in the Coliseum. How I hated the judges, the referee, the spectators, the organist and the whole *Tribune* crowd. I never got over it. The battles are finished, as far as I am concerned, but the emotion, or the memories thereof, linger on. You think those guys are kidding about that ill-feeling between the Army and the Navy brass hats during the past war stemming from the days of the Army-Navy football games when they were cadets? Not at all. It's just that simple. Sporting blood.

Football teams are charged up oratorically with lust for gore, and killing instinct; baseball feuds last a lifetime. The record of sports as the background and instigator of lasting and beautiful friendships is not too impressive.

But we don't seem to learn and this plaintive protest cannot stop the machinery that has again been set in motion by the sports-loving brother Brundage and his cohorts, with Wembley Stadium in London as the battleground where Bulgar, Yugo-Slav, Czech, Romanian, Hungarian and Greek can resume their tender blood feuds on the gentle fields of sports.

And I can hardly wait for those supersensitive Russians to become involved in the bickering, sniping, double-crossing and general cantankerousness of International sports competition. Boy, oh boy! Hand me down that nice tin (Continued on page 187)



CURZON

"Is there anything you'd like to tell the folks back home?"

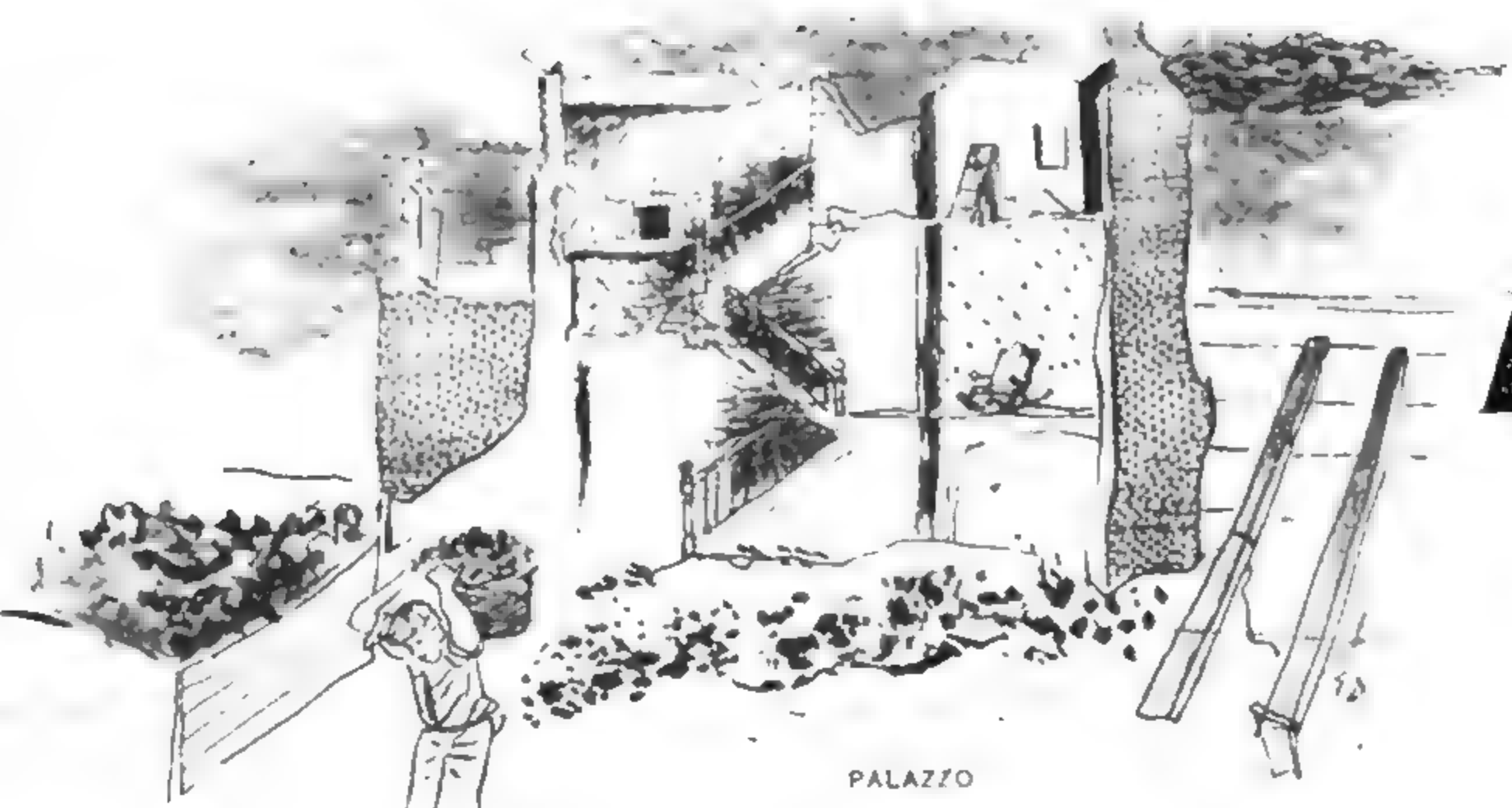


“Salerno, Anzio, Normandy beachhead and the Battle of France without a scratch, and I come home and get conked with a telephone book”



"You wouldn't want me to be a wallflower would you, dear?"

Having muddled through severe censorship and paper cuts with fat profits, the press has started a typically British revolution



England's Front Page

by SAM BOAL

THE celebration of V-E Day in London was deafening. Air raid sirens shuddered with their last gasp; the drivers of British Army lorries irrelevantly tooted their horns. Steamboats on the Thames blew their whistles when nothing was in the way and London bobbies blew theirs when no one was stealing anything. American GI's jitterbugged freely with strange British girls, and members of the austere Pall Mall clubs—the kind where you spend your first five years just nodding at other members—looked out of their windows and rapped with their rings on the pane, thus adding quietly to the clamor. But to thoughtful Englishmen the real evidence that V-E Day had indeed come were two tiny newspaper cartoons which attacked Churchill.

Most Americans don't realize how important this is. They assume that English papers, like their own, presented the appearance of a barroom brawl all through the war, and that Churchill, and his war policies, were subject to virulent attack—or virulent support—just as in peacetime. This was by no means the case, and the story why it wasn't is part of the story of what happened to the press during the war in England.

Two profound changes occurred to British newspapers during the five years leading up to V-E Day. One is that they got smaller in size and the other is that they got bigger in outlook.

"The war can't last much longer," General Montgomery is supposed to have muttered one night in North Africa as he surveyed the piles of paper on his desk. "The paper won't hold out." He was right. The paper wasn't holding out.

With the outbreak of war, English newspaper owners were presented with an ugly question. Never did they have so much news to print and never did they have so little paper to print it on. The invasion of Norway cut off that vast forest; the shipping crisis kept Canadian and American wood pulp out of England. After all, not even a newspaper publisher could reasonably demand that wood pulp should take the place of arms, or food, or steel on a ship. So newspaper owners voluntarily trimmed their papers down eighty per cent. Newspaper proprietors sometimes tend to confuse their vast capacity for making money with "freedom of the press," "public service" and other highly important, though not easily definable, civic functions. A plumber whose firm is turned over to war production never mutters about the sanctity of the sink, but a newspaper owner, when asked to imperil a property which he has built up in a notoriously dog-eat-dog field, might reasonably be expected to yelp about the sanctity of the press. It is to the credit of the British newspaper owners that they did no such thing.

The average British paper now—even months after V-E Day—is a little less than a fifth of its pre-war size. Whereas before the war, English newspapers, by American standards, were windy and tiresome, English news now is written like a telegram. Most readers are never aware of it, but all newspapers, in normal times, maintain a rigid balance of the number of columns devoted to news and the number devoted to advertising. Newspapers in England before the war had a ratio of one column of advertising to two of news. Now the ratio is one to three. It was a minor revolution, effected quietly, which is the way the British like their revolutions.

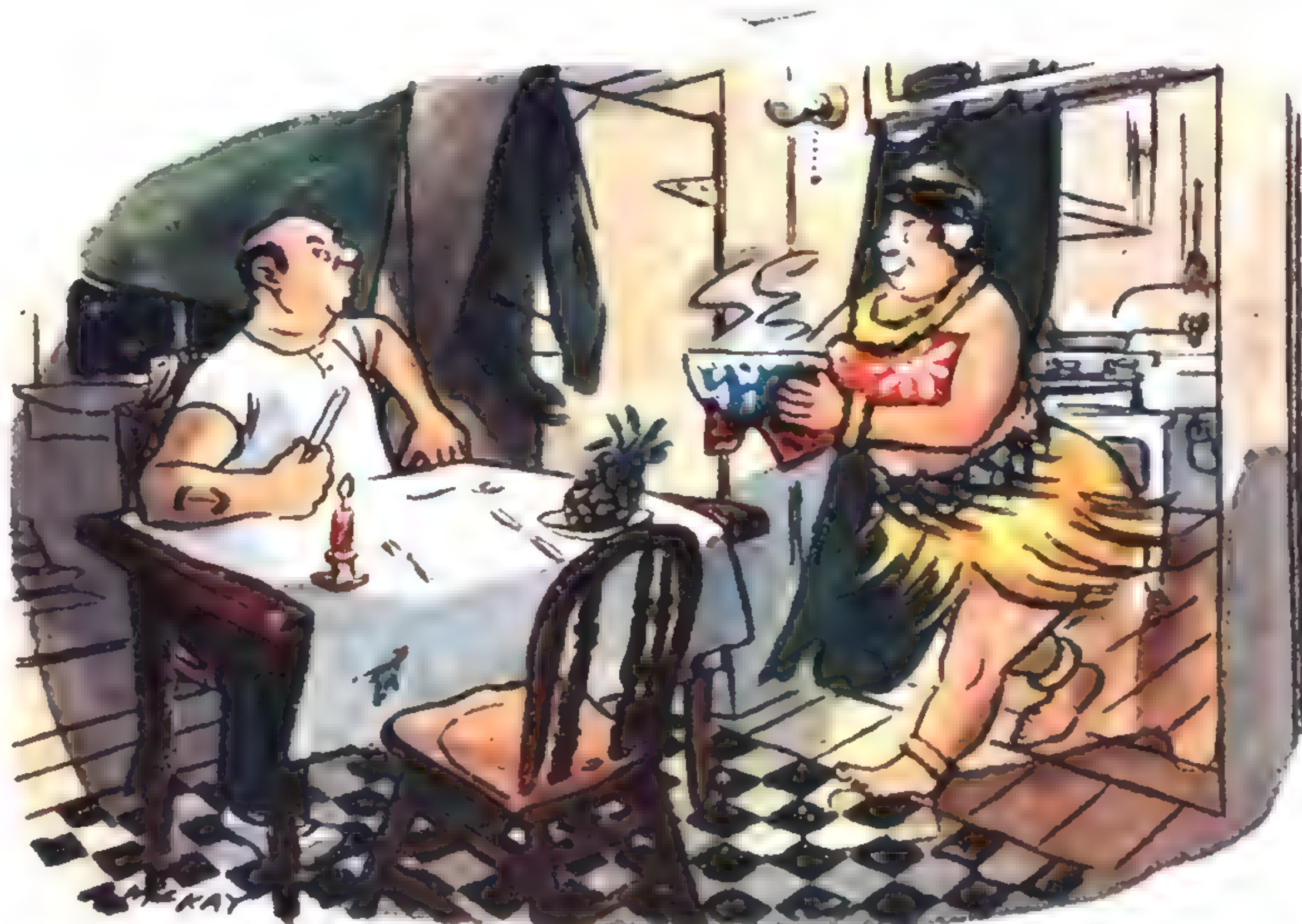
The tone of ads is also changed, and they fall roughly into two categories, the Noble and the Humble. The Noble uses fine writing: "Down through England's mighty past Terwilliger's Toothpaste kept your teeth white; it will keep them white through England's mighty future." The Humble

ads are different. Since there is such an acute shortage of consumer goods, these producers have adopted a wheedling tone in their ads. They have nothing to sell, or very little, but after reconversion . . . So the ads read something like this: "Please be patient, Victory Day will bring Madden's Blades." This latter pleading tendency must have annoyed one ad writer, because in the Summer of 1943 the makers of Mackintosh's Toffee (all candy was then rationed in England) astonished sober Londoners by advertising: "If you can't get Mackintosh's Toffee in your neighborhood—change your neighborhood!"

Patent medicine ads have been rigidly rationed in this country where you can actually buy a bottle of something labeled "Pneumonia Syrup." Want ads, except in the treasured *Times*, have gone. There is no point in listing Positions Wanted since no Britisher is free to seek employment as he wishes. In the *Times*, some houses are advertised for sale, and there is vigorous business in trades. Six bottles of brandy might bring a used piano. If you throw in a bike, it is possible you might induce someone to rent you his West End flat.

The greatest single wartime advertiser in the British press is the Government. English advertising, with the exception of the brilliant Guinness Stout ("My Goodness, My Guinness") campaign, never was as good as American or French advertising. But the ads of the various government departments have been magnificent. The Ministry of Food regularly advertises, at paid rates, the changes in rations. It prints new menus for old Spam; it advises housewives about vitamins. Under the standing head "Food Flashes," it announces what foods are scarce and why. Despite the remark made by Aneurin Bevan, Labor party dazzler, during the recent campaign that "England is built on coal and surrounded by fish and only a supreme genius for organization could have caused a shortage in both simultaneously," England's food rationing has been a triumph, and the alert, easy-to-read ads in the press were a major factor in that success.

The comics, the astrologers, the lovelorn advisers, the inquiring reporters, the feature writers have all largely (Continued on page 138)



"I like foreign dishes, too, but don't you think this is carrying the atmosphere angle a little too far?"

There was no escaping the night, but he knew one way to free himself from the image of the man he had murdered

Always Another

by HEATH THOMAS



EDGEE

AFTER Dave Alden killed the sheriff his mother followed him to the corral.

"Oh, Davy!" she sobbed, "you shouldn't a-killed him! I saw it. You fired from the barn loft. He didn't have a chance."

"He had no business coming out here to arrest me," said Dave sullenly. "I didn't do nothing but wing Jim Black. The sheriff knowed that."

Mrs. Alden wrung her hands. "But now you're a murderer! My only son a murderer!" she shrieked. "And he's a-gonna leave me here on this ranch with nobody to do for me."

Dave Alden looked out across the homestead farm that in Western terminology was called a "ranch." His lip curled. "A fine ranch!" he sneered, tightening the saddle girth.

"Your daddy worked out his heart here before he died," reminded his mother. "What will I do now?" she asked.

"You took in washing before we moved out here," he answered sourly. "You could move back to town."

"I'll not go back to town," she cried wildly, "and have people say, 'there goes the mother of a murderer.' I'll stay in Homestead Valley if I die here by myself."

Dave Alden said nothing. He busied himself with the saddle roll and did not look up. "And what am I going to do with that?" Her gentle voice shook with sobs as she pointed to the sprawled form

of the sheriff whose eyes even in death were wide with surprise.

Dave Alden looked with contempt at the still form, saw the one point of the walrus mustache which the sheriff in his last agony had somehow drawn between his teeth. "Wait a few hours," he said curtly, "then go tell Olson. He'll haul him to town."

Dave Alden mounted his horse and rode off into the purple distance. He did not look back.

For two weeks he slept by day and rode hard by night. Then he decided it would be safe to rest for a few days. He camped in a grove of cedars by a clear-running creek.

On his third night in the grove he dreamed of the sheriff and sat up half-awake reaching for his gun. But there was nothing in the night except the velvet dark, the impersonal stars and the sound of his horse munching grass. Alden laughed to steady himself. A coyote answered him from a distant hill and the wind moved around in the cedars.

It seemed to Alden, however, that the blurred image of the sheriff had retreated from the dream and now hung suspended in space. He rubbed his eyes to awaken himself. But when he removed his fists from his eye sockets the misty figure still floated before him. He noticed without surprise that the details of the face were quite distinct.

He felt sure he was still half asleep. He shook his head as a dog shakes himself after emerging from a swim. The sheriff swung like a pendulum, then became stationary with the stopping of Alden's head movement.

He rolled his eyes and knew fear when the image moved as if fastened to the shaft of his vision.

He threw the blankets from him and stood up. Whatever *it* was *it* still hung there less than a dozen yards from where he stood. But certainly *it* was harmless for one of the great stars on its way to bed could be seen through *its* belly.

Alden tried to believe again that he was asleep. He would yell to wake himself up. "Get the hell away from here!" he shouted defiantly.

It didn't move, but the horse quit eating and the coyotes stopped their bickering.

Alden suddenly raised the forty-five Colt he held in his hand. He pumped the trigger until an empty click told him that all six loads were spent. *It* still hung there and the silence closed in again.

His hands trembled as he reloaded the Colt. Now he moved around in the darkness until he found the pile of dry sticks he had gathered yesterday. He stirred the coals of the campfire with the heel of his boot and kindled a flame.

As the wood blazed up he saw that *it* still remained. He took a few steps backward. As he did so *it* moved forward well within the circle of light. He kept retreating until *it* moved all the way to the campfire. *It* still jerked and bobbed with the movement of Alden's head. He looked straight into the fire and the limbs and body of the sheriff poured themselves into the flames. But the face was plainer than ever. The eyes stared and the left point of the mustache was drawn between the teeth.

Alden took a step forward and *it* moved back out of the fire. "Damn you," he said experimentally.

He walked forth briskly to where his saddle lay. *It* moved back, keeping its distance. Alden told himself he was suffering a kind of nightmare. Tomorrow he would remember it as only a dream.

Now he recalled that this was not something



BROWNING

The Magic Hands of Stokowski

When Leopold Anton Stanislaw Stokowski steps to the podium, rich is the reward of millions of music lovers. His famous hands may be seen in the study on the right. At left, the glamorous maestro himself. Abandoning the traditional baton, Stokowski depends solely on his magnetic hands to draw the full measure of music from his men. From the keyboard of St. Bartholomew's organ, where he began his career, to the appearance of his distinguished back in Walt Disney's *Fantasia* the spotlight has been on his hands, famed for their flexibility and grace. At one time the maestro attempted to dispense with applause, saying "the concert hall should be like a temple of music." Regardless of whether hands should be seen and not heard, Mr. Stokowski has since relented, to the joy of his admirers, who again greet him with thundering ovations.

completely new in his experience. Throughout his boyhood, until he was fifteen, the slightest abnormal temperature had brought delirium. Then there had been nights in which he saw things that were not there and heard voices that were but the silence. And that was only three years ago.

He then told himself he had been feeling a little sick for the past several days. He fumbled in the saddle bag, removed a whiskey bottle and drank heavily from it. The liquor lightened his spirit. But he still sat before the fire until the dawn wind sprang up and chilled him. Then the glow in the east grew suddenly and the sheriff's image faded with the stars.

Alden rode forty miles that day. He had little money and almost no provisions, but he thought it best to keep away from the towns for a few days.

Nightfall found him on a treeless stretch of plain from which he could see the lights of a settlement. He decided unless he could find an arroyo he would make a cold camp, for to build a fire so near to a town might draw unwanted attention.

Then suddenly he saw the sheriff again. The lawman had risen from somewhere out of the grey shadows and moved just a little ahead of the tired horse. Alden felt a coldness inside him as he saw that the sheriff had come much closer tonight.

He spurred the horse and rode straight for the town. And in a few minutes he was warm again for as he entered Main Street he heard the voices of men. Then the sheriff was gone.

The town was like many others. There was the single main street, the saloons, the hum of voices and the throb of hurdy-gurdys. And from out behind the wall of darkness at the edge of the plain came a cowboy's drunken, tuneless song.

He had not been in town more than two hours when he decided to kill another man. He saw his victim in the saloon and gambling hall where Alden had spent his next to last dollar for food and drink.

The man marked for death was called "Cal" by the men who sat with him around the poker table. His companions cursed at the luck which had heaped a pile of blue chips before the sandy-haired cattleman.

Someone asked had any others of the Flying U come into town.

"Nope," grinned Cal, "I wanted all these pickings for myself."

Later, when Alden saw the game was breaking up he left the saloon, mounted his horse and rode toward the dark end of the street. A Mexican boy directed him to the trail of the Flying U.

He followed the dim trail at a brisk gallop until he came to the bank of a stream. Then he rode down the creek for two hundred yards and tethered his horse. He went back to the ford where the trunk of a large sycamore would hide him from any passing rider.

As he waited in the tense dark he suddenly remembered that the image of the sheriff had not followed him out here. But before he could ponder his new freedom he heard hoofbeats on the trail.

The cattleman was within two yards of the hiding place when Alden fired. He could see the outline of the rider crumple in the saddle before he pitched forward almost at his feet.

But the cattleman was still alive, and apparently blinded by the agony of death, for he fired his pistol straight toward the stars. Alden leaped forward like a cat and brought the butt of the Colt down across the skull of the man whose limbs threshed in the grass. As he heard the crunch of bone he felt the exultance of the hunter who has finished off a wounded buck.

After he had taken the money belt from the cattleman he dragged the body a little way up the creek bank. Then, when he found his hands were sticky, he washed them in the stream.

Some dark wisdom, which until then Alden never knew he possessed, caused him to change the course of his travel. He had ridden with his back to the sunrise since the day he killed the sheriff. But now something whispered that travel to the west was a suspicion of guilt. Hunted men rode toward the sundown. So he spurred his horse, avoided the towns, but kept the North Star to the left of him.

At daybreak he hid in a cottonwood grove and slept throughout the morning and the afternoon. The cool of approaching night had come to the plains when he awoke. He ate hurriedly and saw evening's great star looking at him as he took to the trail again.

Then as the shadows deepened he saw the specter once more. He looked a second time and decided that tonight the sheriff was not there. Now he saw that the face before him was that of the sandy-haired rancher whose huge body he had left sprawled by the creek bank. He felt relieved that the cattleman traveled at a distance of about a dozen yards ahead of the horse.

But his relief was short-lived. The next night when he took to the trail the cattleman loomed up from the shadows and was closer by



WAXMAN

Barbara Hayden, one of the nebulae of Hollywood

By the time this achieves print, Barbara Hayden may be touring the country in 'The Dream and the Shrew' (a crisp version of 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and, you guessed it, 'The Taming of the Shrew') with other students from the University of Washington. Meanwhile, studio hawks who caught the show at the Film City Playhouse in Hollywood noticed Miss Hayden's competent portrayal of Hermia and Bianca, besides her more obvious gifts. So time and the press agents will tell. Barbara has lived mostly in the West, with an interval in Virginia, while her father attended Military Government School. She studied ballet, singing and art in Seattle, directed a play at Reed College in Portland, likes to sculpt. She prefers leisurely, tweedy, pipe-smoking men. Vital statistics: height: 5' 4"; bust: 35"; waist: 23"; hips: 35".

several yards than the night before. Alden cursed dispassionately and said he didn't give a damn so long as it came no nearer.

But the third night the distance was shortened even more. And now he felt the icy fear that when darkness came again it might crowd him out of the saddle.

At daybreak Dave Alden felt thankful for the dawn and the contingency of travel which brought him into the camp of Pedro, the Mexican. A few words and they knew the kinship of hunted men.

Pedro intimated, however, that his crimes were not recent. Circumstances beyond his control, he said, had caused him to burn campfires along a thousand miles of trail.

Alden said nothing of his own crimes, and later he almost regretted that he had to shoot the Mexican, one of his own kind.

He had given Pedro money that he might go buy food and drink. Alden dozed in the shade of a cedar as he awaited the Mexican's return. His eyes flew open when a twig snapped.

The swarthy man was crawling on all-fours and had started to hurl the knife when Alden shot him. Pedro died easily for the bullet caught him between the eyes.

Alden's regret at having to kill Pedro vanished as the shadows lengthened—for he had begun to fear the nights. Now he told himself that the death of the Mexican had its good points. Surely Pedro's specter would replace that of the cattleman's.

But at nightfall the cattleman appeared suddenly over the nose of the horse. Alden's breath shortened and he felt as if he were drowning. In another night it would crowd him out of the saddle.

Somehow he had presence of mind to reach into the saddle bag for the whiskey that the dead Mexican had brought back to camp. He gulped a portion of it and felt sanity returning to his brain. In a few minutes he appraised the situation coldly and calmly.

He now saw there was a pattern to the dark spell which followed him. By killing the cattleman he had rid himself of the sheriff. But Pedro whom he killed to save his own life would not come back to haunt him. Only by committing a blacker crime than his last could he rid himself of the specter which tomorrow night would surely ride with him. And in other tomorrows there would always be another.

Alden reined his horse sharply to the left and rode toward the light that burned in a homesteader's shack. He scouted the premises and saw that the woman was alone.

When she answered the door, she drew back suddenly. "Oh!" she whispered, "I thought you were my husband."

She was pretty and very young. The lamplight made little golden streaks in her hair. But she was spry as a young bobcat and he had to chase her around the shack three times before he caught her. She

made no sound and Alden decided that fright had taken her voice.

She was but little trouble once he got his hands about her throat. He felt almost like a god when the iron of his fingers squeezed until her eyes went glassy. When she became limp as a wet rag he released her. He looked at her with contempt as she sank to the floor. Then he thoughtfully unsheathed his gun—and struck hard. But though the bone crunched he saw no stir of life.

And now the nights and the days became black and yellow blobs in which Dave Alden rode on the earth without fear of man.

He no longer made any effort to avoid the towns. Something seemed to urge him eastward toward Homestead Valley where once there were no faces in the shadows to haunt his nights.

His killings became a cool and precise business. He now knew he could space them every fourth day without his last victim coming nearer than the horse's nose. His only problem was to do a worse crime than the one before.

He was particularly proud of his inspiration to kill the priest. The priest, however, was a big and powerful man, and Alden once thought he would have to shoot him. The gun butt finally did the job, though, and he came from the struggle proud but short of breath.

He used an entirely new method to kill the little girl. He lay

hidden all day in the willows along the river bank and watched the ranch house where she played. Finally she mounted the pony and rode toward the river. When she entered the cover of the trees he rode up beside her and struck with the knife he had taken from the Mexican. She only gasped twice.

It was not until the fourth day thereafter that he began to worry about his next victim. A sheriff, a cattleman, a Mexican, a woman, a priest and a little girl. He must think of something that would surpass all these crimes.

He felt doubtful about killing the sheepherder, but he told himself it could do no harm to try something new. He tied the man up and pricked him with the knife many times before at last he died.

The glow of the sun was red in the west when he finally rode on. In a little while he would know if the little girl had left him.

Shadows were already deep in the arroyos and Alden found himself riding the high ground. Light faded and a coyote spoke.

A handful of stars sprinkled the sky—and now she was here again. She was so near he could have reached out and touched her. . . . Tomorrow night she would ride in the saddle with him. . . . unless. . . .

And then for the first time since he could remember, a sob shook the lean frame of Dave Alden as he reined his tired horse toward the valley and the light that burned in his mother's house. ##

by **GRANTLAND RICE**

The Four Horsemen

What Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden lacked in offensive power they made up in smartness, speed and rhythm



ON an October afternoon back in 1923 I took my friend Brink Thorne, one of Yale's greatest football stars from the era of Frank Hinkey, across the bridge to see Army and Notre Dame meet in Brooklyn at Ebbetts Field.

Brink and I had sideline passes where we could follow the play at close range up and down the field.

It was in this game that the name, "The Four Horsemen," received its subconscious birth, to find life a year later. Brink and I were crouched along the sidelines around mid-field when on a certain play Notre Dame's four flying backs came sweeping from

the Rockne shift around Army's left end. The interference was headed by Harry Stuhldreher at quarter. Elmer Layden and Don Miller were part of the speedy compact attack with Jimmy Crowley carrying the ball. They had picked up twelve yards on the play before Crowley was finally forced out of bounds. But he was still moving at such high speed that he had to hurdle both Thorne and myself to keep from trampling us underfoot.

"We'd better move back," I said to Brink. "They are worse than a flock of wild horses on a stampede."

This thought was in my mind as I saw them swing into action against another strong Army team at the Polo Grounds a year later. I know I felt much safer up in the press box than I had felt along the sidelines in Brooklyn where the back of my neck was almost impaled on Crowley's flying cleats.

It was the start of the second period, with the score 0-0, Army dominating the earlier play, that Stuhldreher, Miller, Crowley and Layden came rushing out from the Notre Dame bench. There they were again—a backfield that ranged in weight from 155 to 163 pounds, an average displacement of 161 pounds, by many pounds the lightest in the starring ranks of football history.

What they lacked in mere poundage they more than made up for in speed, spirit, smartness and driving force.

They worked with a rhythm that was unbelievably beautiful to watch, whether or not football happens to be your favorite game. You might remember that in this game Army also had its share of stars, including Light Horse Harry Wilson, Wood, Garbisch, Farwick, Ellinger and several others who made up Coach John McEwan's able Cadet squad.

It was at the start of the second period, or just after the start, that "The Four Horsemen" earned their name. (And at the risk of explaining the obvious, perhaps I should add that the name derived from Vicente Blasco Ibañez' *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, who, in turn, got his idea from the



"Mr. Aiken says for you to look up in your handbook what to do for snake bite"



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THE FOUR HORSEMEN *by James Bingham*

Revelation of St. John the Divine. The four horsemen were known as Famine, Pestilence, War and Death. These were the component ingredients of Notre Dame's famous backfield.)

After Wood's kick, Notre Dame had the ball on her 20-yard line with Army goal 80 yards away.

It was here that the swift, striking stampede started. Crowley picked up 15 yards on the first play. Layden and Miller added 16 more. A pass from Stuhldreher to Crowley gathered 12 just before Don Miller's 20-yard sprint carried him to Army's 10-yard line. Over cracked Layden for the first touchdown—80 yards in just seven plays.

It should be noted here that "The Seven Mules" who made up Notre Dame's forward wall, headed by such stars as Adam Walsh and Rip Miller, deserved far greater credit than they received while playing brilliantly in the shadow of their famous backfield, a backfield that caught and held attention at every move through any game they played. These South Bend linemen, while not bulky in any way, were also smart, fast and alert, matching one of the best lines in the Army annals.

But when one had finished writing about "The Four Horsemen," there wasn't enough space left to give "The Seven Mules" the credit they deserved. Harry Stuhldreher, now head football coach at Wisconsin, was the team's directing general. Keen and alert, cool under heavy fire, he handled his fast attack superbly. Stuhldreher was also a hard-hitting blocker who rarely found trouble in meeting an opponent from 30 to 50 pounds heavier.

But, after all, Notre Dame's main asset was her backfield speed. In addition to Stuhldreher, Crowley, Miller and Layden were all exceptionally fast. Crowley and Miller, the two halfbacks, started quickly, cut alertly, and picked up pace as they move along.

It isn't often that you hear of a 162-pound fullback on a team called upon to meet the country's best. But that was Elmer Layden's weight. Layden was no fullback to hit the line like a bludgeon. He was more the rapier type that struck with dizzy swiftness and held his feet as well as any 200-pound fullback you might see in action. Layden had run the 100 in less than 10 seconds, but it was his flash-lightning start that found even a half opening before it could ever close. Above all else he was the main point of danger against any hostile pass. Elmer, now football czar of the National Pro. League, proved this against a powerful Stanford team in the

Rose Bowl game of 1925. The star in this big Stanford squad was big, blond Ernie Nevers, one of the best of all time. Nevers has been a Marine officer since Pearl Harbor. But long before he had proved his place on the gridiron to such an extent that Pop Warner, the Stanford coach, placed him above Jim Thorpe as the all-time greatest.

Nevers, weighing 200 pounds, was the vital factor in the Stanford attack. But what both Pop Warner and Ernie Nevers overlooked was the speed and agility of Layden's forward pass defense.

No matter where Ernie Nevers threw the ball in that Rose Bowl tilt, there was Elmer Layden on the wing, under the ball and on his way for touchdown runs. Layden was a pass-intercepting centipede that sunny afternoon in Pasadena as he covered almost every square yard of the defensive field.

Notre Dame's "Four Horsemen" might not have been the best backfield that football has ever seen. They lacked the offensive power and crash of Rockne's 1930 squad that knew Carideo, Savoldi, Schwartz and Marty Brill. They may not have been as good as Notre Dame's 1943 outfit with Creighton Miller, a nephew of Don Miller, Bob Kelly, Bertelli, and several others—or the fast, powerful Army delegation of 1944 with Blanchard, Davis, Hall, Kenna and a few more. Not to overlook an old Carlisle avalanche that carried Thorpe, Calac and Guyon. But certainly, pound for pound, they stand alone. They had no need for any sheer power. If you consider such assets as speed, brains, heart, alertness, and rhythm important, they had no equal.

After graduation Layden, Crowley and Stuhldreher all became successful coaches at Notre Dame, Fordham, Michigan State, Villanova, Wisconsin and Carnegie Tech, while Don Miller stuck to the law to find his place as a well-known judge in Cleveland.

In my roving day and time, looking back more than 40 years, I have seen a thousand backfields, east and west, north and south, pass by in review. No member of the Four Horsemen could be named on an All-Time selection. But as a unit, as something to watch, they remain more vivid in memory than any of the others I have seen.

As some poet almost said—

*"Of all the beautiful pictures that hang on memory's wall,
That one of the old Four Horsemen—it seemeth the top of all."* ‡‡



"The water's gone—we'll have to start on that case of champagne!"

The Roman populace, the Army, the Senate, and even his personal bodyguard deserted the tyrant in those last inglorious days

The Death of Nero

by **LION FEUCHTWANGER**



THE news that his Governor in France had mutinied and proclaimed his deposition reached Emperor Nero on the 19th of March in Naples, where he was acting the part of Oedipus with artistry, devotion and success. To his friends he said that the revolt in France was just the thing he had been looking for; now he had a valid pretext for falling back upon the customs of war and plundering the rich province. Later in the day, he went to the circus and watched with interest the final contests of the heavyweight athletes. Alarming dispatches from France continued to arrive during the evening meal. The Emperor glanced them over, tore them up languidly, and shook his head over his obviously insane Governor.

Nero let a whole week pass without taking action. When Hel, the Chief of his Cabinet, guardedly suggested it might be advisable to issue an order of the day to the western armies or the troops assembled for the great oriental campaign, or at least to send a message to the Senate, the Emperor declared that he intended to appear again on the boards in ten days and did not feel like wasting his voice on the crazy revolt in France. His ministers had much trouble in inducing him to set a price of ten million sesterces on the insurgent Governor's head and to send a personally-written letter to the Senate. He himself, he told the Senate, was prevented by a throat affliction from going to Rome and therefore had to ask the Appointed Fathers to see that justice be done.

As dispatches from the West became ever more alarming, the Emperor, sighing over the interruption of a sojourn devoted to art, finally had to decide to return to Rome. Pointing out soreness of his throat, he even now refrained from appearing before the Senate.

On April 16th, the news came that General Galba, the Governor of Spain, had declared his solidarity with his mutinous colleague in France and had been proclaimed Emperor by the western armies. Nero had asked the leading men of Rome to a banquet on the 17th of April. He used the occasion for the performance of a witty little ballad to the tune of an obscene song, satirizing the two mutinous generals.

Emperor Nero was thirty-years-old at the time. He had shown that he could act forcefully if the occasion demanded it. But he displayed a strangely nonchalant attitude in dealing with the constantly spreading revolt in the West. Perhaps it was because he was too firmly convinced that his luck would hold.

His Military Cabinet directed that a part of the troops assembled for the oriental enterprise be sent to Northern Italy where a new army was to be formed. But these defensive measures lacked the proper élan. The ministers and generals were handicapped by the Emperor's indolence. Nothing could induce him to take over the command of the new army and to lead it against the revolutionaries. When his advisers proposed that he do so he replied that it would be better if he joined the western army alone and unarmed and, in a brilliant speech, recalled them to the old obedience. "Words are stronger than arms," he repeated several times.

He preferred to spend his time with frivolous and romantically extravagant projects, such as the suggestion that the whole Senate,

yes, even the whole untrustworthy population of the city of Rome be executed, or at least all inhabitants of French origin. Then again, the Senate becoming more difficult every day, he was inclined to compromise, offer to abdicate, and be satisfied with ruling Egypt. If the Egyptians were to disown him he would live on what he earned by his histrionic art.

The population of Rome opposed with passive resistance the mobilization ordered by the commanders of the newly-formed army. The collection of war taxes, too, lagged. The flow of supplies from the West ceased, Egypt and Libya detained the grain ships, the prices of victuals rose. Disturbances broke out when an Egyptian ship brought, instead of the expected wheat, merely Nile sand for the wrestling bouts in the Imperial arena. True, the masses were still partial to their wasteful and brilliant Emperor, but the old Republican nobility, the bureaucracy, and the Roman-chauvinistic great landowners of Italy found fault with his cosmopolitan policies which smacked of liberalism and favored the East. His opponents became more daring every day. The Emperor's statues were hung with insulting placards and nightly brawls were organized.

The revolt was coming closer, although the city itself was kept in check by the presence of the twelve thousand life guards. This well-paid and pampered élite troop was rightly considered to be devoted to the Emperor. The army which was being assembled in Northern Italy, was composed of reliable troops. But the soldiers expected Nero to appear in person, to address them and manifest his interest in them. He refused to do so and this strange passivity was of advantage to his adversaries. The commanders of the contingents faithful to Nero lost authority because of the Emperor's failure to back them up personally, and so, on June 8th, news came that large numbers of the newly-formed North-Italian army, too, had sworn allegiance to Galba, the Pretender.

Nero was at table when the dispatch reached him. He tore it to bits and overturned the table, smashing his two favorite goblets, the Homeric ones, into which artistic gold reliefs depicting scenes from the Odyssey had been etched. Wrathful, he bade his guests be off. After a brief seclusion, he sent for Locusta, a woman who was

carried on the lists of the Imperial household as a housekeeper, but whose actual functions were somewhat of a puzzle to everybody, and demanded poison from her. She handed him the drops in a golden phial, but that was not good enough for him, and a more tasteful container had to be found.

However, a few hours later, the Emperor was full of confidence again. Were not the life guard regiments still his staunch supporters? He summoned their leaders and proposed to them to put the fleet in Ostia in readiness, to embark the guards and make for Egypt. With the faithful and dependable eastern provinces as a base, it ought not to be difficult to regain the Empire. They listened to him with the prescribed reverence, and then looked at one another. Hesitating, they voiced their objections. Ought the capitol really to be abandoned without a fight? Would it not be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to transport the troops from the city of Rome, to (Continued on page 206)



"Aw, to hell with it—let's grab a taxi"

The ancient soldiers of Tolly roared with laughter when they first heard France was surrendering to the Boche

Ten Old Tigers

by GERALD KERSH



"You want to think of this," said Cattle, "whenever people get round to talking about the way people die, and what people die for—in general, when people begin to talk about things like Bill Nelson's death. Because there are times when there really does seem to be a Destiny that saves us, like cards to be played at the end part of a game." We talked about France, about the fall of France, and the nice rough wines of this part of France, and the smooth wines of another part; and the way wine is made.

"Then Captain Ix said this:

"You may crush men like grapes in a wine press. You can trample all the sweetness out of them—stamp them down until they look like a flat, downtrodden mass of rubbish. Do that. But don't forget one thing: out of the smashed remains of the grape harvest, my friend, brandy is distilled. Not much of it, but potent. And one whiff of good brandy carries with it the character and quality of the whole ravaged vineyard. Do you understand that? So with men. Squeeze a nation! Smash it and flatten it and twist out of it the last drop of its blood. But listen: out of the trodden-out debris of the people there comes a strong and vital spirit. It is there, fermenting, growing strong. And out of the agony of the crushed grapes, remember, comes the glory of the wine. Out of the agony of the people comes the glory of the nation.

"You can squash out the external appearance of a grape: but in doing this, you give it an ultimate magnificence. It is like that with a man. A man on his own is a soft thing that spoils easily—like a grape! The press and the dark cellar bring out the undying spirit of the grape—as of a man!

"I am a Frenchman. I am one of the trampled grapes. But it is I who am telling you that even at this moment, in the dark, there is going on a stir, a ferment. And drip . . . drip . . . drip . . . drop by drop, there is gathering the rare, biting, imprisoned spirit of my people.

"Look here. I have been beaten like washing in a stream. I have been chewed up like grass. But it was I who went out to die with the Ten Old Tigers."

And Captain Victor Ix raised a glass of English bitter, and said, in a deep and resonant voice: "The Ten Old Tigers and the greater

glory of France!" He gulped the beer; pulled a face. "Listen," he said.

I do not need to tell you much about our retreat. It was a debacle and a crash. To my dying moment I shall carry in my nostrils the smell of that defeat—a smell, my friend, of doom: of high-explosive smoke mixed with petrol and burnt oil and dust and ashes. That was the smell of the Boche advance. They came on like driver ants in a jungle, over heaps of their own dead. The tanks roared like devils. It was like seeing a city on the move—tanks which looked greater than cathedrals, spitting shot and shell. And above them, airplanes as numerous and awful as the horde of Satan falling into hell—coming down howling, my friend; that is the only word. Their noise alone stunned us. But we held. My company did what was possible. I went mad. I raved. I swore like a maniac. But my little men went down; and my good old friend Xavier, the Lieutenant, he went down in a fine spray. The French Army was cut to slices like a ham—torn to bits like a pineapple. A bridge which should have been blown up was not blown up. The tanks came over in a black cloud. France was rolling over in her last convulsion. Germany was at her throat. The great thumbs of the tank and airplane offensive had a strangle hold, right behind the great artery. We could only gurgle and kick. And our kicks grew weaker. Our heads swam. Delirium! Blackness! Of my company, seventeen men were left.

I took them away. Then I was ashamed and wanted to go back: but then they took me away, for I was slightly wounded and not quite myself.

Yes, the man you see before you now, Victor Ix, retreated with the washed-out remains of his company.

I thought that although we had been pressed back, the rest of our forces were holding out; that I could come back soon with a new company and beat the Boche back to Berlin, as before. I did not know that the way had been cleared for the Boches, and that France was sold. It did not enter my mind, because I thought such things were impossible.

To the downfall of all traitors I will drink even another glass of this execrable beer: and one more still to the Ten Old Tigers. . . . To the ten grey and magnificent Old Tigers of Tolly.

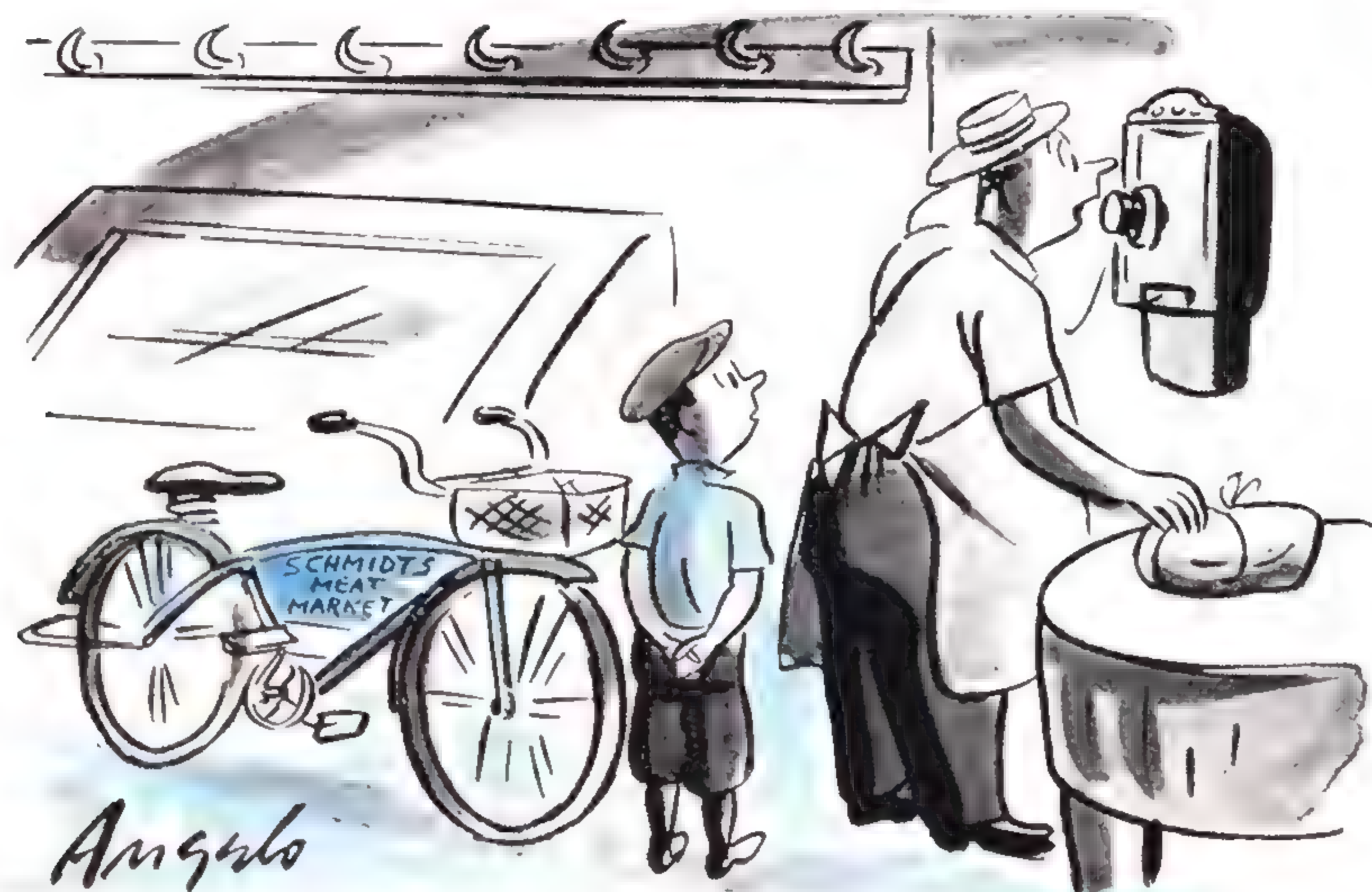
We reached a tiny town called Tolly. Now I knew Tolly, for I had lived there for a little while when I was young. It is a little town like other little towns. Nothing happens there. Nobody does anything beyond a certain dead-alive routine of living. Tolly had only one thing to distinguish it from a thousand other such towns: a kind of Soldiers' Home.

Many years ago, after the fall of Napoleon Bonaparte, a certain military-minded wine merchant endowed a small row of cottages. He gave them to ten old soldiers, veterans of the wars, who had permission to live there in their old age rent-free. The will of the merchant provided, also, some small weekly sum for the purchase of tobacco and wine. The town provided a few francs' worth of lighting and heating. Thus, with their pensions, the old soldiers who lived in those cottages and waited for death were able to rest in some little comfort.

These poor old men were pathetic.

They had spent their lives in camps and barracks. They knew nothing but soldiering. A clause in the will that provided for them insisted that only men without families could enjoy those poor little amenities. So the ten veterans of Tolly, who are now in Heaven, were men alone in the world: men who had devoted their entire lives to the Army of France.

When I was young and was at Tolly, I often saw them. They drew their pensions and spent the



"The boy is delivering your order now, Mrs. Glotz—would you like to have it insured?"

money on necessities. They were regimental, however, those poor old men. They received, every Saturday, a sum of three francs apiece for wine and tobacco; and so they went out to spend those few pence on wine and tobacco alone. And every Saturday morning, punctually at eleven forty-five, the ten old soldiers would march out to the Café Roche on the corner, and sit, each with his glass of red or white wine, smoking and talking. They amused people. It was funny to hear them discussing battles and skirmishes that everybody had forgotten, in places nobody had ever heard of.

Now and again, some person, slightly drunk and jolly, would say, "What about Indo-China?" And one of them, who had fought some shocking encounters out there, would square his thin old shoulders and begin to explain. . . . "We were here . . . they were there. . . . And then the Commandant said to me . . . and then I said to the Commandant . . ." Real old soldiers' talk. And then somebody would buy them drinks. Once in awhile one of them would get rather drunk. The townspeople enjoyed this very much—the spectacle of a seventy-year-old soldier singing forgotten songs in the ghost of a voice and reeling, supported by a comrade of seventy-two, back to the almshouses.

They were old and shabby. They had just enough to eat, but never quite enough to drink and smoke. They cadged a little. They sometimes attached themselves to total strangers and, talking of the weather, complained of thirst. Sometimes they were a bit of a nuisance. They tried to get small jobs of cleaning, or gardening, for the price of a litre of white wine and a packet of the worst tobacco. They used bad language when they forgot themselves . . . and as they grew older they forgot themselves quite often.

They talked mostly of battles; and when they talked, their skinny old hands lashed the air in savage gestures. One veteran of North Africa, a Sergeant-Major of more than eighty, whose elder brother had fallen at Sedan, used to demonstrate, with a decanter, how he had killed an Arab with a rock, and so saved the life of his commanding officer. The breasts of all of them tinkled with medals. They all cultivated fierce moustaches. Most of them shaved every day, and walked upright.

The people of Tolly called them the Ten Old Tigers.

We got into Tolly, as I was telling you—used-up, finished, dead on our feet. The town was almost empty. The people had fled. There was an echoing silence. "What is this?" I wondered. We passed the Café Roche. There was a sound of merrymaking inside . . . a sort of crackle of senile laughter.

I staggered to the door. The café was empty. Only ten familiar figures occupied the center of the place. They had bottles of the best wine before them. Eight of them were smoking cigars. Yes, they were the Ten Old Tigers. I was nearly dead of exhaustion. I heard myself saying: "What, Sergeant Bonenfant—is it you?"

And a very old man said: "Vi l'capitaine," and sprang to his feet. He said: "It is fifteen years since I saw your face last. Let us see—only four of us have died since then. There are four new ones. For the rest, we are still here . . ." He was happy with wine. "Listen, Mon Capitaine, they have all run away. The café is ours. Drinks are on the house." This Sergeant Bonenfant was a wicked old man, who was disrespectful to officers and feared neither God nor man. He laughed and said: "They think the Boches have beaten France!"

All the rest roared with laughter.

I said: "They are coming in tanks." Then I felt my legs giving way. I said to my men: "Find yourself to eat and drink." And I sat down. And then the place whirled round me like a wheel, and there was a redness, and a purple, and a darkness. . . . And I came to myself on the floor.

One of the old men had propped my battered head on his bony knee. Another was pouring most of a bottle of brandy down my throat. A third was saying: "Bite his ears: that brings them to" . . . and another was replying: "I have no teeth." A fifth was slapping me in the face: an old soldiers' remedy for unconsciousness, it appears.

"My men?" I asked when they had finished pouring the brandy. There was a mutter of horrible oaths and curses. The old sergeant, Bonenfant, said:

"The —s have run away. There is some fairy tale. There is some legend. The Boches are almost here, one says. Then why not go and stop them, I say. But no. The seventeen of them, your men, throw down their equipment and run off. They say, 'Against tanks, what use are rifles? Besides,' they say, 'we are betrayed and sold.' It is a question of morale. They run. As for me, I say: Bah!"

I sat up. "There is something here that I do not like," I said. "We were retreating, yes . . . but . . ."

There was a crash. There was a smash of glass. A very old man, the oldest of all the Tigers, none other than the old Sergeant-Major whose brother had perished at Sedan, had thrown a water carafe through the window into the street. It was not drunkenness. It was rage. Yes, rage. That old, old man was bristling like a grey wolf. He stood up. His timeworn throat jangled like a broken piano. He shouted:

"Silence!"

There was authority in that voice, my friend. We all listened, out of force of habit.

He let out a string of old Army endearments:

"Silence, you dirty maggots! Silence every one of you, you this-and-that offspring of so-and-so! You drunken, noisy dummy-headed blank spawn of little frogs! Shut up! You in the rear—put down that pipe while I'm talking to you! Are you attending to me? Right. You'd better. You imbecile idiot seum of puddles! . . . Stop shuffling those feet!"

"The Boches are coming. This is serious. Do you understand? They say that France is sold. I don't know. I know that there is something strange here. I know that in time the Boches would have come here only through a thin paste and that thin paste would have been me—and it would have been you, too, if I'd been your Sergeant-Major! I'd have blown myself to dust to get in their eyes! And so? What has happened? Everybody runs. Civilians, yes: they are only jokes. They ran. But when soldiers run, my comrades, there is something funny. Soldiers are paid to fight, not run. It is a career: to fight, not run.

"Then what? We are old men. But we are men. We are ancient soldiers. But we are soldiers. In Africa we stood alone against thousands, and we did not run. What have we fought for all our lives, if people run away now when we are nearly dead? What have we lived for, to see everything we made go away like tobacco ash in the wind?"

A growl of rage from the other nine Tigers. They were sober now, and they growled. I felt myself growling with them. He went on:

"For myself, I have only about twenty years more to live. But name of a name of a dog of a dog of a pig!—I have spat in the eye of death twenty thousand times ever since I was born, and got away with it! So have you all, you young pups! So have you all, you whipper-snappers; for you're soldiers like me! Good. At Sidi-Faouzi the raw recruits broke like string. The veterans, the old ones, it was they who saved the day with pig stickers, with naked steel. Good. It is the veterans who will save France now. Look! They have thrown down their rifles and their pouches. Good! Here are rifles, ammunition and bayonets. What more do you want? A regimental band? Bah! Get on that equipment! It is an order! To arms! Long live France, and down with the Boches!"

And my friend, my friend, as if in a dream I saw those ten old soldiers, those aged, superannuated, worn-out, battered, broken-down veterans of all the wars of the Empire—I saw them stuff their pipes into their pockets (incidentally, like good old soldiers, helping themselves to packets of tobacco) and struggle into the belts and pouches my men had left. They put the stuff on wrong. It didn't matter. They had their bayonets on their shrunken left hips. They loaded their rifles. The youngest of them—a man of sixty-four whom they called Bobo, who had been in the cavalry in the (Continued on page 175)



"Some days it's just like a madhouse around here!"

The Real Davy Crockett

**Pioneer, Indian fighter and statesman,
he literally lived by his principles,
and finally gave his life at the Alamo**

by KURT STEEL

DOMINIC

IN the Spring of 1834, a Tennessee congressman ended his Washington career with one salty sentence and went back West to become a legend. He had failed in every business he undertook, he had lost every political fight he started in Congress, and only two years later, still in his forties, he was to die in a lost battle. But his life, measured by lasting human standards, was one of lusty success and his legend is an American epic.

Davy Crockett—pioneer, Indian fighter, bear hunter, teller of tall tales, martyr of the Alamo—had politics thrust on him while he was still in his twenties. With his family he had settled in what was then a lonely part of the Tennessee wilderness. There was no machinery of law and order there, and Crockett and his pioneer neighbors set up a temporary government of their own. Crockett was appointed one of the magistrates. At first his was a simple, forthright office. "Whenever I told my constable, says I, 'Catch that fellow and bring him up for trial,' away he went, and the fellow must come, dead or alive." But presently the state legislature made Davy a magistrate by law and the honor began to pinch. Now he must issue his warrants in writing and keep records—and four days of schooling when he was eight-years-old had barely sufficed to give him his alphabet. Stubbornly, Davy set out to master reading and writing.

There were no night schools with helpful teachers to guide him, but Davy was long used to finding his way unassisted. Indeed, for two generations before him Crocketts had been doing precisely that in America. The Irish grandfather for whom Davy was named, after fighting through the Revolution had been one of the first settlers in Tennessee. Davy's father had pressed on a little farther and set himself up as a tavern keeper on the Knoxville road.

Here Davy was born August 17, 1786, the fifth son in a family of nine children. When he was twelve his father, hard-riden by debts, hired him to a drover herding cattle through to Virginia, and from that time on Davy was on his own. The 400-mile trip took weeks and at the end of it the boy received five dollars in wages. The lure of the road had caught him and he was no sooner back in Tennessee than he arranged to set out with another drover for the East.

For several years he worked his way back and forth across the mountains, returning home at last as a tall fifteen-year-old man of the world who sat an entire evening in the Crockett inn before he was recognized. Finding his family deeper in debt than ever, Davy cheerfully bound himself for more than a year to labor for two creditors who held his father's notes for seventy-six dollars. He told no one about the arrangement until he came home with the cancelled notes and was embarrassed to see his father weep.

Davy found himself a wife who was all a frontiersman could wish for. With her he made a sincere attempt at farming, but his heart was not in it. When the war with the Creek Indians broke out in 1813, Davy eagerly seized a legitimate excuse to drop his hoe and take up his rifle.

He fought through the war as a scout and ranger under Andrew Jackson, who became his hero. But killing men, red or white, was not to Davy's liking and it was with genuine relief that he returned to his farm when it was over. Then, two years after he came home, his wife died. This was a bitter tragedy. Restless and grief-stricken he took his three children and moved on west again, building a new cabin on Shoal Creek—and becoming the district's first magistrate. It was a constant hurt to see his two young sons and his baby Polly without a mother, and presently he married Elizabeth Patton, a widow with two children of her own. It was a happy match. Davy's buoyant spirit revived. He became the unquestioned leader of the community, a magistrate by law, and—through long, slow months of study—a scholar versed in reading and writing.

Diligent, humorous, a judge whose decisions were never once appealed, a tall handsome figure of a man in his leather jacket and fringed breeches, Crockett was persuaded in 1821 to run for the Tennessee legislature. His first speech from a stump, like his last line in Washington thirteen years later, had a touch of the classic. "I guess you know what I'm here for," Davy told the crowd. "It's your votes." He was elected.

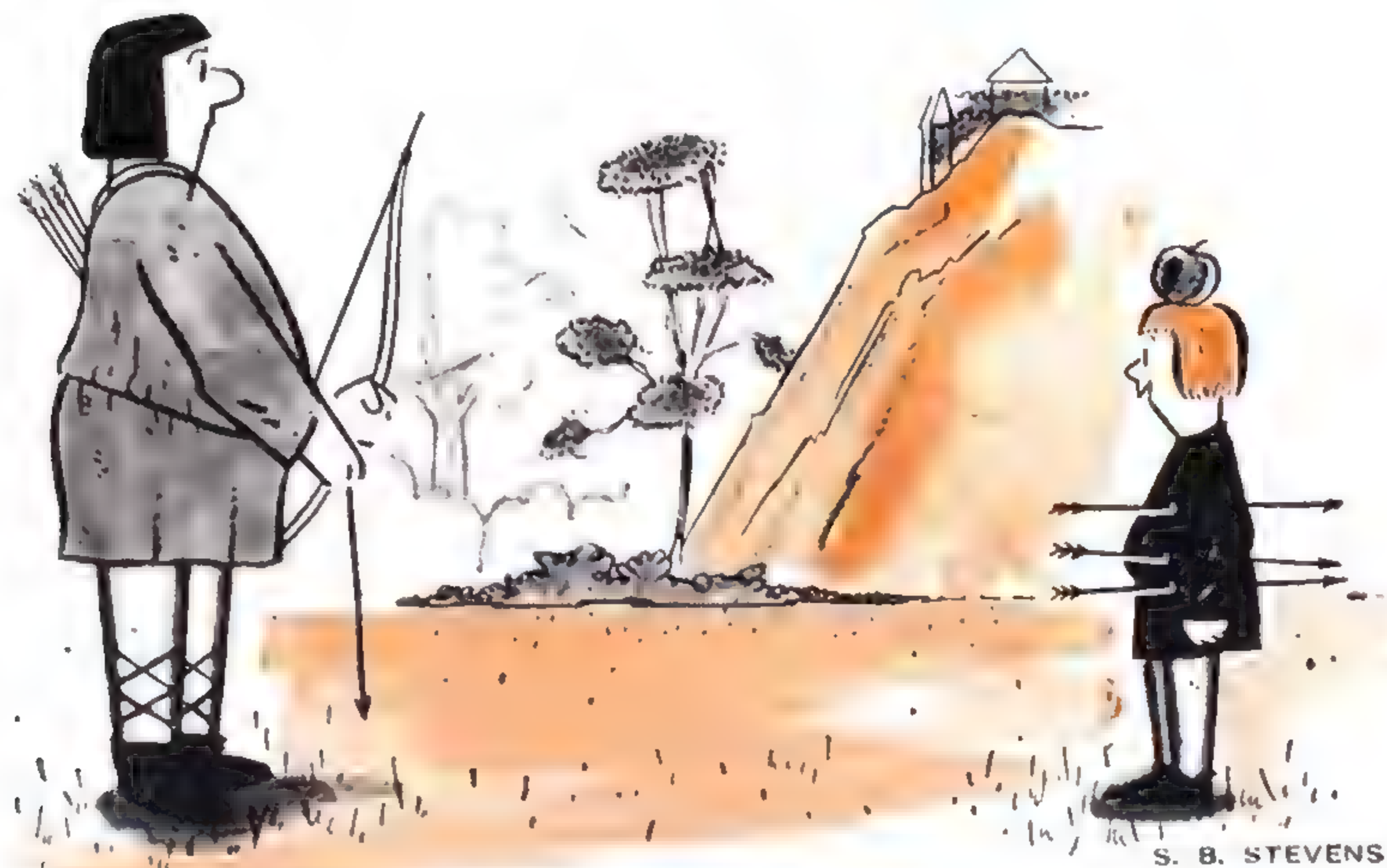
Shortly after his arrival at the state capitol, then Murfreesboro, news of catastrophe overtook him. He had built, on the river beside his clearing, a combination grist mill, powder mill and distillery, and the venture had left him deeply in debt. Now he learned that a spring flood had destroyed the whole thing. It was his wife who brought him the news, and it was her counsel that carried him past the crisis: "Just pay up, Davy, as long as you have a bit's worth in the world, and then we will scuffle for more."

He served his term in the state legislature, made arrangements to pay off his creditors, and set out to repair his fortunes in the way he knew best. He took his rifle and powder horn and trekked on a hundred miles deeper into the wilderness to the banks of the Mississippi. Here, with his nearest neighbor seven miles away, he raised a new cabin. In his autobiography he records that he cleared a field and planted corn as a matter of duty, but adds with eager enthusiasm that "during that spring I killed ten bears and a great abundance of deer."

The Tennessee of those days abounded in fat black bear, deer, otter, mink and beaver. Wild turkeys roosted in the trees, and geese and ducks rose in clouds from lakes crowded with bass, perch and drum buffalo.

Davy's hand was always more at home on a rifle than a plow, and if his wife occasionally found herself short of grits and garden truck, there was never any lack of fine fat bear steaks, jerked venison and 'possum in the larder.

Ten years previously a great earthquake had left cracks in the ground and (Continued on page 148)



"A little higher!"



INTERPLAY

Jerome Robbins and Janet Reed

Photograph by Sydney Ravitz

Jerome Robbins, young choreographer and ballet dancer, hit another hot streak in his sparkling *Interplay* ballet. With the same imaginative vigor as in his first big click, *Fancy Free*, it makes fresh use of the fundamentals of classical ballet. The lively

music was composed by Morton Gould. A graduate of the musical comedy chorus and the Ballet Theatre, Robbins introduced *Interplay* with his spirited partner, pocket-sized Janet Reed, in Billy Rose's *Concert Varieties* last summer. The composi-

tion, which will be included in the repertoires of other companies this season, is danced in four movements: *Free Play*, *Horse Play*, *By Play* and *Team Play*. Off stage, Robbins likes to jitterbug and is so good he once nearly broke a rib doing it.



AMERICAN BEAUTY
Ruth Woods

Photograph by Hurrell

This taffy-haired filly from the Blue Grass country vows she never frosted a Julep till she went to New York three years ago. While vacationing there, Ruth decided to look in on John Robert Powers along with Grant's Tomb and the Bowery. One

glance from the latter-day Pygmalion and she allowed herself to be urged to forget the dancing studio down home in Newport, Kentucky, where she taught ballet and tap. Now her days are divided between flying away on modeling junkets and

posing in the Big Town. She thinks she isn't pretty enough for Hollywood, plans to study the Persian language because she goes for dark, handsome Persians. Vital Statistics: height: 5 ft. 8 in.; weight: 125 pounds; bust: 34 in.; waist: 24 in.; hips: 35 in.



Harry Gilmer's eight completed passes in Sugar Bowl game still have football world talking about new miracle man

Better than Baugh!

by ZIPP NEWMAN

HARRY GILMER, the swirling, charging, leaping passer, is being followed as closely as any other college football player in America this Fall. It all goes back to the lithe 158-pound triple-threat back of the Crimson Tide pitching eight for eight against Duke in the 1945 Sugar Bowl classic—and all but beating the Blue Devils on his last heave of the game—a pass good for 33 yards with half of the Duke team swarming in on him. Coaches and sports writers left the Sugar Bowl proclaiming Harry Gilmer the greatest passer they had ever seen. The top sports writer on the Gilmer band wagon was the esteemed veteran, Grantland Rice.

Harry Gilmer has been completing eight for eight against Duke all over the world. Pictures of the Sugar Bowl game were made available to all branches of the service—and thus Gilmer today is the best known of all our present-day footballers—because of his amazing skill to locate targets while suspended in the air on an imaginary circle fire escape. Gilmer can't pass without going into the air.

Better than Baugh! Texans have been keeping one eye cocked on Gilmer all Fall. The booted Texans, who came to New Orleans to watch Slingin' Sammy Baugh play in a Sugar Bowl game, aren't going to let Grantland Rice or anyone from old 'Bama get away with calling Gilmer the greatest passer. They are not until Gilmer proves that it wasn't all an accident, the way he pitched passes New Year's Day. But what the Texans don't know is Gilmer's background. That he had been called a greater passer than Slingin' Sammy Baugh or Dixie Howell in his senior year in high school. And he never flipped a pass in high school until his senior year!

Five days after Gilmer had stolen the show in New Orleans and Grantland Rice had had time to talk with coaches and get away from all the excitement of the Duke game, he wrote: "It is still my belief that Harry Gilmer, Alabama's crack rifleman, is the best college passer I ever saw, including Sammy Baugh of TCU, Davy O'Brien of TCU and Sid Luckman, of Columbia.

"This might be taken as a rather large order. The Alabama kid, barely 18, weighing from 158 to 160 pounds, narrow-shouldered and thin-chested, is the top artist of them all. Gilmer is not only a brilliant long and short passer, accurate to the inch, but he is the only passer I ever saw who can keep nailing his target, 50 yards away, even while completely off balance and possibly at least in the partial grasp of a tackler."

Duke knew all about Gilmer. Coach Frank Thomas, speaking at a luncheon for Alabama and Duke coaches at the St. Charles Hotel the day before the game, said, "Gilmer is the greatest I have ever seen. I never saw Sammy Baugh, but I'll take Gilmer in preference to any passer I have ever seen."

Steve Owens, coach of the New York Giants, watched Gilmer for 60 minutes with the eyes of a professional coach. "I'll have to admit," said Steve, "this game had me dizzy. Harry Gilmer is the only passer I've ever seen who could throw both long and short passes and throw them when completely off balance. He was not only a great passer against Duke, but I thought he was the finest defensive player on the field. Not once was he fooled on a pass."

Fred Digby, New Orleans *Item*

and poppa of the Sugar Bowl game, wrote after the game: "No kid has ever had so much poise under fire."

Now Gilmer is no freak. He has liked football and played football since he was eight years old. The Gilmers lived near the Howard College campus in Birmingham. When Gilmer was a boy his idol was Kenny Morgan, Howard's star passer. Harry played quarterback and halfback on the sandlot elevens. He used to pass, and playing with older boys, he wasn't tall enough to see over his linemen. So he developed the habit of leaping up to see, before passing.

Harry made the freshman team at Woodlawn in 1940. He had plenty of spunk and during his sophomore year, Coach Malcolm Laney used him on the second team. He never made the first team until his senior year, Coach Laney shifting him to left half—the triple-threat spot in the Notre Dame system. He had played right half his sophomore and junior year and was a very fine pass receiver.

Level-headed, cool-blooded, Gilmer was a passing sensation of Southern prep football in his senior year. He made all-city, all-state and all-Southern, giving his greatest performance in the 1943 Crippled Children Clinic football game, before 28,000—a record crowd for a game in Alabama—at Legion Field, Birmingham. He started the 1943 season with throwing the winning touchdown for the Woodlawn Colonels against Bessemer High.

Gilmer's fame as a passer began spreading over the state. Alabama alumni began telling Coach Frank Thomas about Gilmer being a greater passer than Dixie Howell. Thomas sent one of his assistants to watch Gilmer. "He can't be that good," Thomas told his assistant. "You and the newspapermen in Birmingham must be seeing things." Thomas was told that Gilmer could shoot up in the air, fake a pass to his left and then throw at a right angle. Thomas never admitted it could be done until he saw Gilmer fake a pass to the left and then arch the ball at a right angle for a td.

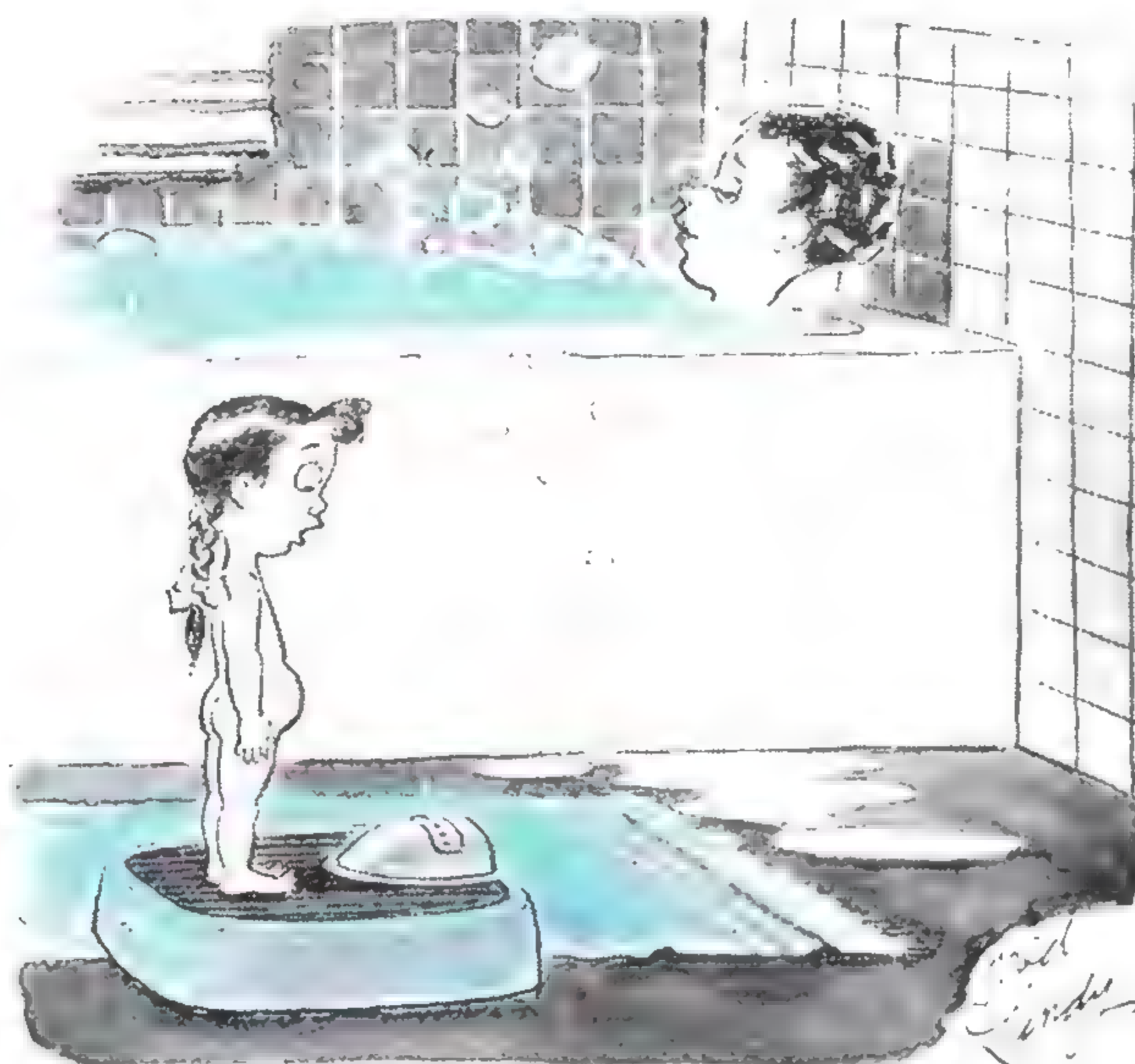
Thomas knew after the summer practice that he had a wizard in Gilmer, as a passer. He wasn't sure Gilmer was a good enough runner or punter to trust with the key offensive position of his system. Gilmer wasn't any longer than the opening game with L.S.U. in relieving chubby Frank Thomas of any doubt he might have had

in picking the right triple-threater to build his offense around.

Harry, the leaper, caught a kick-off against L.S.U. and returned it ninety-six yards and for a touchdown. He had that old seat-back touch. He scored twice against L.S.U. and completed over half of the passes he threw in a game that ended in a 27-all tie.

Gilmer's greatest game of the season was against Kentucky. He passed for two touchdowns and he broke loose for two touchdowns. During the season he completed 40 out of seventy-two passes thrown, and ran 535 yards with the ball. He laid what would have been the winning touchdown pass right down on the one-inch line in the Tennessee game, but the receiver had buck ague—he just stood there and watched a Vol break up the pass. With a Don Hutson for a receiver, there isn't any telling what Gilmer's batting average would be—he is very seldom off the beam. Some call him Old Electric Eye; some Mr. Radar.

What makes Harry Gilmer, who



"Mother, I've just got to cut down on my ice cream cones"

was turned down by the Army for ulcers, click? For one thing, he lacks fear. He worked on the B-29's in Birmingham last summer. The first time he went up the ship caught fire. The crew was over the Alabama campus. Gilmer was told to get ready to jump. "This will be a good place to bail out," said Harry; "I'll know my way home." But Gilmer never had to jump—he calmly waited for final instructions which were to stay put until the fire was extinguished.

Frank Thomas has developed his share of great football players. Gilmer is one he claims he had no part in teaching to pass. Asked what made Gilmer click, the old Notre Dame quarterback, who was the first of the Knute Rockne pupils to come down South to coach, said:

"Gilmer was a sensation as a freshman. His poise under fire, in addition to his skill makes him great. The fact that he can pass accurately while on the run—and pass a long distance—makes him very hard to rush. I have done no coaching with him on passing. He rarely has a pass intercepted and the ball he throws is easy to catch. In addition to his poise, the fact that he can jump in the air, and has a fine wrist flip, are the things that make him click. I rate him above both Dixie Howell and George Gipp as a passer. Furthermore, Harry Gilmer is a fine forward-pass defensive back, and an all-

around defensive player. He is a good blocker and a team player."

Alabama should have a good team with Gilmer back to run, pass and punt. The Crimson Tide should be right in there with Tennessee, returning a veteran squad, Georgia, Mississippi State and L.S.U. All Southeastern teams should be better than a year ago. Frank Thomas has Red Drew, veteran line coach, who produced the All-America ends Holt Rast and Don Hutson, and Hank Crisp, back to help him. They will have to develop new ends. Tom Whitley, discharged from the Army Air Corps, is back at tackle, and Tom was one of the best tackles in the Conference in 1944. Three of the four guards are returning—Jack Green, John Wozniak and Bruno Fillipini. Vaughn Mancha, the 235-pound center, should be one of the outstanding players of the year. He is exceedingly fast and quick for a big man.

Harold Self will again be the starting quarterback and there is a possibility that Norwood Hodges, a fine fullback, and Lowell Tew, a stomping runner, will be in there charging. Some of the best of the prep talent in the South enrolled for the summer practice.

But all these worthies, some good and some excellent, are only the supporting cast for Harry Gilmer, and the fans who watch him for 1945, 1946 and 1947 will have plenty of opportunity to see whether he actually is "better than Baugh." ##

My Own, My Native Land

Dr. Howell was determined to get a rise from this oddly uncommunicative soldier

by JACK M. MacDONALD



GREENE

DR. HARDWICK E. HOWELL was in a hurry. It irritated him that the soldier made no sign that he wanted to ride. But he pulled to the side of the highway, opened the car door, and shouted back: "Want a lift? I'm going through Glasgow, Hodgenville—"

Impatiently he waited for the uniformed figure to cover the few feet that intervened between them. The soldier's slow, hitching gait probably meant that he had had too much to drink back in Bowling Green.

Dr. Howell leaned over and pushed open the right-hand door of his car. The soldier looked in at him. His face was wooden, the eyes

expressionless. He looked as if he hadn't shaved for several days.

"Get in, young man, if you want a ride. I'm in a hurry."

The man in the uniform turned partly around and half slid, half pulled himself into the seat. There was something awkward and eel-like in his movements.

As the car gathered speed again, Dr. Howell cleared his throat and said: "Beautiful day, isn't it?"

The soldier said nothing, but he turned his head slightly to look out of the window as if he were seeing the day for the first time.

"I'm Dr. Hardwick E. Howell from Bowling Green. I used to be with the college there." Again, if the soldier heard him, he gave no sign. He was sitting upright now, staring straight ahead at the road. After some minutes passed he seemed to sense that he had been spoken to. "Okay," he muttered, hitching back a little in his seat.

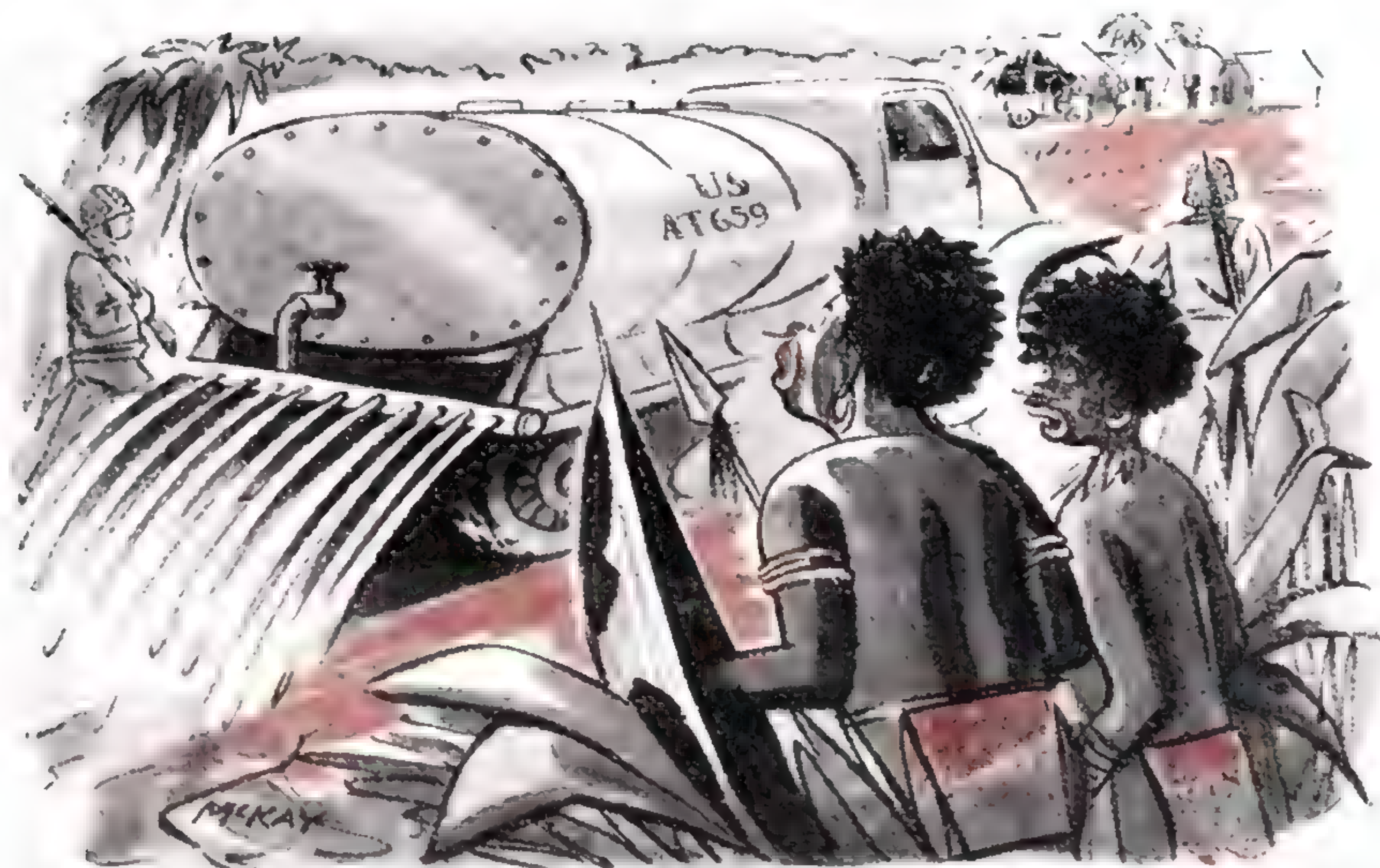
Somehow the inanity of the belated answer was too much even for Dr. Hardwick E. Howell, who prided himself that he never lost his temper.

"What's the matter with you, young man? Did you have one too many, or aren't you feeling well?" They were entering Glasgow now. "You act as if you were in a daze."

The soldier didn't turn his head, but his eyes flicked a little. Indifferently, slowly. "Okay, Mister," he said. He licked his lips and finally added, "Everything's all right now." Then his jaws closed tightly as if ending all conversation.

Dr. Howell took a deep breath. He had lived a long time and he knew people. As a professor of psychology it was his business to know people. He would let the soldier sit awhile until he gave some sign, some word about something in which he was interested. Then he would try to talk to him about that.

He glanced at his watch. It was ten minutes past two. He didn't have to be in Louisville until six, but he always liked to arrive a little early so he could get settled in his hotel and go over the notes for his address before the dinner. He'd have time,



"It must be that new fluid drive I've been hearing so much about"

too, for a cup of hot tea which always put him in top fettle.

There would be at least three hundred there tonight and it was hardly probable that any of them had been down to Frankfort where he had given this same address two weeks before. The photographers and reporters from the *Courier-Journal* would most certainly be there; and he mustn't forget to take along three or four extra type-written copies of his talk. He had found that that always pleased the reporters because they didn't have to take notes.

The only thing he would have to change tonight would be the title. Instead of *An Educator Looks Confidently at the Postwar World* which was the subject he had used at Frankfort, he would shorten it to *The Real Victory*. He could see himself leaning forward with both fists tightly clenched on the table at the climax of his speech, admonishing his rapt listeners that 'Real Victory Lies not in the military might of Russia, England, China, or these United States—but in the new understanding that will have come into the hearts of all men and women through our faith in each other and in Almighty God!'

The soldier beside him stirred. The movement brought his attention back to the present. He wondered if, in his musings, he had spoken that last climaxing phrase aloud.

But no, the soldier was only fishing a dirty packet of cigarettes from his pocket. He took one out, hung it in a corner of his mouth, and asked: "Smoke in here?"

And Dr. Howell, still under the warming spell of the speech, answered quickly without thinking: "No one ever has, but you can. Be careful, though, not to get ashes on the upholstery." The car had been cleaned thoroughly that morning and there was not a spot on the blue seat coverings.

Dr. Howell watched the soldier light the match with his fingernail, and noted the gaudily striped bar on his coat above the left breast pocket. He didn't know what the colors on it stood for and he didn't want to ask, for it would somehow make him seem less in the soldier's sight. But he did try to act casual and pleasant again.

"How long have you been in the army, son?"

"Bout five years," was the flat response.

"Where were you coming from when I picked you up?"

"Tuscaloosa." That was all. He didn't add what he had been doing in Tuscaloosa, nor where he was hitchhiking now.

In spite of himself, Dr. Howell felt an upswEEP of exasperation which he couldn't keep out of his voice. "You're going home, I presume?" He felt like screaming the words to see if it would produce any effect on the lump of stolidity beside him.

"Yep. Home." The soldier opened the window a little wider to flick out his cigarette. He continued to keep his head turned toward the window.

The seeming discourtesy as well as the apparent lack of any gratitude for the ride, or for his attempts at friendly conversation, so incensed the older man that he quelled with difficulty his rising tide of rage.

There was only one way to handle this situation. With the tolerant broadness in which he had so carefully trained himself, he would talk to the young man. Whether he answered or not. He would try to bring some thoughts to him, as simply worded as he could make them, as they rode along together. Imbued with this warming, magnanimous attitude, he began to speak.

"Young man," he announced, again breaking the silence, "you are a soldier and I am a teacher. We are both Americans, trying to win this war. I believe I am doing my part and that uniform shows that you must be doing yours."

The soldier took out another cigarette. He hunched his shoulders forward as he lighted it. For one second, he stared directly into the face of the older man. The look was so detached, so unconcerned, that it was doubly infuriating.

"Right ahead is Hodgenville," barked Dr. Howell, heavily now. "Abraham Lincoln was born there. American tradition and the thing we're struggling to hold were born there, too. Did you know

that, soldier? Look at that house over there, for instance," he pointed sharply to the right, "that's one of the finest examples of early American architecture anywhere in these United States. Did you know that you were fighting for that? Did you even know that the house was there, or that it stood for anything?"

He waited, suddenly conscious of the angry loudness of his own words. The soldier said nothing. Dr. Howell ran a long, white hand over his eyes. He was getting a headache. He must calm himself.

For many minutes they rode along, faster than usual, for the older man was anxious to be rid of the presence beside him.

Riding through Bardstown, he managed to say quietly: "That church there—is more than a hundred years old. One of the first ever built in Kentucky. Inside are priceless paintings by such old masters as Rubens, Murillo, Van Dyck. They were presented to Father Flagnet, the first bishop here, by Louis Phillippe who was later a king of France. That, too, is part of our American tradition."

Still more calmly, he went on: "John Fitch, the inventor, died here at Bardstown. Stephen Collins Foster wrote *My Old Kentucky Home* here." He continued for many minutes saying over all of these things which he knew so well, these things that he had presented in speeches time and time again.

Suddenly the soldier said, "Let me out at the next crossroads."

Dr. Hardwick E. Howell compressed his lips. He had lost out; he hadn't dented the thickness of the mentality riding with him. The soldier would probably flag a truck behind him and ride along happily, although more slowly, in the abyss of his ignorance. He couldn't stop him from getting out. And he didn't want to.

As he slowed down, the soldier croaked out a few words in rhythm, like a song, "Me and my swing pin from old baton, We're home again, We're home again—." It sounded like some of the idiotic barracks jargon he had heard on the streets.

So the young man was a fellow Kentuckian. Dr. Howell didn't allow surprise to show in his face, but he couldn't help saying: "If you have lived around here, soldier, you must have known about all these places."

The soldier was already looking down the winding dirt road to the left. "Yep, I knew," he said, "but I couldn't keep my mind—" he drew his hands across his eyes in a vague gesture as if hunting for words. "I could only think of this. Seems like a thousand years—"

He didn't end the sentence but walked stiffly to the side of the road. There he stopped as if he had forgotten something. Then he turned: "Thanks for the ride—and good luck, sir."

An hour later with his lecture notes in one hand and a cup of hot tea in the other, Dr. Hardwick E. Howell stood before the mirror in his hotel room. He was addressing his own reflection in the glass.

"Then you and I will learn," he was saying, lowering his brows slightly to get the right facial expression, "that we must become part of that sacrifice. At Wake Island and Bataan. At Guadalcanal and Tarawa. At Anzio beachhead—"

He didn't finish the sentence. With the teacup still poised in his hand, he let the notes slip through his fingers and scatter to the floor. Preoccupied, he strode to the phone and asked for the information desk.

"Can you find out," he said, "what a dark blue ribbon with white edging above a soldier's left breast pocket means?" He waited several minutes while the clerk gave the information. "Uh, huh," he said into the receiver. "Wound stripes. That's what I thought. Tuscaloosa—Northington Hospital." His memory was beginning to carry him back over each detail of his ridiculous pomposity and lack of understanding that afternoon. But, in a strained voice, he managed to go on. "And now can you tell me whether 'me and my swing pin from old baton, we're home again, home again' might mean—" he was replacing the receiver on the hook for the certainty of the answer was already crashing in on him "—might mean that a soldier was getting home again after months of learning to use a swing pin, a swinging wooden leg, from Bataan?" ++



"We couldn't find an apartment so we got ourselves arrested"

On the kind of football program the university president should prescribe; from the ideas of a well-known coach

as told to RALPH CANNON

How About It, Mr. President?



EVER since football got hot right after the First World War it has been suffering from a rash of many evils, recognized and unrecognized. Invariably the football coach has been pointed out as the man to blame for these faults, or occasionally the director of athletics, when the two jobs were not being held down by the same person. From my experience in the big-time field as a player, coach and director, there is one undeniable fact, and that is that the college president is the man to blame for the troubles that have come upon football in its most prosperous and most popular epoch.

The director of athletics is on the spot because he has the responsibility for keeping things in order, but he has no authority to enforce the necessary procedures and regulations. For fear of adverse publicity on the sports pages, or of obtaining the disfavor of certain alumni groups or politicians, the college president, wherever conditions become bad, is very often to be found dodging his responsibilities and failing to execute his authority. Until this condition has been renovated, I don't believe there is going to be any progress in rectifying the "evils" of college football.

Roughly this is the structure of a college organization. The power lies first in the board of trustees or regents. The president is their executive officer. No business ever reaches the board of trustees from the college campus except through the president. Individual board members might bring anything they wish to the board, but every item brought from the campus is cleared in the president's office. If the item of business, whatever it may be, has the approval of the president, and it requires the sanction of the trustees, the president takes that item of business to them. If the item does not meet with the approval of the president, then it is killed in his office. Certainly no member of a university staff will try to take business to the trustees over the head of the president. The board of trustees has confidence in the president and in his judgment or they would not have him in that position. Every president has definite policies relative to educational matters, on how the various departments under him should operate. This includes his policies relative to athletics. The president at the time of his election to office surely has made his ideals known to the board, and the men under him will

operate their departments accordingly. If a coach or the director gets into hot water because of operating as the president indicates, it is up to the president to stick with the coach or director. With absolute confidence in the head man and knowing that he will go all the way with him, the director can operate the department in whatever manner the president directs. Supposing a director lets boys play on a football squad who are receiving financial aid for playing when the rules of the athletic conference in which that team is competing state that such a boy is ineligible and the president calls him in and says: "that practice stops immediately." The practice will stop!

Under the president the athletic department is just another branch of the university, with the director of athletics in charge and the various coaches and assistants under him. The president is responsible for what goes on in the athletic department. He cannot get away from this responsibility . . . but often *does*.

Formerly intercollegiate athletics made up a very small part of college life. It had evils even then, but nobody cared much about them, and few bothered much about them. It was when intercollegiate athletics grew into big business that the evils gained notice. Leagues sprang up, associations, conferences. These meant uniform agreements among groups of more or less equal schools.

These conferences, like the Big Ten and the Southeastern Conference and the Pacific Coast Conference, today commonly are thought of as being athletic conferences run and controlled by athletic men. Actually they are not. They are associations of college presidents or rather of representatives of the college presidents selected from the members of the academic faculty. The power of the Western Conference lies in the hands of the presidents, or of the men that each president has chosen to represent him in the conference.

These faculty representatives for the most part do very conscientious work. They are not there through any choice of their own.

Seldom has a faculty representative had any athletic training. It can truthfully be said that men have been selected for that assignment who are opposed to athletics, not very often is it true, but such men have been on these boards. Many of doubtful value and

experience and interest in athletics have represented their presidents, and have taken their appointments with varying degrees of earnestness and sincerity. When the time comes that athletic men, selected by the presidents because of their training, character and ability, handle the athletic affairs of a university in accordance with the fundamental educational principles outlined by the presidents, and each man has the sincere backing of his president, who in turn has a board of trustees who will support him in telling the alumni, politicians, writers, or anyone else to go peddle their potatoes if the team loses a few games, then we will see the evils that have crept into athletics disappear.

The athletic directors can and do handle the routine matters that come before them and, of course, get blanket approval of the faculty representatives of the presidents. When real trouble arises, however, the directors have little authority. The responsibility rests with the directors, but the authority is in the hands of the presidents' representatives. This is when it is up to the president to step in and exercise his vested authority and clear things up or at least take the rap for the existence of troubles.

The whole hearing, you see, in various stages of decomposition rightly rests right on the doorstep of the college presidents, and it is their weakness, ineffectuality, and indifference that is to blame for virtually all of the troubles (*Continued on page 181*)





"But, Mrs. Winthrop, which is more important—dusting or raising a sailor's morale?"



"Boy, it's great to be home!"

A method of precision bidding which has taken the New Guinea Officers' Club by storm now belongs to the Contract world

The Cho System

by SAMUEL CHO



To the burning deserts of Africa, the snow country of Alaska, or the steaming jungles of New Guinea, no matter where he goes, the American soldier carries with him his customs, his gripes, his pin-up girls and his version of Contract Bridge. Bridge games out in the wilderness are just as bitterly fought as those contests back home when the wife found ways and means of trumping a man's ace or passing his demand bid. Such were the games I played in New Guinea, when my partner and I habitually found ourselves paying off sixpence per hundred while pondering through the million and one rules of Culbertson, Blackwood and Vanderbilt.

"What's wrong with our game, Tommy?" I put the question to my partner, Lieut. Tommy Shoemaker, after we had paid off another two pounds plus to our victorious opponents. "Unless we have a turn of luck, or receive a promotion, I'll have to declare myself in a state of bankruptcy."

Tommy scratched his head, grinned, and said, "Distribution, kid."

"We've abused that term to the nth degree. For sheer playing ability, we take a back seat to no one. Something is wrong with our system."

"But Culbertson says..."

"Yeh, I know, but we're not Culbertson and we're not Blackwood and we're not Vanderbilt."

"Sure, we're Cho and Shoemaker; let's play the Cho system."

I couldn't get it off my mind. The Cho system. Hmmm, why not? I slept, drank and ate contract bridge for days to follow. That's how it was until one night in my dreams a big black Joker presented me with a deck of cards with a million rules printed therein. Certain rules stood out in bold relief; I jotted them down the following morning... and so, a new system was born, the Cho System. Let's take a look at it and see what makes it tick:

Opening bidder having $3\frac{1}{2}$ or more honor count bids... 1 club

Partner responds as follows. If he has:

Less than 1 honor count, he bids.....	1 diamond
1 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ honor count, he bids.....	1 heart
2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ honor count, he bids.....	1 spade
3 or more honor count, he bids.....	1 no trump

In the second round of bidding, the opening bidder bids 1 no trump (if his partner did not answer 1 no trump in response to his opening 1 club bid), which is a demand bid, asking his partner to name his strongest or longest suit. Then the bidding goes on in the Conventional Culbertson System to find the proper suit and bid. If the partner responds with 1 no-trump bid, indicating three or more honor count, the original bidder goes into his strongest suit instead of into a 1 no-trump bid, and the conventional bidding goes on from there to find the correct suit.

Now, if there is an intervening bid of 1 diamond, the partner responds with a pass if he has a bust hand; and if he has $\frac{1}{2}$ honor count, he doubles the intervening diamond bid.

Other strength responses are the same as those listed above.

If there is an intervening bid of 1 heart, spade or no trump, the partner responds according to the table above, or doubles the intervening bid if the intervening suit bid is in the same suit as he would have responded according to the table. Here are some examples:

North ($3\frac{1}{2}$ honor count) bids.....	1 club
East (intervening bid).....	1 spade
South (with 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ honor count) bids... double	

or

North ($3\frac{1}{2}$ honor count) bids.....	1 club
East (intervening bid).....	1 spade

South (with 1 or $1\frac{1}{2}$ honor count) bids.....	2 hearts
--	----------

or

North ($3\frac{1}{2}$ honor count) bids.....	1 club
---	--------

East (intervening bid).....	1 heart
-----------------------------	---------

South (with 2 or $2\frac{1}{2}$ honor count) bids.....	1 spade
--	---------

or

North ($3\frac{1}{2}$ honor count) bids.....	1 club
---	--------

East (intervening bid).....	1 spade
-----------------------------	---------

South (less than 1 honor count).....	pass
--------------------------------------	------

If the opening bidder wants to bid a standard 1 club bid with a $2\frac{1}{2}$ honor count, after his partner has responded with his strength, he rebids his clubs in the second round.

Under the Cho System, there are no 1 no-trump, 2 no-trump, or 2 demand bids to open the bidding. The 1 club opening bid is used in lieu of these opening bids.

I presented the system to Tommy, and we agreed that for precision bidding, it had no equal. Several days later we won a bridge tournament at the Officers' Club using the new system. While we were telling each other how good we were, Lieut. Dick Fraser congratulated me. He was considered by most of the boys here as the bridge expert in these parts.

"Your system, Cho," he said, "is the best I've seen yet. There is a definite economy of bidding, you learn your partner's strength at the one level, and his suit at the two level. But the most beautiful feature is that you learn of slam possibilities at the one bid level, especially when your partner responds to the 1 club bid with a 1 no-trump bid; with that exchange of information, both partners know instantly that together you have at least $6\frac{1}{2}$ honor count, which is sufficient for a slam in any man's language. And keeping the bid at such a low level gives you all the room in the world to fish around for your correct trump suit. Not bad, Cho. Not bad at all."

And of course, with that pat on the back I could feel my chest expanding so much that I could no longer retain within myself the system I had dreamed up. And so, to prevent my ribs from cracking under the strain, I am passing this information on to you. ##

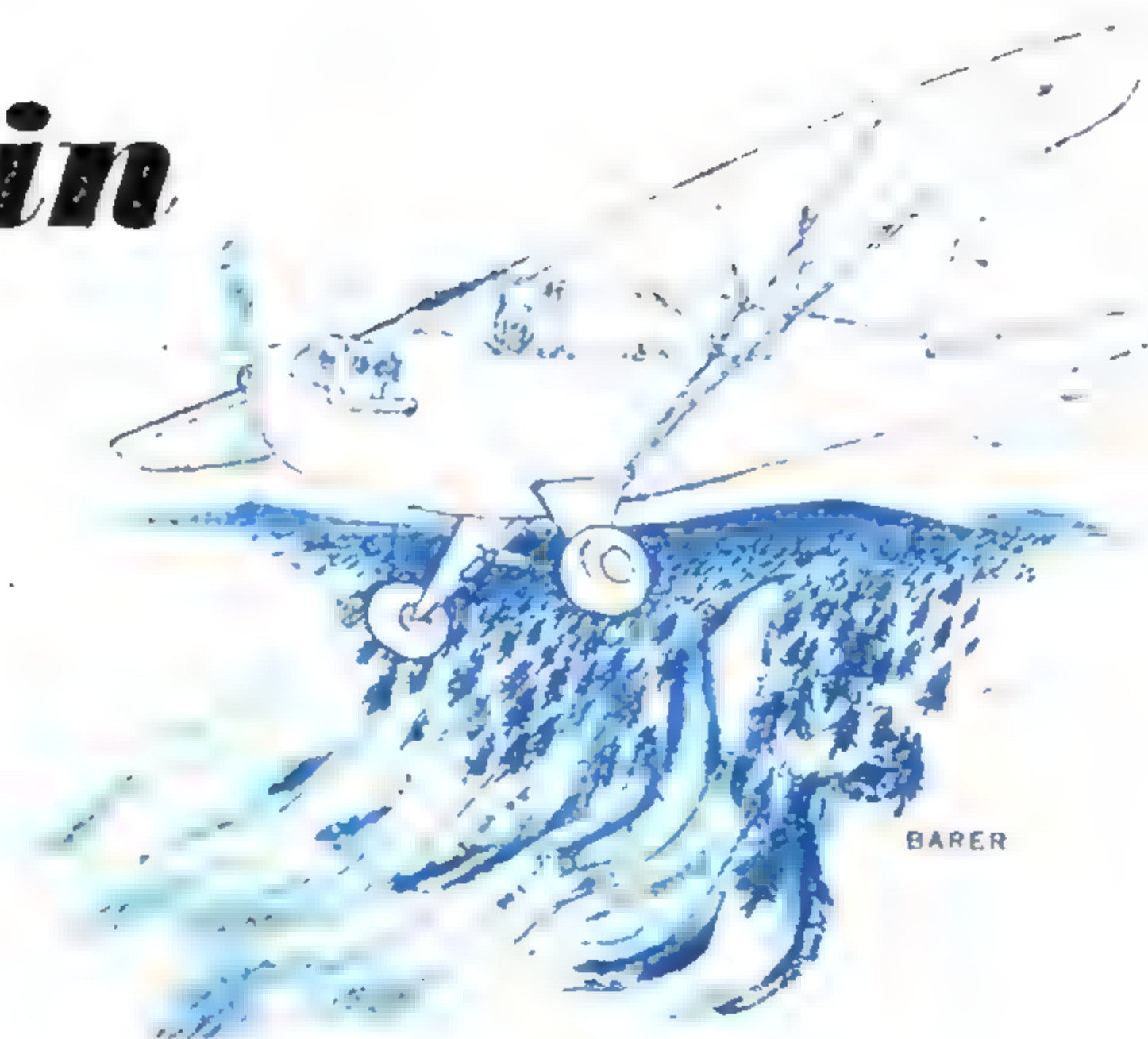


"Want to take a chance on a blind date, Joe?"

Flame Below Katahdin

Marking the parched trees, gusty wind, dry mountain river, the forestry pilot saw the setting for a blazing inferno

by ROBERT GOLD



HE BANKED over the crest of the hill, and the valley was an ocean of forest green under him. He held the nose of the Piper Cub level and shoved his throttle forward. The little forestry plane climbed higher until the silhouette of the further hills swelled into sight.

The great bald summit of Katahdin towered to his left, and the patrol pilot cruised over the spires of pine, birch and spruce, past shaded recesses which lay the same when Abnaki feet paddled down war paths.

The sun was a hot, dry ball burning the sky and the ground below it. The pilot licked parched lips as he studied the symmetrical pattern of forest sliding under him. He knew how the leaves turned brittle, how the bark cracked on growing timber . . . timber for the shipwright, beams for the carpenter, poles for the line layer, forest after forest of tall timber sliding under the trim wing, waiting desperately for the rain—or fire.

A distant murmur played against the rhythm of his engine, built up slowly into a thundering chorus of superchargers as the echelon of bombers pounded across the height of the valley. Two thousand feet above the Cub the Liberators passed, the giant wings in tight formation.

The B-24 at the tail of the V dipped his wing, and the forestry pilot smiled as he rocked his own in reply, and then the flight was

past him, already half lost in the glare of the sun. Going up for the Labrador route, the patrol pilot thought. The Cub bounced sharply in the path of an air current. Take it easy, Molly, the pilot thought. I still love you . . .

The wind was gusty, spinning waves of turbulent air that rocked the small plane. Hot, dry, windy . . . perfect setup for a sweet inferno, the pilot thought, as he studied the ground lines. The usual blue patches of water no longer sparkled from forest glades. The smaller pools and streams had dried to smooth, barren beds. And Rappaconda—the pilot looked for the sinuous outline of the river, found it twisting dry through the woods.

It was queer, the pilot mused. The Rappaconda was fed from the heights of Mount Katahdin and ran with the pressure of a mountain river.

The hills rose and dropped in smooth sweeps on the horizon. The pilot scanned their irregular outline. There was something definitely wrong with the picture. The silhouette of the horizon hills was blurred. There were foreign particles in the air streams, dust, haze—or smoke.

He pulled back on the stick and climbed for altitude. The altimeter clocked three thousand, and he saw it—a slim funnel of smoke spiraling in the distance. He threw full throttle, the propeller spun with the added power as the Cub dove forward.

"W2DY, this is Patrol 4," he called.

"Patrol 4, this is W2DY," the voice crackled in his earphones. "Go ahead, Bennett."

"Smoke sighted," the pilot reported briefly. "Twenty-five miles northwest of Katahdin, ten west of the Rappaconda."

There was a pause. Bennett knew the radio operator was reaching for his alarm, the horn would be blasting out over the forestry station . . .

"Okay, Bennett," the ground station came back.

"Wind is from the north," the pilot continued. "Gusty, forty miles per hour, variable."

"How is the Rappaconda?"

"Dry," Bennett said, and he knew how they liked that, "dry as a bone."

The smoke was billowing out in lazy rolls as he came closer. A mile away, he saw red showers spurting over the treetops, burning wood in a hundred yard circumference. Caught it early, Bennett was thinking. A crew of twenty men could strangle the baby monster. But there wasn't a man in fifteen miles, the forestry station was thirty . . . even as he looked, the flames burst before the wind, driving its fiery sheet deep into the forest.

The Cub dropped suddenly, steeply. Bennett shot his stick forward, diving for power. He lost four hundred feet before he pulled out. Silly, forgetting the downdrafts, he told himself. Hot air was pouring from the fire, rising, pushing up into the atmosphere. Air must balance, and downdrafts curtailed the rim of the blaze.

The patrols would be out by now, he knew. Men in racing cars and trucks would be pounding up the highway. More men would be coming from the town . . . fire fighters tramping through the woods to meet the killer, but it took time.

He could hear the voice of the terror now, an ominous whistling thunder pulsing beneath the towering smoke. It was wood burning . . . wood for the barges on the Erie, wood for the ties carrying rails to Chicago, and now it crashed down beneath the smoke and flame, tall timber smashing down through the forest, its death bearing the



Revolt of a Hindu

When Santha Rama Rau returned to Bombay after ten years in an English boarding school, her Brahmin grandmother surveyed the pretty sixteen-year-old doubtfully. "My child," she mourned, "where in the world will we find a husband tall enough for you?" With all the assurance of her generation, Santha allowed there was plenty of time for that, even though Grandmother had been a bride at nine. In Bombay and Madras, Santha saw the misery and oppression of the lower-caste people, talked freedom with her father, a former High Commissioner in Africa and her mother, a member of the Congress party. Coming to America for a close-up view of democracy, she raced through Wellesley in three years. In her senior English class she wrote the provocative story which finally became a best-seller, called Home to India.

enemy to neighbors... The gaseous clouds rose a mile high, cascading over the forest, hiding it, and it moved. From above, it seemed to float gently, but Bennett knew how rapidly the fire was eating wood now...

"W2DY, from Patrol 4," he called. "It's running with the wind, moving south, southeast. Over."

"Roger, Bennett." He recognized the voice.

"You can't build backfires in this wind, Chief."

"We know that, Bennett..." The pilot knew the veteran woodsman was hunched over the microphone at the base, his mind quickly sorting the pieces of his problem.

"Bennett, how soon do you figure she'll hit the Rappaconda?"

"Hour and a half," Bennett told him.

"We've got to stop it at the Rappaconda," the chief said grimly. "If it gets past us there, it will take the town..."

"I've got twenty pump trucks highballing past Katahdin by this time, but we need water, lots of it. The Rappaconda should be flowing, dammit. Find out where the hell that water is..."

Bennett made a 180-degree turn, reversing his track, and sighted the dry bed of the river again. The white strip twisted into the forest, reappeared, running a torturous trail.

In a year of high water, the Rappaconda, feeding from streams pouring down Katahdin, ran in a turbulent flow. A log swept in the currents snagged against jutting shore rocks. Driftwood and dirt piled against this anchor point until it was a solid barrier standing out from shore. And the beavers had found this foundation. Swarming to the focal point, bearing their sticks and mud, the animals worked across the river until their dam was complete, and the river, blocked.

"W2DY, from Patrol 4," Bennett called. "There's a block on the Rappaconda ten miles west of Katahdin. Can't see what it is, but it's substantial, and there's water behind it."

The chief expressed himself strongly, and Bennett wondered whether monitors were listening...

"It will take three hours for men to reach that block," the chief complained bitterly.

"Chief," Bennett said suddenly. "I'm coming in. Have a load of TNT ready for me..."

"You're flying a Cub," the chief reminded him savagely, "not a B-17—"

"Have that dynamite, and I'll get your water," Bennett promised.

"Your funeral," the chief said, and his transmitter clicked sharply off the air.

The wind was chopping whitecaps over the face of the lake as Bennett dipped into his approach glide. The water foamed under his wing. The Cub shook slightly as its pontoon brushed against the surface. Then the Cub was down, riding lightly across the ample lake toward the seaplane anchorage of the forestry station.

Men waited for him on the landing as he nosed his plane easily against the dock. The chief pulled open the door, thrust his weathered face inside the cabin.

"It's hell, Bennett," the old man said succinctly. "I've got two hundred men up there now, more going, and they keep calling back for more help. They can't cut down trees fast enough. They need water—"

The chief pulled his head back to snap directions at the men handling the gas hose. Three brown-uniformed rangers gently eased a two-foot square case into the cabin. They strapped it down with stout rope into the seat beside Bennett. The chief inspected the binding.

"It's got a detonation cap," he informed Bennett. "One little tap—bang, we won't bother looking for the pieces. Got a knife?"

Bennett nodded.

"Cut her when you're ready, roll it out the door. Be careful, Bennett, very careful..."

He slammed the door, and Bennett moved his throttle. The motor built up. He was floating on the water crest now, faster, lighter on the surface as the wing cut into the air. The trees on the further rim of the lake raced toward him as he lifted up from the water drag. The Cub climbed away, gaining altitude over the water and forest beneath it.

At two thousand feet the air was rough, and the Cub swung up and down through turbulent eddies. The box on the seat rasped, strained against its bonds. Bennett looked at it, watched the crate inch back and forth, and for the first time he was frightened.

At first, it had seemed simple, pick up a load of powder and drop it off on the block... but now, the box of high explosive riding alongside of him rasped against the rope... what was it the old



CHARLES LIEDL

The Ring-Necked Pheasant is Hard to Get

The ring-necked pheasant, an old hand in the game of hide and seek, demands the best of hunters and hunting dogs. Sometimes their best efforts are not enough, and therein lies the sport. Pheasants build their nests in long grass or bushes, in suburban fields and open country. The mother bird takes full charge of the nest allowing her polygamous mate the freedom of the swales and cornfields. These handsome birds claim cousins in China and England and ancestors who traveled from Colchis in Jason's Argo, along with the golden fleece. Our game laws sometimes create a false sense of security which makes ring-necks easier to flush as the hunting season begins. But they soon learn to distinguish between a farmer and a hunter, to flatten out and play possum or fly to cover at the approach of a setter or a gun.

man muttered—"One little tap..." The Cub dipped steeply into the air stream, the box lifted a fraction from the leather. Bennett pulled gently on his stick, nursed his wing up to horizon level. The box shifted back into the seat, and Bennett felt the tension tighten his fingers.

Bennett knew why he had attempted this thing... he was an observer. He sat over the smoke and watched while the others fought. He flew in the clean air while below, dirty and tired men labored with shovel and ax. A man can't watch a fight too long without wanting to enter his own muscle and effort...

The valley was a sea of smoke. Solid clouds climbed into high grotesque patterns over the steaming forest. Fire broke through this overcast, roaring over a five-mile square of flaming timber. Bennett saw that it was moving very fast toward Katahdin.

The Cub pitched, and the rough edge of the box sawed against the lashings. A strand unraveled, snapped, and the box swung loosely in the seat. Open the door and get it out, Bennett thought... but he couldn't do it. There were men falling back before a wall of fire, waiting for water...

He was high over the river bed. He put his nose down, and the Cub went over in the long dive. The forest swung around in a crazy spin, rushing up toward him. He pulled out slowly, the dry river outline riding below him. The altimeter read three hundred feet, and he saw the dam of dirt and wood just a hundred yards ahead of him.

He unclasped his pocketknife with one hand, snapped the back door lock. He cut the remaining rope and brought his left wing up in an acute bank. The door swung open and the box rolled over, out cleanly.

He advanced full throttle, and the Cub streaked up. Bennett counted three slow seconds, then the little plane shook with the thunder of the blast, rocked on the crest of the tossing air. She was out of it, riding smoothly, and Bennett looked back. A tide of water swept through the torn dam, gaining speed as it splashed down the dry slope, rolling faster with the power of its pent-up pressure, tons of water pouring down the Rappaconda...

Bennett turned the nose of the Cub eastward. He was too tired to notice the bomber flight until it was over him, the swift wings flashing across the sky. Bennett turned into their course, cruising below and behind the bright formation. They have a dive bomber with them, and they don't even know it, Molly, Bennett thought.

The bombers passed over the crown of Katahdin, and the Piper Cub turned aside, a humming speck in the sky over the hills of timber. ##

The Pageant of the Erie

The people of every hamlet bordering the newly-opened canal turned out to welcome Governor Clinton aboard the *Seneca Chief*

AT nine o'clock on the morning of October 26, 1825, a procession formed in front of the courthouse in Buffalo, New York. The Buffalo band played. Squads of riflemen were in readiness to fire a shot announcing a great event. The procession moved towards the head of the Erie Canal where Governor DeWitt Clinton and other officials were waiting aboard the *Seneca Chief*. On her deck was a gaily painted keg of Lake Erie water. Two huge paintings decorated the boat; one showing Governor Clinton as Hercules resting from hard labor; the other depicting the scene of the moment—the *Seneca Chief* moving from Buffalo harbor. The shot sounded; the *Chief* steamed out of the harbor. Other craft followed: the *Superior*, the *Commodore Perry*, the *Buffalo*, and the *Noah's Ark*, which contained a bear, two eagles, two fawns, several fish and two Indian boys—symbolizing “products of the West.”

This was the start of a gala four-week pageant which, joined on the way by boats of all descriptions, wended along the five hundred-odd miles from Buffalo to New York City and back. It was probably the most thoroughly celebrated event New York State has ever known, and one of the most significant in American history. It marked a new era in the commercial awakening of America—the opening of the Erie Canal.

Even before the War of Independence, George Washington saw a need to join the waters of the Great Lakes with those of the Hudson and the Atlantic. The country west of the Alleghenies was likely to become a distinct political entity, or the province of a foreign power. But the war left the country poor, and although surveys were made for a possible canal, nothing was done for years. In 1810, however, a Canal Commission was created, and in 1817 ground was broken at Rome, New York. There was no American precedent for such an undertaking and no earlier need to accumulate so much capital. And because the panic of 1818 intervened, the canal progressed with heartbreaking slowness. But Governor Clinton kept boosting the idea, and on that October day in Buffalo finally began the triumphant nine-day voyage on the *Seneca Chief*—the first trip to be made through the finished Erie Canal.

In every hamlet, every village, almost every town, jubilant crowds, booming cannons, ringing bells greeted the flotilla. Clinton was the hero of the fortnight. Speeches and banquets honored the Governor and his party at every stop. A ball at Rochester concluded the first day's run. As the procession went through Buckville and Weedsport on the following nights, the towns were brightly illuminated. The procession moved through Syracuse on the thirtieth, and then slowly on to Rome, Utica, Schenectady. It reached the last lock of the long canal at Albany on November 2. Twenty-four cannons saluted as the procession went up to the state capitol.

The next morning the flotilla set sail down the Hudson. At sunrise November 4 it arrived at New York City, where it was joined by various craft carrying city officials. Then the ceremony took place at Sandy Hook in which the keg of Lake Erie water the *Seneca Chief* had carried, and the waters from the Nile, the Ganges, the Indus, the Thames, the Seine, the Rhine, the Mississippi, the Columbia, the Orinoco, and La Plata were mingled with the brine of the Atlantic to symbolize “the marriage of the waters.”

Meanwhile in New York City a huge parade stretched over a distance of a mile and a half. All classes were represented: military and civil associations, educational institutions, city departments, state organizations. The exhibition of fireworks that evening was said to be the greatest in its history. Three days later the celebration was concluded with a magnificent grand ball at the Lafayette Amphitheatre, which had been enlarged for the occasion with the floors of an adjacent circus building on one side and a riding school on the other. After the celebration, the committee departed for Buffalo carrying a keg of Atlantic water ornamented with the arms of the city of New York. The last scene of the pageant was enacted on November 25 after the return voyage. There at the basin of Lake Erie, the waters from the Atlantic were poured into the Lake—finally uniting the ocean and the Great Lakes. #





PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

THE OPENING OF THE ERIE CANAL *by Harper Goff*



THE ACTOR OF THE MONTH

William Gaxton

Photograph by Hurrell

William Gaxton (without the inevitable Victor Moore) is presented here in the living room of his home near Stamford, Connecticut. One of the finest wardrobes in the theatre, Mr. Gaxton's clothes double privately and professionally . . . he must think

not only of his own tastes, but "how will it look in Technicolor?" His blazer-striped jacket of soft Shetland tweed is cut on easy lines, with a plain back and patch pockets. His plain foulard tie repeats the color of the jacket stripe. The white

shirt is broadcloth and the slacks are gabardine. When Gaxton is in the East, he likes to spend every spare moment working on his place. He's especially proud of the three-foot wall which he built, stone by stone, enclosing his forty-four acres.



**Round Two in Seldes-Nathan match:
Gilbert goes to the center of the ring
and flips a left at the Dean of Drama**

An ABC of GJN

by GILBERT SELDES

THE idea of a battle royal between the regular contributors to this magazine to see which one of us will last longest was conceived by the editor; obviously he wants to fire someone and is getting us to do the dirty work for him. Two months ago George Jean Nathan attacked my judgment of the arts and Gallico's taste in liquor; as I have already mumbled my disagreement with Gallico's attack on radio, I have to concentrate on Nathan or get thrown out of the ring. I was a spiritual co-defendant with the editor in the famous case of the Post Office vs. Public Opinion and I don't intend to lose my franchise here without fighting; I have an equity here, of a sort. But I'm darned if I can scandalize the name of Nathan. I'd be a fool to try. In the business of scandalizing names, Nathan is top man.

He has, however, enjoyed a spurious reputation. For a couple of generations he has carefully been building the legend of the *enfant terrible* of dramatic criticism. It is the legend of the man whose walking out at the end of the second act of a play means disaster; if he lasts only through the first act, doom. Nine-tenths of the other critics would like to do what Nathan does, but they daren't. They are also intelligent men who know that at least half of the plays produced in New York in any season have little to say and little skill in saying it; but they come back to their seats. Nathan doesn't. Years ago he told me, "Never make a date for 'after the show'—you'll find yourself hanging around with nothing to do for hours." He was right.

But looking over the record you discover an incredible thing: this hellion of criticism likes and dislikes the plays which everyone else likes and dislikes. He is wittier and more violent; but he is not a lone wolf. From my files of *Esquire*, I pick out these by no means singular judgments:

He liked Mary Martin in *One Touch of Venus*. Not hard to do.

He didn't like Gypsy Rose Lee's *The Naked Genius*. Who did?

He thought Mae West made "the mistake of her life" in *Catherine Was Great*. I can't remember anyone who thought the little lady had exactly added to her laurels.

He admires Eugene O'Neill who was loved by the intellectuals quite early in the game, won the Nobel Prize, and is generally considered the noblest ornament of American dramatic literature.

He thinks Broadway is more interesting and enterprising than all the little theatres put together. The buyers of plays for all the Hollywood studios and about 27,000,000 adult Americans agree.

"Another exhibit worth everything they charge for it is... *The Voice of the Turtle*." The critical hurrahs were so wild that the producer offered to sell all his rights for 3,000,000 dollars. I never heard a cross word on the subject.

He "entertains a considerable respect for Miss Franken's talents" but doesn't like *Doctors Disagree*. All the critics like some of Miss Franken's plays; most disliked the one Nathan disliked.

And he loves the sentimental and charming *I Remember Mama*.

Once in a long while he is the cat that walks by himself. Some time ago a new version of *Lysistrata* cajoled the critics into some high-flown praise; Nathan would have none of it. He wanted to throw it off the boards and produce a French version; no one obliged.

The reason Nathan enjoys a false prestige is to be found in his style. It is bright, it bubbles and flows, and it is full of surprises. He praises a lot of things and people; and flavors the praise with dirty cracks at other things and people; and you get the sensation of reading an angry man.

The one thing I can't understand about Nathan is his profound and abiding affection for me. Not admiration, but a kind, almost paternal feeling. One of my happiest recollections is of an afternoon in Paris when I was having a drink near the Madeleine and Nathan tapped me on the shoulder and for an hour or so we discussed French and German beer, the local entertainments, and whatever good Rotarians talk about when they meet in Paris. Six weeks later Nathan cracked down on my critical judgment (for which at that time I was getting paid a fine sum) and presently I quit the field of regular first nighting. I haven't missed many plays—but I have missed Nathan.

I have missed particularly seeing a man so constantly hopeful, so naïve about the theatre, that he burns at the stupidities and ineptitudes which the actual theatre provides. Nathan becomes a child at the rising of the curtain; he knows it won't be much good, but—maybe, surely it will, it's got to be good. It isn't—and he walks away a little heartbroken.

When they were running *The American Mercury*, Nathan used to refer to the editors as "Menk and I," a phrase so often heard that it became a single word, "Menkneye." Menken was then what Anatole France called Cicero, a conservative of the most radical kind. Actually Menkneye are both a rare thing in American politics, they are Tory-Radicals. Their temperaments are sanguine and violent; but they are so independent of spirit that they disengage themselves from the run of radicalism; they react against radicalism the way radicals react against reaction. For a considerable time I made a living by reacting against Menkneye; because neither of them could stomach ordinary American conservatism, they left a nice spot open for someone who also disliked loose American radical thought, but found the answer to it in such purely American phenomena as the Populist party. Menkneye also raised hell with American ideas generally, constituting the only paired gadflies I know of.

It is a pleasure to sit and write about Nathan; he stirs so many agreeable thoughts. He is an incorruptible son of a gun and nothing I write in his praise will cause him to deviate an inch from the right—



"Father, if you would just come to me and ask me!"

eous path of blasting me to hell at the next opportunity. And that reminds me that the whole point of these remarks is supposed to lie in the fact that he has destroyed me. And how has he done it? By listing the things I like. Surely that is a pleasant death, a positive euthanasia. He even quoted the things I quoted, and gave me the pleasure of seeing them twice in print.

He quoted, for instance, two or three cracks from *It Pays to Be Ignorant*, a parody of quiz shows; and it was sheer forgetfulness that made him use the quotes as if they were intended to be straight, not burlesque. (Incidentally, he followed this with a batch of quotes from his own private collection of radio horrors and forgot to say that I had never heard the stuff—assuming that they “apparently delight” me.) He quotes me as saying that Bing Crosby is the best type of American talent, the person I’d nominate to send abroad as an example of American talent in popular art and gives me hell because I chose Crosby instead of motor cars and cigarettes. And he quotes me on Fred Allen. Stet.

But you see, on the whole Nathan is correcting a slightly wayward child. I’m spanked. Way back when he wrote about Alexander Woolcott and called him the “Seidlitz Powder of Times Square” he wasn’t using a slipper. He was using an invention of his own, the bludgier, which combines the best features of both. For there is a

single notable exception to the rule that Nathan, in the theatre expresses the average view. He neither expresses nor holds the average view of the theatre’s critics. Half of the time he is attacking the other critics, violently, venomously, and not to alliterate, wittily. Of critics he expects nothing good and he sees to it that nothing bad is allowed to escape unnoticed. God, he seems to think, is indulgent to playwrights, but cannot forgive an uninformed critic. Once in awhile a critic answers back—and disappears from the land of the living. It is, for those who have ceased to practice the art, an exhilarating, agreeable spectacle.

I go back to Nathan’s attack on me only to illustrate a point. He has laboriously read the 175 pieces I have contributed to this magazine and has found that I like everything and everybody, with three small exceptions; and he throws in rhubarb dipped in maple syrup, for good measure. The one thing Nathan doesn’t know is that I enjoy writing my pieces for this paper. I am damned if I will waste my time and yours, dear reader, by writing about the kind of trash which will be forgotten by the time my words reach print. White paper is precious and there are at least a dozen swell things to write about each year.

So I write about the things and people I like. Including, as you see, GJN. ‡

Praising *Black Weather* and showing how Wallace Stegner, August Derleth and the undersigned scribe embarrass the stars

The Sac of Fortune

by SINCLAIR LEWIS

THE most ingenious rivals in idiocy of the palmists and numerologists and astrologers have always been the students who discover what they call “literary influences,” and get their assistant professorships by pointing out how James Joyce was influenced by the Sears, Roebuck catalogue or James Thurber by the Zend-Avesta. To both classes of nonsense peddlers I here present some novelties.

On February 18, 1909, on a farm near Lake Mills, Iowa, was born Wallace Earle Stegner, author of *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, one of the best novels of the decade. Only six days later, only 195 miles away on a line running due eastward, the novelist August

William Derleth was born in Sauk City, Wisconsin, which in his novel he calls “Sac Prairie.” And the scene of Mr. Stegner’s first novel was a farm near the (actual) village of Sac City, Iowa. Both Sac and Sauk refer to the same tribe of Indians, though one’s more intellectual New York friends always make it refer to “sock,” and go pretty convulsed about it.

I want to crash in on this. I was born on February 7, 1885, in Sauk Centre, Minnesota, which is 235 miles due north of Sac City, Iowa, and if my father had waited a few more years before moving to Minnesota, I would have had the ecstasy of being, like Mr. Derleth, born in Sauk County, Wisconsin.

All this Sac and Sauk and common insistence on being born in February ought to shape the subjects to such resemblance that some bright academic junkman will write a thesis about it and get a Ph.D. degree, which is the consolation or booby prize in the literary quiz game, received by the boys who have not been able to get on the radio or the *Shoe and Leather Gazette*. Well, all three of the Sacs are known (where they are known at all) as regionalists of the North Central States and, to ride the thesis, they all use the words “but,” “if” and “of,” and they all need to use the blue pencil more scrupulously. But there are no other resemblances. Stegner and Derleth are examples of how differently, in this increasingly complex America, two youngish men writing of the same general region may differ.

To a Midwesterner there is in reading Wallace Stegner the satisfaction of seeing one’s own quarter of the country come to life: the curve of it and how the sunshine lies across the fields; the smell of it and the songs and the contradictory ambitions and from what stocks, Heinie and Squarehead and Mick and Yank and Polack, these stirring futures and contradictions came. Despite the lamentable condition of being a college instructor, among the verbalists who stick out their little fingers when they drink tea, Mr. Stegner does not make a powwow about writing of the Common People. He



“Harold, now that we’re engaged—I want you to meet my mother”

belongs to them. He knows that they have so much more respect for life than the Respectable People, so much more interest than the Interesting People. They are America, racy and sweaty. Like a less pompous Carl Sandburg, he follows the swooping road that is the Main Street of an America still young and restless. His Odyssey is written in the road signs on U.S. 16:

"We love our children. Please drive slow." We're also proud of our hybrid corn.

"Registered Rest Rooms. Road Maps Free. Snappy Service—Just toot your horn."

Ma's Home Cooking and Herb's Good Eats. Rotary every Thursday noon.

Lions Friday, Then straggling streets, the foot on the throttle, the outskirts soon.

And the corn again, and the straight flat road, and the roadside with the wedge of speed.

In Mr. Stegner's earlier novels there is a still intensity: in *Remembering Laughter* the icy strain of a man over-close to two women, in the hot opulence of Iowa corn land; in *On a Darkling Plain*, a young man, recovering from the malignancy of war, alone in a sod hut on the vastness of the Saskatchewan prairie. But in *The Big Rock Candy Mountain*, Mr. Stegner cuts loose. Bo Mason, baseball player and bootlegger and family man, descended at once from the pirates and from Dan'l Boone, follows the trail from Dakota to Saskatchewan to Montana to Salt Lake City. The title suggests the hobo ballad:

*On the Big Rock Candy Mountain
Where the cops have wooden legs,
Where the handouts grow on bushes,
And the hens lay soft-boiled eggs,
Where the bulldogs all have rubber teeth
And the cinder dicks are blind—*

It was a childish dream and a crazy dream, but it was an authentic and old American dream, and Bo Mason followed it to a pistol at the end, while his improved-model university-bred son followed it as he sped unwaveringly, mile eating mile, from the campus in Minneapolis to the funeral in Salt Lake. Mr. Stegner has, with quick stark action, without pietistic regionalism, made superbly American tales, and greater ones are to be expected from him.

Mr. August Derleth does not wander like Mr. Stegner. His fictions rarely go farther from Sauk City than to Mackinac Island. When he was very young, he had a notion worthy of a giant, and with gigantic industry he has pursued it: the notion that his Wisconsin village is a microcosm of the whole world; that in it every conceivable genius and meanness and romance and drabness may be found; and since he was born to it, why not stick firmly on his roots and write of the one place he has known since before his birth; write about all of it, from the present back to the day in 1673 when Marquette went by? If he does for an occasional chapter drift off to Hungary or to Mr. Astor's New York, it is only to trace all the threads that have been woven together in Sac Prairie.

His series of the "Sac Prairie Saga," most of them novels, some of them volumes of regional short stories, is already formidable; among them, *Place of Hawks*, *Still Is the Summer Night*, *Wind over Wisconsin*, *Any Day Now*, *Restless Is the River*, *Bright Journey*, *Country Growth*. He has not trotted off to New York literary cocktail parties or to the Hollywood studios. He has stayed home and built up a solid work that demands the attention of anybody who believes that American fiction is at last growing up; that we need not write of the Bastille or of the mistresses of King Charles; that since we have a history going back, through bewildering Indian cultures, for at least twenty thousand years, we might have in it a modest pride.

It is a proof of Mr. Derleth's merit that he makes one want to make the journey and see his particular Avalon: the Wisconsin River shining among its islands, and the castles of Baron Pierneau and Hercules Dousman. He is a champion and a justification of "regionalism."

Yet he is also a burly, bounding, bustling, self-confident, opinionated, and highly sweated young man with faults so grievous

that a melancholy perusal of them may be of more value to apprentices than a study of his serious virtues. With a glad wilfulness rarely excelled, with a primitive and Babbitt-like superstition about the virtue of Keeping Busy and Doing Things, Mr. Derleth has tried to destroy himself. He has never taken the time to plan or mold completely a single book in all his Saga. He has gushed out, ever since his boyhood, a stream of detective stories, machine-made magazine stories, doubtful verse, letters to the press; he has vigorously tried to dictate village politics and dramatics and Boy Scoutery, and he has been extremely busy over the history of comic strips. He makes Louis Bromfield look like a secluded perfectionist.

For this, Mr. Derleth has been indicted by all his friends, and with magnificent fatuousness he has ignored them. He is possibly the most conceited of the younger writers. In that excellent handbook, *Twentieth Century Authors*, edited by Kunitz and Hayercraft, Mr. Derleth writes that his own Saga is "perhaps the most ambitious project ever undertaken in the history of literature." Do you hear the voice of Babbitt, touting his new real-estate development?

Derleth boasts that he reads 365 books and 400 magazines a year, which is just 565 units more than any person who ever lived could read with more attention than that of baby turning over the pages of his rag books. He asserts, and not with shame at such logorrhea but with exultation over the strength of his paws, that he writes from 750,000 to 1,000,000 words a year!

But so many of them are pretty dull words, stamped by the machine. Even in the best of his historical novels he shows the overuse of the regionalist's notebooks. If he is writing a love story, just as he has managed to coax you into some interest as to whether she will or she won't, he has to interrupt the tale to give you a bulletin on the growth, at that moment, of the anemones, buttercups, hay crop and crab apple trees, to record the twenty-seven of the thirty-nine varieties of local birds that have now arrived from the South, and to list the stars visible that evening. Whoever gave Derleth that Manual of Astronomy for Tiny Tots did him a grave mischief.

His other most conspicuous fault is a valet-like love of the Gentry, the Nobility, and the polite tongues. He must give page-long letters in French. In his stories of the pioneers he cannot endure a central character of less rank than a baron. It seems that Wisconsin and Minnesota were not, as we had thought, peopled by farmers and cheese makers and brewers, but by noblemen who went into the fur business solely because it was the best profession for teaching truthfulness, sobriety, and loving generosity to the poor Indians. Around them there were a few Ordinary People

(like your ancestors and mine), but they existed only to serve the benevolent barons.

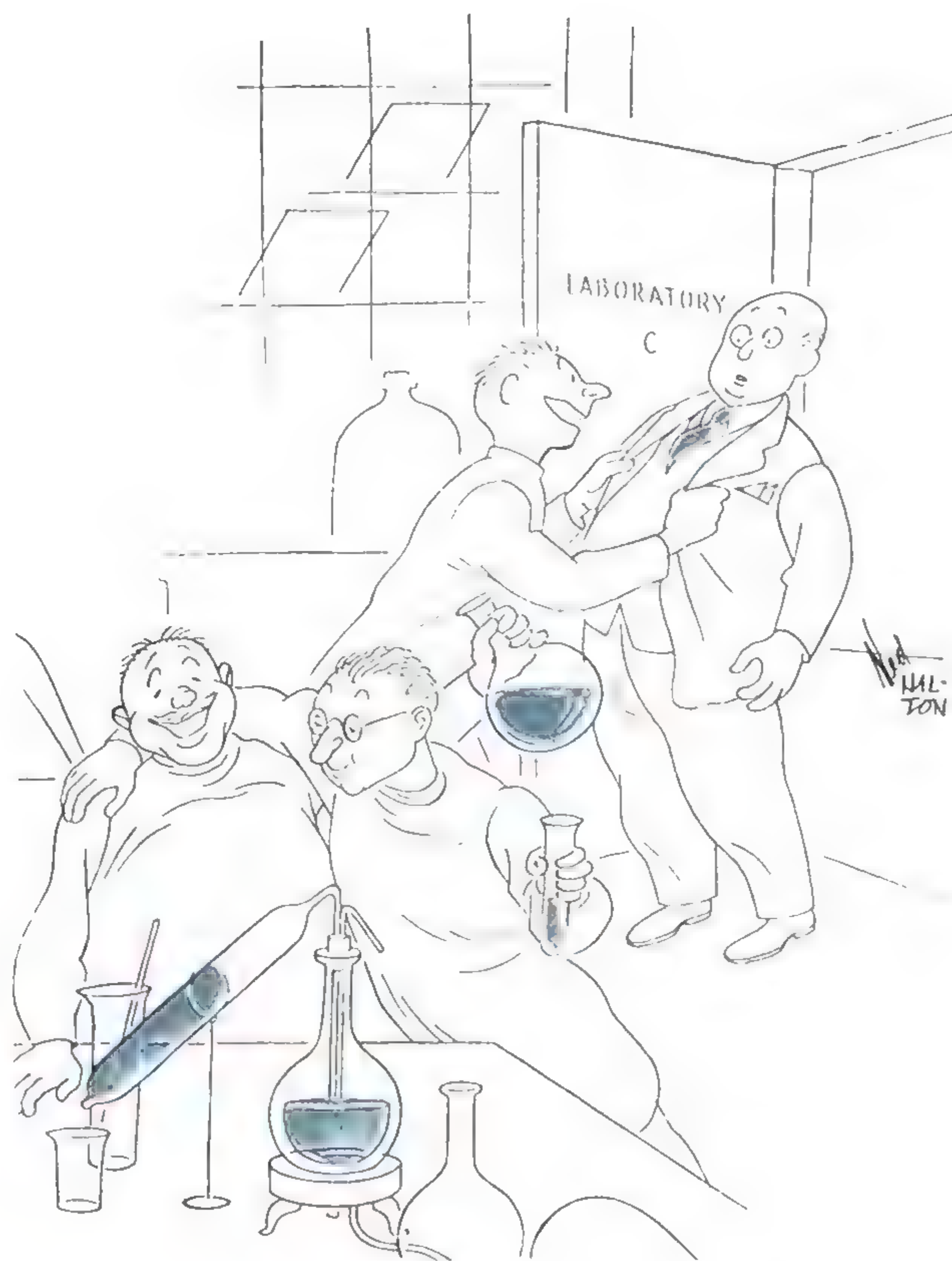
Yet—yet if August Derleth could ever, by some unusually strong magic, be persuaded that he isn't half as good as he thinks he is, if he would learn the art of sitting still and using a blue pencil, he might become twice as good as he thinks he is—which would about rank him with Homer.

Faults or not, Mr. Stegner and Mr. Derleth are more interesting than literary pots of far wider notoriety, and I invite you to join me in watching the possibly greater futures that are in their own hands, to canonize or kill.

* * *

Once in awhile, a critical hangman is so innocent as to write a novel himself, and the surviving relatives of his victims are able then to jeer at him, so puny a figure on the gallows. But sometimes the comic tragedy is the other way, and the critics may snicker at a novelist who tries to show them how to criticize. They are doing so now, with James T. Farrell's *The League of Frightened Philistines*.

Mr. Farrell, whose novels were so lusty that he terrified the more delicate critics, now justifies them by imitating them at their



"I think we've discovered a new vitamin"



"What a haul—a maid and a butler!"

Watch your wallet and also your shirt
when Uncle Parke comes around with
an urgent blast for his favorite charity

No Checks Accepted

by PARKE CUMMINGS



GRANT WOOD

I WAS interested to learn that an enterprising individual, trying to prove that people will donate money to just about *any* cause, succeeded in collecting eleven bucks for a "Fund for the Widow of the Unknown Soldier." This, in fact, comes virtually under the head of a coincidence because it so happens that I myself have been made canvasser and trustee for a considerable number of worthy drives. Would you like to get out your notebook and jot them down?

First of all there is the Outdoor and Indoor Recreation Fund for the Benefit of Such as in My Opinion Deserve It. Do I have to emphasize the value of recreation in these troubled times? Could anybody with a kind heart in his breast and a tidy balance in his bank hesitate so much as an instant to promote the worthy cause of physical and mental relaxation? Of course not. Now the fact is—call it luck if you want to—that I happen to be in a position where I can easily find people who can use this dough. —Well, anyhow, a person. I would be glad to furnish his name upon request. Curiously, his initials are the same as mine.

The Society for the Prevention of Poverty Among Certain People is another organization that can use your money—by return mail, preferably. Will any of you have the temerity to stand up and deny that poverty is a terrible, terrible thing? We all hate poverty! You hate it. The man next door to you hates it. Of course this may be boasting, but the fact is that I hate it even *worse* than anybody else. That being the case, I am the logical person to start stamping it out—and I know the place where I'll start stamping first. In making out your money order, don't forget the E on the end of my first name. Lots of people do.

I know you will be interested in the Stamp Out Thirst Fund, of which I am originator, president, chief mixer, and first to be served. All my adult life I have been a relentless enemy of thirst, and have stopped at nothing—literally *nothing*—to eliminate it. I can't stand to see a fellow human being thirsty. And what I *particularly* can't stand is having one see *me* thirsty. You would be surprised at the lengths I have gone to prevent such a dread eventuality, and so have I been—particularly the next day. Here and now I want to emphasize that one of the best features of the Stamp Out Thirst Fund is that it is strictly non-partisan. Unlike some others I could mention, it avoids all bias, prejudice and favoritism. There is absolutely *no* discrimination against any brand of rye, Scotch, bourbon, gin, rum, cognac or beer. Come around some Saturday night, and I'll show you just how this fund operates.

The More Traveling Institute is another organization I am founding. Of course it will have to wait until the boys get back from their world-wide journeys, but I am laying the groundwork now. At least I am collecting the funds now. We all agree that travel broadens one, but I have a fear that many of us may not know where to travel. My idea is that I should conduct sort of a prospectus. When you send me enough dough, I intend to embark on an investigating tour in order to discover, *first hand*, in this postwar world, the best places for contributors of the Institute to travel.

This will be no slipshod job. I will be thorough. It may take several years—or even several more, depending on how the funds hold out. I may even take my family along so that they can help investigate. We'll leave few spots unsearched. Florida, Southern California, Sun Valley, Atlantic City, West Fifty-Second Street, the Riviera, Monte Carlo, the Alps, Bermuda, Rio, the Caribbean, Hawaii—we'll be wherever travel could possibly broaden us. We're nothing, if not conscientious.

This brings me to the Better Dressing Organization, another uplift outfit I have founded. (I'm darn near as philanthropic as the Rockefellers, no?) Believing that people will be more comfortable and have better morale if they are better dressed, I am collecting funds for this organization. Got ten bucks? . . . Thanks. . . . Couldn't make it twenty, could you? . . . Oh well, fifteen will do. That will get me an experimental hat. I shall also buy experimental suits, coats, socks, ties, shoes, shirts and assorted accessories. Besides judging them for style and fit, I shall also test them for wear. This may take me quite a while, but contributors to the organization will get a comprehensive report on my findings at some time in the future. Fortunately, as in the case of the More Traveling Institute, I have relatives who will be more than glad to help me out in this.

The 26 McFlidgerty Street Medical Fund is one you'd have to have a heart of stone to turn down. Whatever you care to give will be used towards defraying medical expenses (plus maybe an occasional theatre ticket and night club tab) of a perfectly delightful family who happen to live in a house at 26 McFlidgerty Street. I am constantly in touch with these charming people, and could relay the funds to them on very short notice—in fact, any funds you decide to send (and don't be bashful) will be in their hands almost instantly.

And finally we come to the Society for Self-Improvement. All of us can stand improvement, and don't get the idea that I'm setting myself up as an exception. Far from it. In fact I can stand improvement more than most. The more money that is sent me for improvement, the more I am bound to improve. Isn't that logical enough? Just how I would use the money would depend, of course, on just how and where I thought I should improve during a given period—in putting, rumbaing, piloting a speedboat, educating myself by reading certain French classics or whatnot.

Now there is just one thing more: Since, by another coincidence, I happen to be treasurer of all seven of these institutions it would be best if you sent the moola direct to me. This will eliminate confusion and help me out. In fact it will help me out a lot. ##



"I don't bother with a diary any more—
now I keep a ship's log!"

Fifty years of practical instruction in the field of "athletic asceticism" earn Amos Alonzo Stagg highest rating

The Grand Old Man

by RALPH CANNON



IN the Chicago-Ohio State game of 1927 at Columbus, the Maroons lost a heartbreaker, 13 to 7, on a series of misfortunes including a bad decision by the officials that called back the touchdown that could have been the winner. At that time Stagg was pioneering in the flanker play that later became so important a feature of the modern T style. The touchdown was called back because the officials, new to the play, ruled that the man-in-motion was moving forward, then illegal, as the ball was passed. The Chicago players afterwards insisted to me that this was impossible because of the setup of the play which prevented the center from passing the ball until the flanker had turned back away from the scrimmage line.

Nevertheless, the game was lost on the decision. The funny part of it was that on the train coming home, Stagg was less upset about that game-costing ruling than he was over the fact that in all the confusion he had lost his topcoat; and he was worrying about what Mrs. Stagg was going to say to him about that when he got home. He was more upset over losing his coat than his shirt.

Across the years since the other World War have traipsed the greatest athletic figures of all time in a Golden Age of sports. Among all the stars, coaches and managers of that gusty period I rate Stagg the No. 1 personality for at least one very explicit reason. I think he understood and put in practice better than anyone else what might be termed the extrinsic values of sport. A baseball

team wins the World Series, banks the coin and goes home to hunt and fish. A boxer wins the crown, cashes in a fortune, and goes to the dogs. There are two distinct divisions of sport—one purely commercial, and the other what you might call sociological. Stagg came out of the old era when sportsmanship held a special connotation—in the same category as the word "gentleman" in its old usage . . . something black broadcloth, distinguished and genteel. Stagg believed and taught that the hard knocks of a rugged game like football help condition men for the hard knocks so sure to come later on in life.

Stuart Pratt Sherman expressed the point better than anyone else. Dr. Sherman thought that six factors contributed most to our national mold—cleanliness, health, becoming intelligent, swift mobility, sport and publicity. "The whole upward movement of our later American culture," stated Dr. Sherman, "indicates a type of athletic asceticism as the necessary and inevitable corollary of our civilization. I choose the word asceticism because it will be noticed and challenged under the impression that asceticism means something sour, crabbed, thin and stained. But asceticism, etymologically, does not mean that. Asceticism is a Greek word which means gymnastic. It means the rule and discipline of an athlete. It is the self-culture and the self-development of a healthy mind. Athletic asceticism is . . . the intelligent application of logic to conduct."

Amos Alonzo Stagg is a practical teacher in the field of "athletic asceticism."

On gloomy winter afternoons in Chicago I used to go out to Stagg's house and we would get out his old clipping books, and the game-diagrams Mrs. Stagg so meticulously kept for him; and we would talk of great plays and noble games gone by. He would point to a spot on the chart and say: "We had an opportunity there, but we failed." He would say this without bitterness or regret; rather you felt in his expression a sort of resignation to the fact that this was a part of the game, that everywhere there are opportunities that are missed; but that is nothing to become rueful about. He derived a philosophy from defeat, and like the Puritan that he is, sublimed from disaster only the stronger resolution to do better on another day.

I first saw him, from the distance of the stands, at the Chicago-Illinois game in Champaign in 1916. That day his team soundly defeated the Illinois team that later upset the great Minnesota team rated by Walter Camp the strongest he had ever seen. In 1916 Stagg was laid up, an invalid in a wheel chair. I remember the hushed veneration of the people in the stands as he was wheeled onto the sidelines to direct the game; there was the impression that here was a great man near the end of his earthly duties. Twenty-nine years later—he is still one of the foremost coaches in the business.

I remember hearing Wallie Steffen, one of "his boys," All-American quarterback in 1908, say: "We were calling him 'The Old Man' when he was younger than I am now." Staggs' intense and sober emphasis of the ulterior usages of sport served to win him patriarchal respect at an age when most men are termed as young coaches. I have seen men, "his boys," in the prime of life with sons of their own old enough to play under him, put out their cigarettes in his presence—out of respect.

All of those great old stars whom he groomed and started on their way always spoke reverently of the "Old Man." Not that there were none who spoke bitterly of Stagg and hated him. There were men



Gimme the Works

Joe, the civilian, recently returned from the citizens' army, begins that trying period of rehabilitation he's read so much about by switching from GI barbers to the Waldorf-Astoria Shop. Here he must make his own decisions, and you can tell how it worries him. As he surrenders his jacket to the porter he obliges us with a view of his broadcloth shirt which has blue stripes, accented by an alternate satin weave. His broad-ribbon braces are maroon and silver grey. These same colors are repeated in the figured foulard tie which is kept in place by a gold initialed clip. Key chains are no longer confined to the ample vests of mellowing congressmen, but are worn by many men who enjoy their convenience. The one in the picture has hefty links of gold. His suit is a dotted-striped worsted and the trousers show the revival of pleats.

who could not stand up to his blunt ruggedness. These I have heard call him prejudiced. There was the boy who carried away bitterness because in a mud-ruined game Stagg had not provided him with knitted mittens to catch the ball for punting, as Zuppke had shrewdly provided his Earl Britton. Oddly enough it was this same boy who on another occasion was benched because Stagg heard him singing a dirty song. The "Old Man" liked music; he put in the idea of the chimes at Mitchell Tower and contributed a thousand dollars toward their purchase because he liked to hear their tones at dusk. It brought back memories of his days at Yale. In contributing the money, he expressed a wish to have a special cadence rung for athletes in training shortly after the regular ten o'clock chimes and this wish is carried out to this day.

I remember the morning he left Chicago to go to College of the Pacific. He called me up at the *Chicago Daily News* to give me a scoop—for what he regarded as past considerations. I talked with him at the depot. I said: "Well, it'll be fine for you out there—a fine climate."

"I'm not going out there for the climate," he interrupted. "I'm going to coach football." And coach football he certainly did!

But he was sorely hurt. He told me in the years afterwards how he and his wife would sit and cry in the evenings, thinking of the old times and the old friends they had left so far away. Yet when he came back to town with College of the Pacific and soundly walloped his old Maroons he told me that I "ought to try to help Chicago. They need help." No bitterness against the society of learning that he and another Yale Man, William Rainey Harper, had helped create under Western skies.

I speak of Stagg not as a football coach teaching games to boys, but as a man who was a beneficial influence on his times, as a man who helped keep alive a certain nobility in an age clearly deteriorating. No cheapness, no bitterness, no false pride. He built on youth a work that long will outlast him. He was an architect of youth, giving them a façade of virility, stalwart valor, cleanness and sobriety.

It used to irk him when the sports writers carelessly referred to him as Alonzo A. Stagg. The A belonged first, and he was always quite proud of his name Amos—which was the name of his father, a boy orphaned and "bound out" as an apprentice cobbler at the age of seven. Amos, a Biblical name, properly fits Stagg better than the leonine Lonny. Stagg's boyhood was in an environment in Orange, N. J. anything but swank; but he had the natural inclination and strength to grope upward.

I have this letter from Grace Livingston Hill, the writer, about their school days. She wrote:

I have a very distinct memory of him as I first saw him sitting at his desk across the school room studying Latin. Then a few days later as I looked from our second-story schoolroom window at lunch time, I saw him down in the brick-paved schoolyard with all the little boys gathered about him while he taught them the mysteries of baseball. The little boys hung on his every word, looking at him adoringly.

It happened that he and I were the only ones who brought our lunch that first year of high school. I, perched up in the window at one side of the room to eat my lunch, and he sitting at his desk on the far side of the room eating his. We had not been introduced, and in those Victorian days a girl and a boy were slow in getting acquainted without a formal introduction.

One Monday noon, however, it was quite different because the night before, coming out of the young people's seven o'clock prayer meeting in the old First Presbyterian Church of Orange, New Jersey, I happened to see Lonny Stagg sitting in the back seat with his sisters, and we nodded shyly to one another. That night I had summoned courage to recite a Bible verse in the meeting. The next day at noon we sat as usual eating our lunch in silence, but just as we had finished, and Lonny had closed up his lunch box and was preparing to go downstairs to play ball with his young admirers, he paused and looked hesitatingly toward me and spoke of the meeting the night before. "I didn't know you were a Christian," he said. "I am glad you recited that verse."

Many years later I had the pleasure of taking lunch with Lonny and his dear wife at the Faculty Club at Chicago; and I found him the same warm-hearted, simple, earnest Christian with a childlike faith and a strength of purpose just as he had been when a boy in high school.

Entering Yale to become a minister, Stagg became outstanding as an athlete in the rugged old days of athletics. There was a famous player on a rival team he used to tell about. Although this player won great fame, the Yale men did not respect him because of the way he always tried to avoid being hit when carrying the ball. "We always thought he was yellow," Stagg recalled. Many years later in the prime of an outstandingly successful life this man shot himself.

Like so many others of the Yale stars of those early days Stagg went West pioneering. Only a few years after arriving at the newly-created University of Chicago, he was one of the founding fathers in 1896 of the Western Conference, the forerunner of the Big Ten. He was foremost among the many who built our great athletic boom—not only in football. He was very influential in the revival of the Olympic Games and lent his character to every useful sport.

Mostly his life has been somewhat somber. But he never held back in his Puritanism any great joy or laughter. I think the happiest I ever saw him was after the Princeton game in 1929 which the Maroons won. Errett Van Nice's 80-yard run providing the marginal touchdown. We were going down in a coach that night to Washington where he was going to take his players to see Seere-



SAWIN

Fly Away, Butterfly

Newest sprite in America's pool of aquatic champs is Jeanne Wilson, a student at Northwestern. In daily workouts at the Lake Shore Club pool she swims the usual conventional styles, but it is in the butterfly breast stroke that she excels. Jeanne holds ten titles in the Chicago area and the annual Blankley trophy for the city's outstanding swimmer. Last April the nineteen-year-old nymph won the national 100-yard breast stroke championship handily with a new record of one minute, fifteen and one-tenth seconds. Sometimes she slows down to a water ballet. Stopped in a racing turn with the question: "What movie star do you prefer?" she replied, "Frank Sinatra and Bing Crosby." "But which do you like better?" our solemn reporter wanted to know. Jeanne's big brown eyes grew thoughtful: "If I had to choose, it would be Bing," she said with a splash.

tary of War Stimson, his classmate at Yale. Someone started up singing, and Stagg, joining in with his boys in these jolly songs, became radiance itself in a boundless happiness of released good fellowship.

And grim and earnest as he was in battle, there were moments when he brought immense amusement to his "boys." In 1925 Stagg took his team East to Pennsylvania (the Maroons had won the Big Ten title in 1924 on the strength of Bob Curley's drop kicks). Penn had a strong team, paced by 26-year-old Al "Pappy" Kruezer at fullback; and the new Franklin Field Stadium, then uncompleted, was just being opened. It turned out to be a rainy day and before the field got wet, Penn completed a touchdown pass, Rogers to Thayer, and then held on to their lead in the mud to win, 7 to 0. On the long trip back to Chicago, Stagg hopped off the train to stretch his legs. A burly trainman, recognizing the famous coach, began to give him a going over, fulsome with profanity, for losing the game to the high-toned Philadelphians. Stagg, not batting an eye, explained that the mud had beat them. As the train started up, the "Old Man" gravely explained to his "boys": "It's too bad he swears like that; it's a matter of environment. But you know, boys, I think he has a good heart."

I think that this was somehow symbolic of him, of his instinct to reach for the good, of the impossibility of ever squelching his spirit. He himself never needed a stronger word than "jackass" to get his men to "put out."

"Blessed is he," said Pasteur, "who carries with him a god, an ideal and obeys it; ideal of art, ideal of science, ideal of the gospel virtues; therein lie the springs of great thought and great actions; they all reflect the light from the Infinite."

Amos Alonzo Stagg carried such a light onto the rugged, dusty, sweating fields of sport, and kept it gleaming for more than half a century. Over that period in this field no one else has done so much for so many. #

Carter, Prizewinner

The road has been smooth for Clarence Holbrook Carter who has never failed to sell his paintings and win awards

by HARRY SALPETER



CLARENCE HOLBROOK CARTER got his name in the paper even before he won his first prize in art—which shows how quickly he launched himself on his career.

He was born March 26, 1904, in Portsmouth, Ohio. As a boy artist for an engraving plant in Portsmouth, he once had the chore of attempting to reconstruct, in a drawing, the horribly mutilated face of a slain man who had been dragged by automobile over a stubby cornfield. Carter has forgotten whether his drawing, reproduced in the paper, led to the victim's identification, or whether identification led to apprehension of the murderers. But he does know that as an art student he had a reputation for painting morbid themes; however, it was not until he had painted and exhibited at the Carnegie Institute the twisted head and discolored face of a hanged man—"Bill"—that he felt he had purged himself of the memories of Scioto County violence.

The Ohio River, upon whose northern banks Portsmouth dwells, divides Ohio from Kentucky, whose hills are in plain view. Carter, as a boy, was thrilled by transmitted recollections of the Civil War, which was a living thing to his parents. A sister of his grandfather had defied Morgan's Raiders, whose exploits were the themes of many ballads which were sung to the boy. Vivid in his mind's eye is the picture of his mother as a young woman riding horseback over roads and through streams, her hair flying, and he has a sharp recollection of women in their long loose calico dresses working with men in the corn and tobacco fields. How bitterly they took politics in the old days is indicated in the curse which an angry neighbor swore at his maternal grandfather, all of whose

six children were girls: "I hope all your daughters marry Republicans!"—which they did.

Most of Carter's earliest memories center about his almost infantile experiments in the mediums of art, his innate facility, his fixed determination to accept no other career, and his little boyhood triumphs.

He remembers prying the lid off a fifty-pound lard can which was full of flour and throwing handfuls of it against steam-damped walls to see what effects could thus be produced. No wall was free from his experiments with pencil and crayon. At church they found that his little fidgety body could be quieted only with pencil and pad. When his father's shirts came back from the laundry, he raced the cardboards over to a neighbor who painted water colors on them for him. In the second grade his art work was so good that it was shown to third graders as an example. In the fifth grade he won the Sweepstakes Prize at the Scioto County Fair for a relief map made of flour and salt, and before he had won a Blue Ribbon at the Ohio State Fair for a relief map, at the age of twelve, the local paper reported that "Boy Is Painter" and described the ambitious sketch of a pair of deer which Carter had drawn.

As a kid he drew everything that came into view, or imagination, particularly boats and Indians, and the circus fascinated him then, as it does now. He recalls with what wild excitement he ran after the wagonload of Indians racing towards the circus grounds, while that moment when Buffalo Bill, hat off and white mane flying, pranced into the circus arena on his white horse was an unforgettable part of his boyhood memories.

At high school he won all the poster awards. Between the ages of nine and twelve, he took lessons in water color from the local art supervisor of schools and later started, but did not finish, a correspondence course in cartooning. The death of his father, a clerk in the Portsmouth post office, in Carter's first high school year, compelled him to take summer and after-school jobs and, until his graduation in 1923, he worked, variously, in a music store, dance hall, ice cream factory; later he became an artist for an engraving plant and subsequently draughtsman in an engine plant and then mechanical engineer. Carter has been conditioned not to neglect opportunities. He was brought up in a hard school.

In 1923, aged nineteen, he entered the Cleveland School of Art, the pedagogical wing of the Cleveland Art Museum, of which the director was William M. Milliken, who comes closest to being Carter's lifelong patron. From the beginning Carter was a serious, hard-working student, conscious of his lack of polish, as against the more citified and sophisticated youths, but with a more than compensatory streak of iron determination not to take No for an answer. To make ends meet he waited at table after school and worked summers. During his junior year his health broke and he went to Florida to live with his mother and a sister; there he painted his first water color landscapes, for which he received credit upon returning to Cleveland art school, losing no time and graduating with the class in the Spring of 1927.

Then the prizewinning began. Carter has said of himself that he was spared the customary struggle of the young artist; that, almost from the day he quit school, he became a professional, in the sense that he sold pictures, was admitted to national exhibitions and (Continued on page 202)



OIL (65" x 55")

LET US GIVE THANKS

A family reunion snapshot in a friend's album prompted Carter to do this painting of his own people which won the Carnegie popular prize in 1943. Borrowed from boyhood memories are the cut-glass dish, roller towel and pitcher. The figures, right to left, are the artist's wife, Mary, their sons, Blake and John, and the artist's mother. At the head of the table, Mrs. Carter's father; standing, Carter's sister's mother-in-law; his sister's husband, his sister and the artist.



OIL (36" X 45")

SMOULDERING FIRES

In the smoky air near Pittsburgh, white diapers on a line suggested a theme to Carter. A red-skirted woman appeared, agreed to pose with her child, and the heat drove artist and models to the porch. Carter chose this more human emphasis, won a prize in Pittsburgh.



OIL (35" X 45")

STEW

In the mess tent of Downie Brothers Circus, the hungry help are shown converging upon the cook and the steapot. Note how the artist's perspective brings forward the cook and kettle, as in a photographer's angle shot.

A Group of Paintings

by

CLARENCE H. CARTER

*Reproduced through
the Ferargelli Co.*

**VANISHED ECSTASIES**

With Carter painted at about the same time as Smouldering Fires, was a choice of contrast and relief, and as a reminder of those happy days spent some years before in Italy and Sicily. Only the bottles and the table, the flowers and the awning were all painted from the imagination. The title was suggested by a friend, Mr. Milliken.

**HALLOWEEN**

*ting was based
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me. This can-
Washington,
lowing years.*



Esquiregr

II

Photocollag.

Sing paeans for a world that does not
wag in the manner of recent musicals

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

SITTING again before a number of the recent musical comedies and operettas, a thought, paradoxically enough under the circumstances, insinuated itself into my head. It was this. Though all sorts of things are admittedly wrong with the world we are living in, matters might be a damnsight worse. Consider, for instance, what it would be like to live in a world that was patterned after and identical with musical comedy and operetta.

That musical comedy and operetta constitute an escape from the world as it is, is perfectly all right so far as it goes. But it ends in and with the theatre. Were life to be like one of them, or like a hundred of them operating in unison, the sigh for escape back into the world, irksome as it may be, would be heard beyond the moon. In proof whereof, restrain your snicker at the idea, which seems to you absurd, and take stock of the situation.

A world resembling one great big musical show would, you imagine, be pretty grand all around: beautiful girls, lovely songs, soft lights, wonderful scenery, champagne and kisses, romantic love, and all the rest. On the surface, perhaps; but get down to tacks.

In the first place, you wouldn't stand the ghost of a chance with the beautiful girl upon whom your heart was set, the heroine of your dreams. That is, unless you were a tenor, which you wouldn't admit if your life were at stake. Nobody, except in the rarest of cases, ever gets the beautiful star unless he has the kind of voice that is good for the bum's rush in any barroom this side of Piccadilly. If, in any musical comedy or operetta, a man with a he-bass voice ever made the slightest headway with the beauty, the records don't show it.

Think, moreover, of starting the day, before breakfast and before you have had a chance to shave, with thirty-two girls smeared up with face paint buzzing coyly around you and dinning a song into your ears about how merry life is at that time in the morning. And then, when the girls have finally let you alone, think of a fat comedian getting hold of you, who are still rubbing the sleep out of your eyes and probably suffering from a hangover, and bombarding you with old jokes about marriage, the New Deal, and Goldfarb's little son Fitzroy.

Okay, you agree, as to the morning agony but, ah, the rest of the day—and night! Well, how would you like to live in the constant bath of a sizzling white spotlight? How would you relish having around you at regular half-hour intervals a dozen frozen-faced showgirls six feet tall who would haughtily look down upon you as a worm? How would you like to smack your lips at the popping of champagne bottles and then get nothing but dead five-cent ginger-ale?

You may be discontented with your last year's suit, your frayed shirt and your shoes that need resoling, but after a week or so I have a suspicion that you would be mighty uncomfortable and ready to call quits when it came to wearing heavy velvet capes and fancy silk knee breeches, or even Civil War uniforms. And don't overlook the greasy pink make-up.

What is more, in a world conducted after the pattern of operetta and musical comedy, you

would get nothing to eat. It is a phenomenon of such shows that their inhabitants seem to exist without any sustenance whatsoever. In all the operettas and musical comedies of the last fifty years the only food that has been visible on the stage at any time has been a few bananas—and even those few bananas weren't in *The Merry Widow* for forty-odd years, but were allowed into a revival of it only a couple of seasons ago.

Then there is the matter of drink. In a world indistinguishable from operetta you would be condemned to celebrate the joys of alcoholic liquor and even bourgeois beer with glasses and mugs that didn't contain so much as a drop of the stuff. Yet you would be expected to be as gay as all getout and at times to stagger about inebriously as if you had just emerged from a fortnight's holiday in a Milwaukee brewery.

In general illustration, consider New York as it would be if Max Gordon, Billy Rose, Mike Todd, Vinton Freedley, the Shuberts and our other impresarios were under the new dispensation to be in charge of the city. Either Milton Berle or Zero Mostel would probably be mayor and your breakfast table newspaper, instead of giving you news as at present, would fill you up with quotations of the mayor's jokes as of the day before. Instead of reading about the municipality's progress in various directions, you'd get an endless dose of stuff like this:

Mayor: Why did they call former Mayor La Guardia "Bud"?

Taxpayer: I dunno. Why?

Mayor: His name was Fiorello, or Little Flower. Bud. See?

The *New York Times*' City Hall reporter's story would run as follows:

"Mayor Berle informed the *Times* in an exclusive interview yesterday that he heard two chickens talking and one said sarcastically to the other, 'Listen, Hortense, I don't like to be an old cluck, but I read in the paper that former Mayor La Guardia once laid a cornerstone.'"

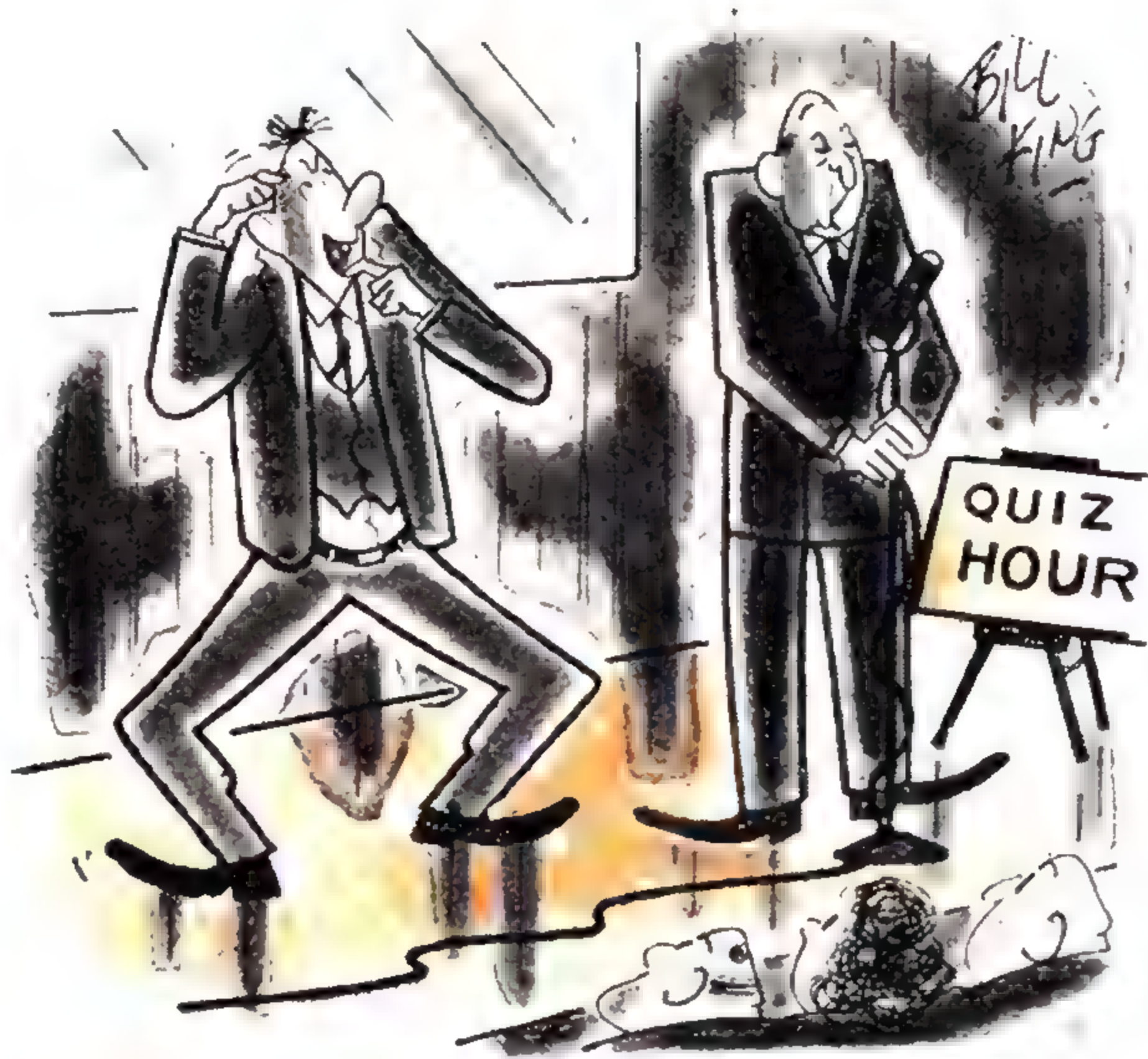
The *Herald Tribune* story would in turn cover City Hall thus:

"Asked whether as a baseball player La Guardia could have beaten him around the bases, Mayor Berle replied, 'He could not! You will recall that he promised not to run.'"

If Zero Mostel, on the other hand, were mayor, the *Daily News*' story would probably be: "Mayor Mostel said yesterday that he was expecting a letter from the Big Three and that they would have arrived at a decision. Asked whether by the Big Three he referred to Truman, Stalin and Atlee, the mayor turned a somersault and cracked, 'No. Hart, Schaffner and Marx. I owe them three dollars.'"

The waiters in all the restaurants would be comedians, would balance the soup plates on their heads, and would scare the hell out of you for fear of dropping them on your lap. When you finally got the soup safely in front of you on the table, you would find a needle in it and indignantly call the waiter's attention to it. The waiter would then invariably reply, "Sorry, sir. That's just a typographical error; it should be noodle."

All the headwaiters would be directed by George Abbott and would gallop madly to and fro, knocking you out of your chairs, the while (Continued on page 147)



"Help from the audience, please"

Kreuger boasted he had a cagey way with his men, but this yeoman was a hard case

Conversation Behind Closed Doors

by SIDNEY CARROLL



LIEUTENANT Kreuger looked at the little yeoman standing in front of his desk. He said, "Hennessy, do you realize who you're talking to?"

Little Hennessy said, "Yes, sir."

Kreuger said, "Do you know what it means when I give you a direct order?"

Hennessy said, "Yes, sir, I do."

"Then," said Kreuger, "do you know what it means to *refuse to obey* an order?"

Hennessy was a small man. His slightly soiled T-shirt was tight around his chest and his breastbone showed through it, but his pants were much too large for him. Kreuger seemed to be looking directly at the breastbone when he said, "Do you?" His tone was suddenly solicitous and just a little hurt, as if he were beginning to lecture his own son.

Hennessy said, "Yes, sir."

"My God, Hennessy, what the hell's the matter with you?"

As soon as Kreuger said it, he was sorry, remembering the rules about profanity between officers and men. He jerked his head towards the doorway to see if anybody were listening. The door was closed. "Listen Hennessy . . ." There was relief in his voice and he was back to the paternal tone.

Kreuger was a man who had made a study of his men. He was always telling the guys at the Officers' Mess that you could never get anything out of the stupid little bastards if you lost your temper. You had to play it clean and neat.

"Hennessy," he resumed, "I'm afraid I'm at a loss to understand just what it is that makes you so stubborn. We've always gotten along, haven't we?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well then? It isn't as if I'm asking you to do the impossible." He had to raise his voice gradually because one of the big transport planes was coming into the field. The noise actually made one of the windows in the quonset office rattle, and Kreuger walked over to it and held his hand on the window while he spoke. "It isn't as if I'm asking you to do the impossible, to risk your life, or anything

like that, am I? Hell, man, I'm not doing the asking at all. I'm merely asking you to carry out orders assigned to this office. Don't you understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you'll do it?"

"No, sir."

Kreuger, still standing at the window, closed his eyes and began to rub his temples very slowly. He looked very tired, like a man who begins to apprehend the disadvantages of the Christlike character. He walked over to his desk and sat down in the bamboo chair.

"Hennessy, you've been with us how long?"

"Sixteen months, sir."

"You're one of the oldest yeomen we've got. I tell you frankly, that's why I've got so much patience with you. These kids who've been with us a lousy four-five months, I tell you frankly, I wouldn't stand for it. I'd have 'em up for general court before you could say 'Jack Robinson.' But you, Hennessy—hell, man, I only give you the *important* jobs. You know that!"

"Yes, sir."

"All right, then. Now let's go over this once more. What is the name of this island, Hennessy?"

"Gambo, sir."

"Right. I am delighted to find you so alert this morning. Now then, how far away is Okinawa?"

"About a thousand miles, sir."

"Approximately. We are one thousand, one hundred and ninety six miles from Okinawa. Do you know what's going on in Okinawa?"

"Sir?"

"Are they playing ping-pong in Okinawa?"

"They're fighting, sir."

"Right! Now what happens when men fight?"

"Sir?"

"What happens? What happens? Does everybody who fights in a battle come out all nice and clean and pretty?"

"No, sir."

"What happens to some of them?"

"They get wounded."

"Right! I knew you'd get it, Hennessy! I *knew* you would. Now then, what do we do with these wounded men?"

Hennessy was standing rigidly at attention, but he seemed to shift almost imperceptibly from one foot to the other. "We evacuate 'em."

"By God, Hennessy, I don't know how you do it. You're positively brilliant this morning. You're on the ball. Maybe we're getting some place. Now then, how do we evacuate them?"

"By air."

"By air. Excellent. How do you know?"

"Sir . . ."

"Don't answer! I'll tell you. You know because you've seen 'em. Right?"

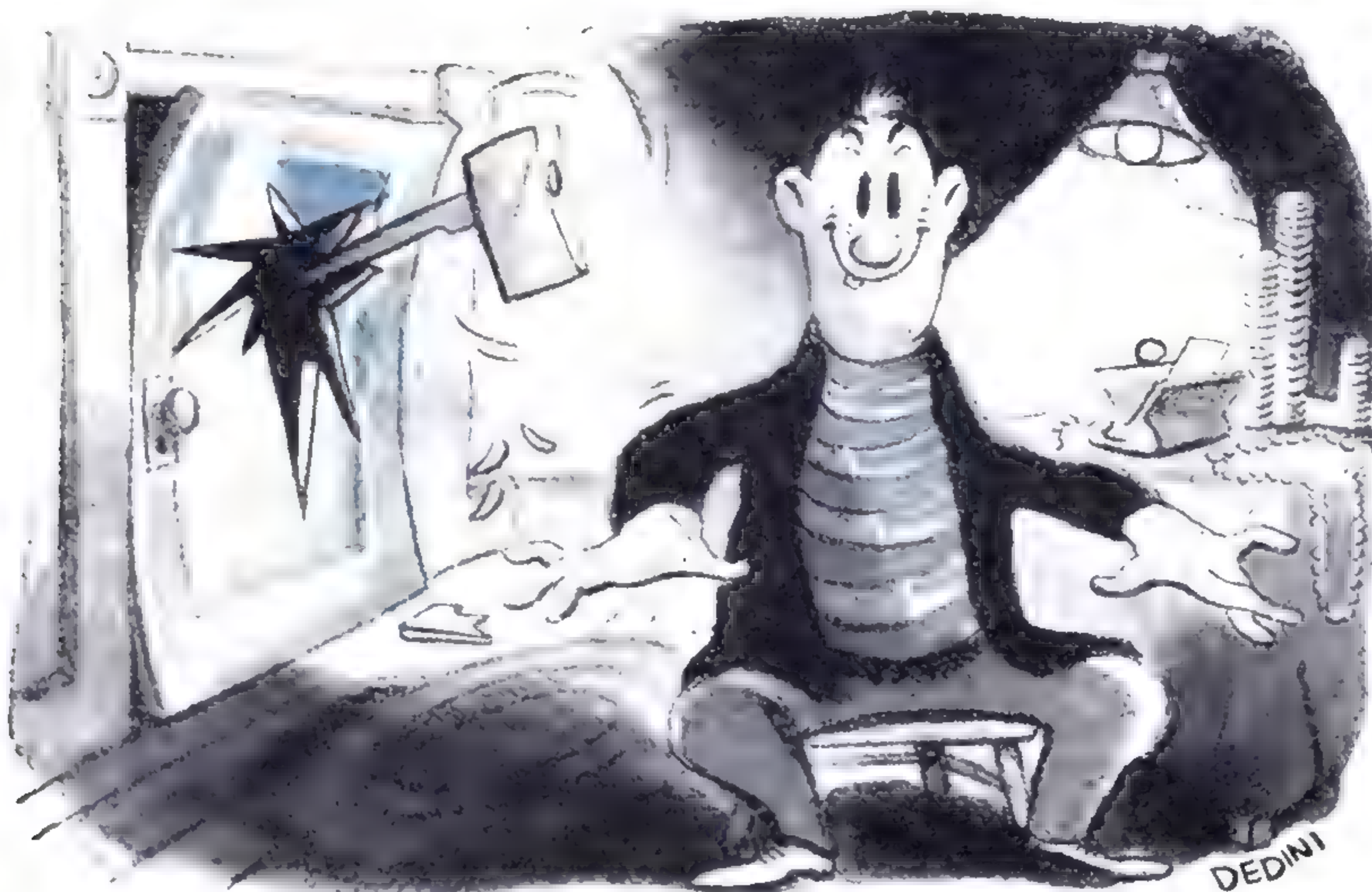
"Yes, sir."

"Coming in here every day." Kreuger stood up and started coming around the desk towards Hennessy. "Every day the great big airplanes bring in those poor wounded guys and they land right here, in Gambo. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you've seen them: One thousand, one hundred and ninety-six miles from the goddam war you manage to get a look at just what the hell war is. Now then, Hennessy . . ."

Kreuger sat down on the desk now, directly in front of the little yeoman, and folded his arms. "Don't you consider yourself lucky?" he asked



"I'll bet that's for me!"

Hennessy, his voice more patient and solicitous than it had been.

"Yes, sir."

"So far away from all the shooting, nice and safe with your little typewriter. No guns, no bullets for you, Hennessy. Just some dirty fingers from the typewriter ribbon every once in a while. Right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then!" When Kreuger got excited his voice began to climb. "Don't you think you ought to do something for the guys who are doing all the fighting for you?"

"Yes, sir."

Kreuger looked at his yeoman for a long moment. His brows relaxed. He lifted his folded arms a little higher and leaned back a little on the desk. He said, "Well, then!" He stood up. "Let's try it again. The fact of the matter is that it costs money to evacuate the wounded. You know that, don't you, Hennessy?"

"Yes, sir."

"For one thing, we have to feed them on those nice big airplanes. Food costs money, you know."

"Yes, sir."

"We don't charge 'em much, Hennessy. We don't want to make any profit on those poor wounded bastards. We charge 'em thirty cents for a box lunch on the plane, and that just about covers expenses. You're aware of all this?" He didn't wait for an answer.

"Okay. Now it so happens that when a man has to pay thirty cents for a meal, he has to do a very simple thing. You are aware of what that thing is? He has to put his hand in his pocket and take out thirty cents. A very simple maneuver."

Hennessy was silent.

"Simple, I mean, for any guy who's got a hand to stick in his pocket. But it so happens, Hennessy . . ." And now Kreuger's voice started going up the scale again. ". . . that war is hell and sometimes a guy loses a hand when he's fighting. You get what I'm driving at?"

"Yes, sir."

"And sometimes a guy loses both his hands. You've seen 'em that way, Hennessy? What can we do to help the poor bastard out? We can do a very simple thing, Hennessy. We can simply stick one of our own good hands in the guy's pocket and take the thirty cents out for him. That's simple mathematics, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's something we should do for these poor guys, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You take those poor guys without any hands left. You can't expect a guy with a pair of stumps to go feeling around in his pockets, can you?"

"No, sir."

"All right, then, Hennessy!"

Kreuger stood up now. He was twenty-two years old. He was big and blond and he shaved his pink fuzzy skin every day. But he'd been handling men for over three years now and he had no self-consciousness about playing the endearing game of Father Confessor. He put one hand on Hennessy's shoulder. His voice was as gentle as he could make it. "We've gone over this three times, old man, and I think maybe now you're beginning to understand. Don't you see, Hennessy, you're the only guy around here I'd even *ask* to do this job. Somebody's got to get those thirty cents. You understand that?"

"Yes, sir."

Kreuger's eyebrows shot up. "Then you'll do it?"

"No, sir."

His hand came off Hennessy's shoulder and the finger's tightened into a fist and his lips became tight and white. But he didn't strike. That was another thing he kept telling those dopes at the Officers' Mess. You had to know how to control yourself. Always. In any emergency.

Hennessy's pinched pale little boy's face did not change. Strangely enough, it was Hennessy who spoke first. "If you please, sir?"

Kreuger inhaled and exhaled. "What is it?" he asked.

"What you have to get is the dough, is that right?"

"Yes." Kreuger wondered what would be coming next.

"All right, then, sir. I tell you what I'll do. Figure twenty wounded guys to a plane. Thirty cents apiece. That's six bucks. I'll give you the six bucks and we won't bother them guys."

"My God!"

Kreuger's tone was desperate. He tipped his cap back on his head. He put his hands on his hips. It was this business of being a good guy with your men. It was this business of arguing with children again. Sometimes he wondered why the hell he was built that way. That's all they were—children. You could never get anything through their goddam thick skulls. No wonder they never got to be officers.

"Don't you see, Hennessy," he said, and his hand went back to the enlisted man's shoulder. "Don't you see, sailor, that's against regulations. We're not *allowed* to do things that way. We have to stick by the orders. Don't you see that?"

"Sir, I . . ."

"Besides, it's impractical. You say twenty guys to a plane. Sometimes there's more than twenty guys and sometimes less. You can't say twenty-even to a plane, just like that! And not all of those guys have their arms shot off. Some of them have leg wounds and chest wounds, things like that. Perfectly capable of putting their hands into their own pockets. How are you going to figure out how many guys per plane *can't* put their hands in their pockets? You can't figure it out. You have to go up into the plane and count. That's where you're not being practical."

He reached over to the desk and picked up a piece of pink paper. "Let's go over this thing again," he said. "Let's go over the orders again. The orders say definitely, and I am quoting now . . ."

He quoted from the pink piece of paper. Hennessy kept looking into his eyes all the time. When Kreuger finished quoting, Hennessy gulped.

"Yes, sir," he said, "but them orders don't tell me to do it."

"What?"

"They tell you to do it."

"They do not!" Now it seemed as though Kreuger's voice, like a high note on a penny whistle, would really break. But again he caught himself. The redness drained out of the tip of his nose and he took a very deep breath. "You will please, Hennessy," he said, "leave the interpretation of the orders strictly up to me." The deep breath was out of him by the end of the sentence, but he kept his chest out. His stomach made a sucking sound. Kreuger knew that dignity, the ascendancy, always had a lot to do with correct posture. "The orders are addressed to me," he said, "but it remains for me to delegate the authority just as I wish, and I am delegating it to you."

He paused to let that one sink in, watching Hennessy all the while and wondering how long it would be before he would be able

to make the little yeoman see it his way. "You understand what I'm saying?"

"Yes, sir."

It was really extraordinary the way Kreuger could shift from mood to mood, could keep coming up for round after round still feinting. "Please remember, it isn't as if I don't know what's bothering you in this deal. Believe me, I know." He wasn't really looking at Hennessy now, he was looking at Hennessy's neck. "You're bothered about taking the money away from those poor guys. Isn't that it?"

"I . . ."

"I can sympathize with you. I understand. But hell, Hennessy, that part of it is okay. It isn't as if it comes out of their own pockets. They'll be reimbursed for it later on. You know that. Uncle Sammy'll give 'em back every cent of it! You know that, don't you, Hennessy?" His voice was pleading.

"Yes, sir."

"Well?"

"But you can't tell me to do it."

"What do you mean?"

"Them orders tell you to do it personal," Hennessy's voice had



"Why didn't you say something about this 28 days ago?"

no hesitation in it and he kept his direct gaze on Kreuger's face.

"I told you that I'll interpret the orders around here!"

"But you can't tell me to do it."

Kreuger's nose was red again. "And why not, may I ask?"

"Because I ain't gonna do it."

Kreuger's lips became tight again. His fists clenched again. He inhaled again.

"Sailor," he said, "for the last time, I am giving you a direct order."

"Yes, sir."

"You'll do it?"

"No, sir."

"Goddam it, Hennessy, it means a court martial!"

"Yes, sir. But I know my rights, sir. I can take it up with the Judge Advocate General's office."

The big troop transport just outside the hut was getting ready for the take-off. Again the dreadful noise from the engines began to rattle the windows. Kreuger looked intently at Hennessy for a moment, then he turned and walked across the room and put his hand on the quivering windowpane. The rattling stopped, but the noise of the big plane still filled the room. Then, in two minutes, it began to fade and soon it was nothing but a whine in the distance. Kreuger

kept looking out the window for a long time. Then he crossed the room, slowly, to where Hennessy still stood at attention. He smiled.

He put one arm around Hennessy's shoulders and led the yeoman gently around the desk. He led him to the bamboo chair. "Sit down, Hennessy," he said. "Sit down. That's right."

He began to walk slowly back and forth in front of the desk. "All this thing needs," he said, "is a little understanding on your part, and then I'm sure you'll get rid of this goddam stubbornness. You'll see how foolish it is." He stopped pacing, and turned and faced Hennessy, almost lost in the big chair. "Where are we, Hennessy?"

"Sir?"

"What's the name of this island?"

"Gambo."

"Gambo, right. Now then, let's try all over again. Let's look at it this way this time. How far are we from Okinawa, Hennessy? How far are we from where all the shootin' is? Think now, just think for a minute, and answer me clearly."

He took his handkerchief out and began to mop the back of his neck.

"Don't be afraid to think this thing out," he said. "Take it easy. Exactly how far are we . . ." #

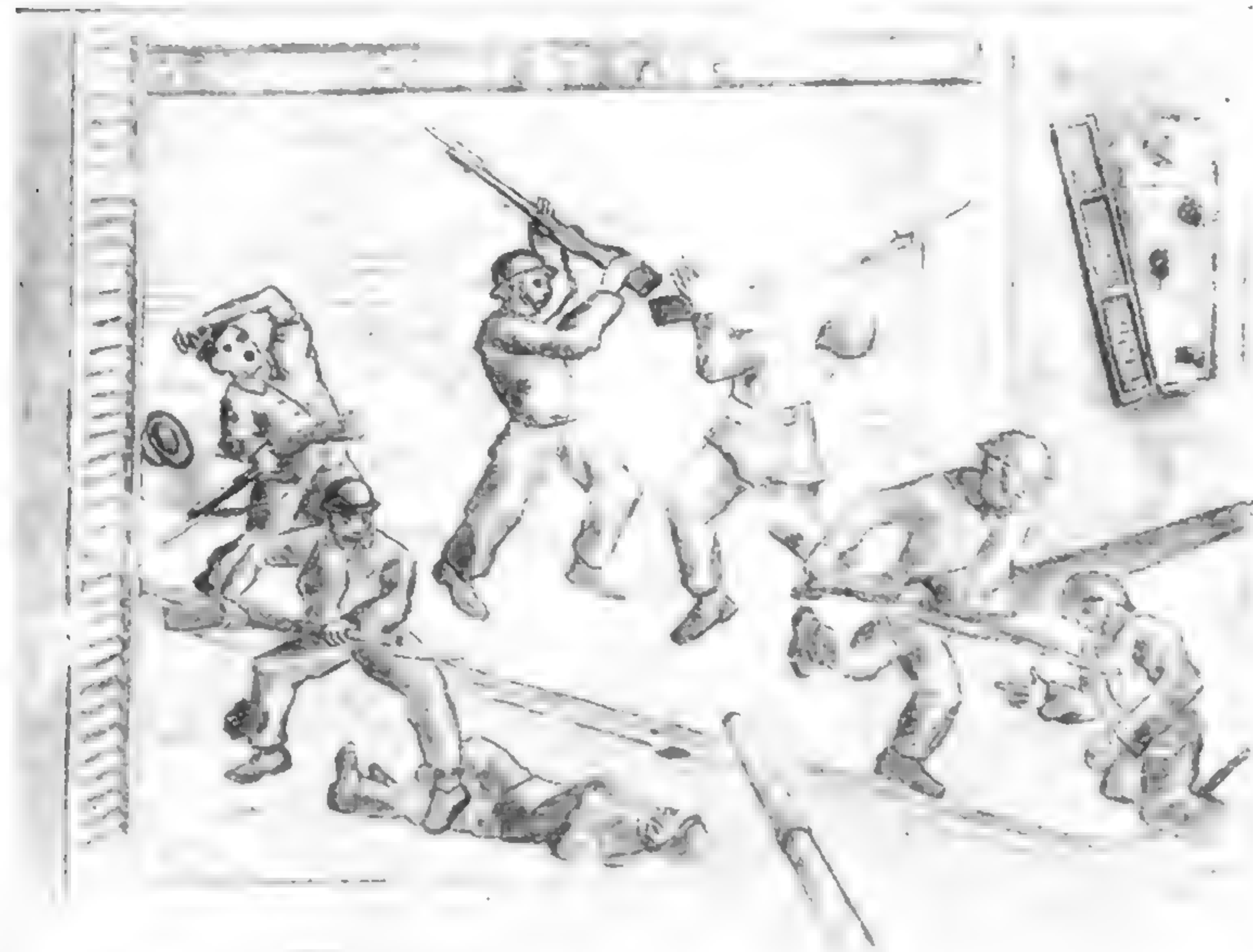
Esquire's Art Institute IV

Concluding the modern art seminar for confused businessmen with an honest-to-Pete abstraction

TIME certainly flies when you like what you're doing and Esky is now amazed to find himself confronting a class of full-fledged seniors, presumably happy in the feeling that (to quote the old high school mossbucket) they know everything, and know that they know it. Esky saved for the last, the painting by George L. K. Morris which you see opposite, and which is known in art circles as a cerebral abstraction. This is the piece of resistance for the business and professional man's course, and it calls for a forthright explanation which any statistician, real estate broker or building engineer who has come along with him thus far is ready to take. As he cases the class, Esky wishes to remark that only the most craven of businessmen would send in his wife as a substitute for the final lecture. It will be far better for you, and will help to obviate the troublesome traumas that have struck down so many strong men, viewing contemporary art exhibits for the first time, if you get the facts for yourself, straight, clean and undistorted. There is really nothing to fear.

Getting a load of *House to House Fighting*, you naturally ask: "What's it all about?" That's a good question, which we'll answer in good time, first studying the drawing from which the oil painting was made.

You will notice, boys, that the sign on the store front above the



Artist's first sketch

shuttered window in the drawing is unmistakably French and the helmets of the conquering commandos are English, while those of the soldiers on the receiving end are German. At a casual glance, there doesn't seem to be a hell of a lot of relation between the drawing and the painting. If, to bridge the wide gap between the two, Mr. Morris had made a series of sketches to objectify the mental and aesthetic steps by which the drawing developed into the painting, the man on Wall Street would understand not only the nature of the physical changes that occurred, but also what was going on in the artist's remarkable head. But since an artist has neither the patience nor the flair for this kind of pedantry, a verbal explanation will have to do.

Incidentally, the wide transition between the realistic sketch and the final, largely abstract pattern of forms, colors and movements, illustrates how much less of the jumping-off-place the typical abstract painter takes with him than does the realistic painter. (Try that observation on your dinner partner sometime and while she lays down her fork to reply, whisk the lamb chop off her plate and slip it into your inside coat pocket. She'll never miss it. Re-heated and served in a bun, it will provide a delicious midnight snack.)

In Mr. Morris' first sketch, there are seven soldiers, one of them prone. In the finished painting there are seven abstractly blocked-in forms, in the same relative positions, although not every one of the human symbols, or forms, is equally obvious. The game is to find them all. When the artist finished the drawing, he felt that the composition was stiff, and lacking in the drama and emotion with which the picture should have been invested. You've often had a similar experience when you addressed a sales meeting.

Starting fresh on another piece of paper, the artist blocked in the seven forms. In both the sketch and the finished oil painting he maintained the fiction of a spectator looking on from inside a room, the window sill of which is suggested in both treatments. Out of this room a gun is pointed. In the painting the artist has given the gun a twist, to fortify the sensation of violence which explains many of the other things happening throughout the painting.

To suggest the thrusts of impulsive violence, which is the basic idea, he used many kinds of shaped forms in opposition to each other, going in all directions. His aim was to communicate to the spectator, upon first impact with the picture, a blast of design, before it becomes apparent how the details are related to one another, either in harmony or in opposition. Get it?

Now observe the two figures at the lower right-hand corner of the drawing, to the right of the gun coming over the sill; and compare with them the two figures in the same relative positions in the finished canvas. In each of the forms in the canvas, head is separate from body, in space, in color, in form. Legs and bayonets are arbitrarily shaped to suggest contrast and thrust; helmets seem to be suspended in mid-air over the fighters' heads. In the



OIL (32" X 26") BY GEORGE L. K. MORRIS IN ENCYCLOPAEDIA BRITANNICA COLLECTION

HOUSE TO HOUSE FIGHTING

other forms, hands are separated from arms. Why? This was Mr. Morris' ruse to impel the spectator, on seeing the spaces between these parts, to force them together. Thus the spectator involuntarily becomes a participant in the violence and an accelerator of the rhythm which the artist conceived.

Some of the shrewder students will have noticed that there is also a change of wars in the two versions and the faces have taken on an Oriental cast; that, too, can be explained. While playing with the forms to intensify the emotion of violence, the artist hit upon the device of making the eyes triangular within faces variously shaped, but none circular, for the circle is more or less restful. The faces in the oil painting are irregularly shaped rectangles, in each case, suggesting the violence of struggle. Only in the prone figure closest to the window sill is the oblong of the face somewhat relaxed, as if its struggle were ended. If the prominence of the teeth was not an afterthought, then it was a device seized upon to strengthen the impression of furious battle.

In the first drawing you will find the pale suggestion of a cartridge belt, in the central figure to the right. That cartridge belt reappears in the corresponding figure in the painting, but once this was painted in, a second cartridge belt was demanded for the figure in the lower right-hand corner. These belts seem to carry forward the pattern of violent teeth as a sort of counterpoint effect.

The artist painted in shadings, not to represent shadows in nature, but to intensify and solidify the forms. The basic difference between this sort of painting and the dead ducks that used to hang in your grandmother's dining room is that the point of reference in the former is an idea entirely in the head of the artist; in the latter it is Nature, or a fair facsimile of same.

When Mr. Morris had almost finished the painting, the shop sign running along the top was still in French. The lettering was entirely too strong for its position, he discovered. Originally the artist had no intention to localize the scene of the fighting but the shape of many of the faces, the prominence of the teeth, had become

undeniably Japanese. So the scene shifted to the Orient and Patisserie was out.

Mr. Morris had traveled through the Orient and had taken many photographs of street scenes in China and Japan. He found one shot that included lettering which suited the design better than the French. It was a scissors shop, whose sign reappears literally in the shadowed right center of the painting; the lettering across the top is also a literal transcription, except that he took the liberty of breaking it up, the better to fit the general pattern.

At what Mr. Morris deemed to be correct intervals on the canvas, he worked in the shutters, a characteristic element of shop and store in the Orient as the tourists in Khaki and Navy Blue can attest.

To convey more clearly the conception of the spectator looking upon all this struggle from behind his own window, Mr. Morris made a nice concession to realism. He juxtaposed, at the left, two triangles, one of wallpaper; the other, of window curtains, thus refining the idea as it appears in the drawing.

In the sign and the shutters, as well as the oil canvas, Mr. Morris meant to illustrate the constant factors which will remain when the transient fighting men have moved on to new objectives—unless said objectives have in the meantime been vaporized.

Now you know what it is, an abstraction. You'll find other paintings by George L. K. Morris in the Berkshire, Philadelphia and Whitney Museums, the Phillips Memorial Gallery and the Yale Gallery of Fine Arts.

Mr. Morris also writes articles, has been editor of the *Yale Literary Magazine*, the *Miscellany*, the *Museum of Modern Art Bulletin* and *Partisan Review*.

As the executives' culture course draws to a close, Eskey salutes you, his pop eyes misty with tears of farewell. You've been a mighty stimulating class, as solid a bunch of Babbitts as he'd care to know. Your check is your receipt, boys, your new understanding is your diploma. See you in the art galleries. #



DRESS PARADE

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

At war's end the phrases "Let's dress" and "It's black tie" were restored to their non-satirical usage. Dining once more is leisurely, patterned with music, and waiters now sometimes smile. Contrary to popular opinion formal wear permits as wide

a choice as any other. The pair standing on the staircase of the Cotillion Room in New York's Hotel Pierre are submitted as evidence. The man at left wears a single-breasted dinner jacket with peaked lapels faced in grosgrain. His friend

prefers a double-breasted dinner jacket, with lapels rolled to the bottom button. Both wear plain dress shirts with fold collar, and midnight-blue worsted trousers with a braid stripe down the side. At lower right, a shawl-collar dinner jacket.



Nearly every night this dolled-up babe came alone to the Chez and even a wise guy like Joe couldn't snag the current

Cinderella Annie

by WOLFE KAUFMAN

SHE was very pretty. That was the first thing we noticed about her, how pretty she was. In fact, if you wanted to, you could call her beautiful.

I remember the first time I noticed her. It was at the Chez Francis, and she came in, all alone, dolled up like a million dollars, and sat at the bar and ordered a drink. I looked at her, like I look at everyone who comes and goes, and turning to Joe, I said, "Class."

Joe nodded and said, "Yeah. Class."

We kept seeing her regularly. Almost every night she would come waltzing into the Chez. Always alone. Always dolled up. Always at the bar. Always very pretty. Nobody knew who she was.

Naturally, after a while, we began to get curious. I am a Broadway guy and I know all the Broadway characters and I don't like it when a new character shows up without a tag. Not that it worries me but—well, if a guy is in on the know he should know.

Pretty soon it got to be a game, trying to figure it out. And the more I wondered about her, the more I realized I was up against something special. Not only was she very pretty, but she always showed up alone and left alone and she never talked to anyone, except maybe the barkeeper, when she ordered her drink.

I must admit it. Joe was the first guy who caught on to the fur coat routine.

"Did you notice her coat?" Joe asked.

I couldn't tell Joe that I didn't know what he was talking about, so I said, "Yeah, sure. Naturally, I noticed her coat."

"Lynx," Joe said.

"Yeah, lynx," I said.

But I didn't know what he was talking about. And the next night she wore mink. And the night after that she wore silver fox. And still I didn't catch on. Until finally, a week later, it dawned on me. Not only was she pretty. Not only was she class. She was also in the chips. Because she wore a different fur coat every night.

"Fur coat Annie," I said.

"No, Cinderella," Joe said.

Now, this Joe. I've got to tell you about him. He has a bad habit of throwing out hints because he likes people to ask him what he means and then he can explain and that makes him feel like a big shot, a wise guy. So naturally I never ask him what he means. Why give him the satisfaction? I had no idea what he was talking about, this particular time, but I nodded my head and I said, "Yeah, sure. Cinderella Annie."

For the next week I watched her carefully and finally it came to me. What Joe meant. She would show up around eleven o'clock, or eleven-thirty. Always pretty. Always in a fur coat. Always alone. But at midnight she would scam.

So from there on she really had me winging. I had to find out. And I couldn't find out by talking to her because on Broadway a wise guy like me can't afford to take chances talking to strange dames. And Joe's attitude only made it worse.

"I simply can't figure her," I said. "I just don't get it."

"Why not?" Joe said. "She's a shill."

"She's no shill," I said. "She's class."

"That's right," Joe said. "But she's still a shill for a fur company."

"You mean she waltzes around in a different fur coat every night just so the dames will ask her where she buys the rags and then she can steer 'em to some fur house?" I asked.

"That's right," Joe said.

"Then why doesn't she talk to anyone?" I asked.

"I haven't figured that out yet," Joe said.

"And why does she always scam at midnight?"

"That's another thing I haven't figured out yet," Joe said.

"Nuts," I said.

I made up my mind then to get the facts. Because if there is one thing I hate it's stubborn guys like Joe who think they know it all.

And I found out, too. I got the dope. But I never did tell Joe.

It happened like this. One night, instead of going into the Chez, as per usual, I waited outside till midnight, in a doorway and feeling like a dope hiding. She came out, on schedule, dolled up in a fancy fur coat, and started up the street, and I followed her.

She walked about two blocks and I kept thinking I was making a sap out of myself by playing Hawkshaw like this, but I stuck to it: finally she got to the Empire Club and, to my surprise, she went in.

Now, there is really no reason why a dame who goes to the Chez can't also go to the Empire, except that the Empire is in an entirely different category from the Chez. It gets an entirely different trade. The two don't mix. But I didn't have time to figure it out. I followed her in. I looked around the lobby and I didn't see her and I almost started to leave because twelve o'clock is a silly time of the night to go to the Empire because that is when the show breaks and when most of the saps begin to leave. But I was already there, and I did want to find out what the score was, so I took off my hat and coat and went over to check them.

And that's when I found out. She was standing right there in front of me.

I looked into her eyes and I could see that she recognized me and I nodded my head and said, "So that's it."

She said, "That's it."

I said, "How come?"

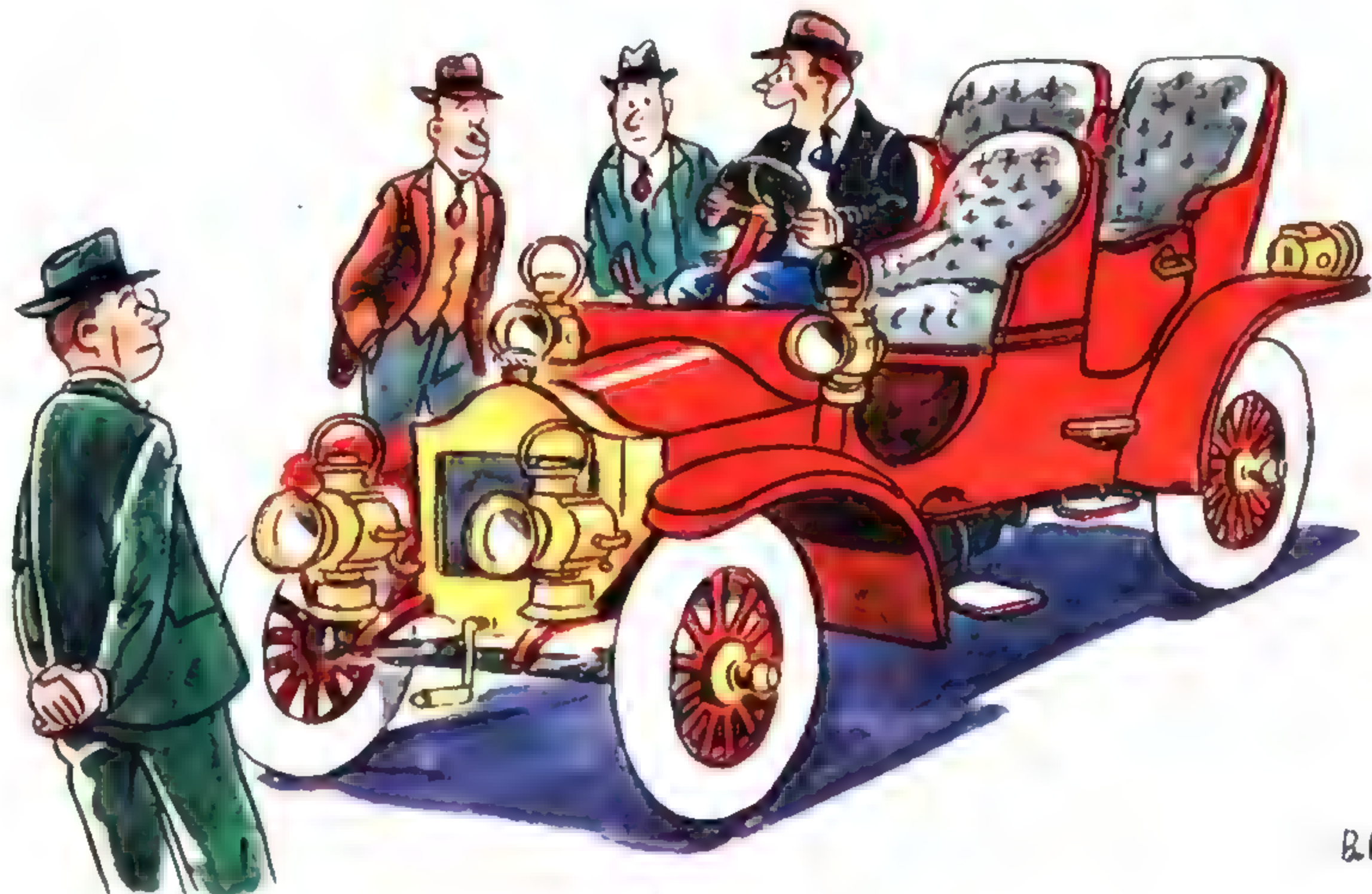
She frowned a little and said, "Maybe I'm a sap. I wanted to find out what it feels like."

"Yeah," I said. "I guess so."

"You won't tell, will you?" she asked.

"Certainly not," I told her. And put on my hat and coat and left.

And I didn't. I didn't tell a soul. Not even Joe. Because how could I tell him that our mystery girl, our Cinderella Annie, was a hat check girl at a joint down the street? ##



"The beautiful part of it is that even the gasoline we're getting today doesn't make any difference to her!"

Reversing the conventional legend of the warden as bad man and the poacher as an endearing and kindhearted wag

Poaching Really Isn't Funny

by CLINT DUNATHAN

EVER since a guy named Robin Hood handed out the venison steaks after thumbing his nose at the King's gamekeeper in Sherwood Forest, the illicit deer slayer and the game warden have been battling it out to a draw.

And as in days of old, today's poacher is looked upon in the Michigan Northwoods country as a lovable rogue with a heart of gold and a family of sixteen kids.

Actually he's a murderer and a sneak thief.

The poacher operated his high-powered car on black market gasoline. Eventually the venison reached the blackest of black markets—the dining room of a private club in the city, or some organization's annual dinner served by caterers who pride themselves on dishing up the unusual meat course.

Time was when the North Country game warden led a more leisurely life. Conservation Officer Jack Vizena, seventy-five, first fire and game warden in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, likes to hark back to those days.

Jack used to travel by train between the Northwoods lumber towns, the news of his coming heralded far and wide. The railroad telegraph operators were partial to venison steaks, too. Jack timed his arrivals for Saturdays, hired a rig at the livery stable and took a



RENE

drive into the backwoods looking for "shiners." If he didn't catch the violators at night he'd wait for them Sunday afternoon, when they came driving home—the carcasses of several deer covered with straw in the bottom of the wagon bed.

In those days every lumber camp had its paid "camp hunter," a first cousin to Daniel Boone. The camp hunter supplied fresh meat for the lumberjacks' dinner table. In the big camps with a big crew, a kill of eight or ten deer a week was usual.

Public opinion and the courts were on the side of the violator then as now in many isolated Northwoods communities. Jack tells this story on himself. Catching up with a camp hunter and his strapping son one day, he arrested them with their deer and took them to town.

The snooze-chewing justice of the peace held court in the back room of the company store. The respondents pleaded not guilty. The "judge" called in a couple of 'jacks for the jury and the trial began. Jack told his story, pointed to the deer on the floor, and described how, when he made the arrest, the youth had resisted and cursed him.

"What'd he call you?" asked the court curiously.

"A son of a—"

But the father of the youth jumped up, arms waving.

"Jedge, now looky here. He can't pin nothing like that on my boy—he ain't never heard them wardens called nothing else but that!"

The judge nodded understandingly and the trial went on. The jury walked into a shed and back out again.

"Well, what's the dope, boys?" asked the court.

"They didn't do it."

Turning to Jack the judge said ominously: "You heard—now get out." Then to the deer slayer and his son, he continued:

"Take that deer of yours out of here and next time don't hunt so damn close to town."

The law is more formal now but the result is often the same. It enrages the warden to hear attorneys haggling over a legal point when the venison and poacher have been delivered, with testimony to back the prosecution.

The wardens must catch the violator with a rifle and with the deer. Even then, many a Northwoods attorney has won a reputation by successful defense of poachers.

First step is to have the violator plead not guilty. Second, delay the trial until conservationists in the community forget about it. Third, go to town with all the old tricks in the bag—including an appeal for "the protection of our constitutional rights." This last is usually sure-fire if the wardens had to stop the poacher's car to find the venison.

Is it, or is it not within the law for a conservation officer to halt a car for purposes of search and seizure?

Some of the lower courts say yes, and some say no. Meanwhile lawyers are having a field day with the question, and wardens go right on halting cars whenever they have cause to believe there is illegal venison hidden inside.

A poacher can seldom keep the guilt from his face when the warden gives his car "the gimlet eye." This is a searching glance into the utterly blank outside of a car, accompanied by a lift of the eyebrow . . . or any other expression which will convince the poacher that the warden has "reasonable



RAVITZ

Cooks' Tour: Francis Moreau

Mons. Francis Moreau, chef of the Hotel Roosevelt (Madison Avenue at 45th Street) claims his rotundity comes not from over-gourmandising, but from the constant tasting of sauces and the inhaling of lovely fumes. Notable among thirty chefs in Paris' distinguished Le Grand Vatel Restaurant for never losing his temper, he was called "the cold-blooded Anglais," though he hails from Burgundy where only the wine surpasses the food. His masterpiece is Coq au Vin: Dissect two broilers into quarters and season with salt and pepper. Melt a quarter pound of butter in a casserole; cook the chicken in the casserole over a lively flame. When it is well browned add chopped onions and sliced mushrooms. Cook for five minutes then add a tablespoonful of flour, a glass of red Burgundy wine and cook ten minutes more. Correct seasoning. Cut some bacon into rectangles and sauté in a pan, but do not crisp. Add the bacon to the chicken before serving. If the sauce is too thick, dilute it with consommé. (Canned will do.)

cause to believe" that there is venison hidden inside the car. "How in hell he knew I had venison in there, I don't know," the poacher will say wonderingly after it's over.

During the depression the CCC boys opened up thousands of miles of new trails into some of the best backwoods hunting country. Over these trails the poacher drives by night, spotlight flashing to "pick up the eyes" of a deer which, in common with most animals, has eyes that reflect the light with a ghostly glow. These shining eyes are the poacher's target.

Advent of the automobile into the poaching picture made it necessary for the warden to work faster than the poacher. It was touch and go for a good many years. The violator in later years had a high-powered car speedier than the officer's, but when two-way radio communication was added to the warden's patrol car equipment he was able to outmaneuver the lawbreaker.

Game law enforcement officers say a good ninety per cent of deer poaching is done from cars. The other ten per cent is represented by the backwoods native, who slips out behind the barn for a shot at the buck that has been consorting with his cattle. It's the guy from town who uses the car. The wardens classify him as follows:

The family man who brings along his wife and kids, sets them picking flowers or berries along the road while he hightails it into the woods for some shooting. The family, of course, stands ready to sound the alarm if the wardens show up.

The "lone wolf" is a fast worker. He speeds to the hunting, knocks over a deer and is back in his garage again in a matter of minutes—with gun and venison still smoking.

Then there is the "organization man" who often uses a truck in his business of stealing meat. One man will drive the truck, another man or two do the hunting. The hunters drop off the truck in the hunting area, kill some deer, and hide them near the road. Several hours later the truck comes back. If the coast is clear, in go the deer and hunters and away goes the truck. The meat may be ground as feed at a fur farm—or end up at a club dinner in any Midwestern city.

Most out-state orders are filled by the poacher in late fall and early winter. The meat keeps better in cold weather—and many truckloads of Christmas trees are driven to cities for the holidays.

To discourage this traffic, wardens are posted at interstate highway points with probing irons. The probing iron is a long rod with a bluntly barbed end. It is thrust deep into the truckload of packed trees or evergreens, brought out and the barbs examined. Evidence of deer hair or meat on the barbs is the signal to unload the truck. Most of these trucks move at night. It's a cold, dreary business to search for a haunch of venison in a sixteen-foot-high stack of evergreens—and it's hit or miss at the best. The officers persevere though, knowing that the truck that probed "clean" last night may be carrying hidden venison tonight.

During the deer season there's another traffic that's hard to stop: the sale of deer to so-called sportsmen who are unable to get a buck, and unwilling to go home without one. So they buy their deer from one of the Northwoods boys who has his license, sure, but never attaches the metal seal to any of the bucks he kills. The buckless out-state hunter is willing to pay twenty-five to one hundred dollars for something to attach his own seal to.

Conditions in which the poacher operates are an invitation to murder! The lonely forest road, the darkness of the night, the loaded gun and fear of being caught.

A few years ago Conservation Officer Andrew Schmeltz of Ishpeming didn't report back to headquarters. After days and nights of searching the area Officer Schmeltz had watched for poaching activity, they found a shallow hole blasted in the ground—and from near-by trees and bushes hung shreds of mangled human flesh. Investigation continued. A Finnish farmer who lived a few miles away was arrested on suspicion. He confessed to having shot Schmeltz in the back with a .22 rifle and blowing the body up with dynamite. Purchase of the dynamite had been the tip the officers needed to find the murderer.

A few years before and only a few miles away, Wardens Skoglund and Erickson of Marquette disappeared on night patrol as completely as if the ground had opened and swallowed them. Their car was found miles away, abandoned. Then a civilian friend of the wardens told how he had accompanied them, how the officers had arrested a poacher who, first telling the civilian to "keep walking," had shot first one officer and then the other. The bodies of the officers had been loaded into their own car, driven to the Lake Superior shore, weighted with old iron and haywire and dumped off a dock—only a block from the city's main street. The murderer was a parolee from the state branch prison at Marquette, whose good behavior had brought him release after serving part of a sentence—for murder.

The poacher is always potentially dangerous. Game wardens no longer go on patrol alone at night. In fact the whole system of game patrols in Michigan has been modernized with the advent of two-way radio communication between officers in patrol cars, and between cars and headquarters.

Certain areas or sectors are made "the target for tonight." From



ENGSTAD

Far from Madding Hollywood

Director-producer Howard Hawks (who numbers among his bids for immortality the discovery of Baby Bacall) nurtures his soul in communion with a couple of man's most tractable friends. A jodhpur advocate, Mr. Hawks chooses them in natural tan, along with brown boots of jodhpur style. He wears a houndstooth check riding coat with patch pockets, and his pork pie hat is brown felt. The setter at his feet wears the usual spots. The bay yearling, name of Slim's Boy, will be in training in February. Mr. Hawks' major hobby, which is a lot of fun if you have a hundred acres to spare, is breeding thoroughbred dogs and Tennessee walking horses on his Bel Air estate. And he keeps up his marksmanship on his shooting range. He is equally adroit with drama and comedy pictures, including such classics as Dawn Patrol, Sergeant York, Scarface and 20th Century.

two to a dozen cars will converge on the area from all points of highway ingress, keeping one another informed of their progress by radio. If no poachers are encountered they finally meet, talk it over briefly and return to headquarters—or swing to another area if there is time.

Patrols are charted beforehand on a large map of the district showing all roads and trails passable to cars.

When poaching activity is expected on a certain night in a certain area, the now famous patrol "pincers movement" is applied. Escape from the net is practically impossible. The poacher must either abandon his car and run to the woods or get caught. Seldom does he abandon his car, however, for that is almost a certain means of identification.

This does not mean that poaching has stopped. Far from it. For it would take an army of officers to cover every area every night. Rather, it makes poaching so hazardous that it discourages illicit hunting.

Gone are the days when the game warden could flout the law in searching for illegal venison. Old-timers tell stories of how a justice of the peace would sign and hand the officers a batch of search warrants, which the officer could fill in as the need arose. Now a search warrant is issued only after careful investigation... and seldom are such searches fruitless.

In the old days it was the practice to search Indian settlements with a blank warrant waved by the officer who stood on a stump and yelled: "I got a warrant here to search every damn shack in the place!"

At the announcement squaws would streak out of backdoors with haunches of venison and kettles of stew, running for the woods "to get rid of the evidence." It was a simple matter then to make the arrests without entering a single house.

Are the Indians better poachers than the white men?

They are not, conservation officers affirm. The Indian is compara-

tively scarce in this region now, and as a poacher he's no better nor worse than his neighbors. However he does hunt to help feed his family.

Officers are wont to contrast this poaching with that of the "big-time" violator, who uses a high-powered car and often kills to sell, or just to give away and make a good fellow of himself. It is this type of poacher, too, who puts up the legal battle if caught. And he usually fights, because he has money for his defense—and hates to lose his standing in the community by pleading guilty, whether he's guilty or not.

Your poacher uses other things besides rifles to get his deer. One contrivance was a heavy box affair of wood, with horseshoe nails driven inward through the sides and placed near a salt lick. When the deer came to the lick it would step into one of these traps, bending the nails downward with its foot. When it attempted to pull out of the trap, the downward bent nails ripped into its leg, holding it fast.

Another old-time favorite, which the conservation officers say is by no means eradicated even now, was the set gun. It was a rifle wired to a tree, pointing toward the deer runway or trail. The gun was cocked and a strong, light wire was run from the trigger across the trail. When a deer (or a man) touched the trip wire the gun ex-

ploded in the direction of the target. One of the most memorable cases of a set gun found in Michigan was on a trail in Menominee County, where an old shacker threatened to shoot the officers for tearing it out. Under arrest he said: "There ain't no law says I can't set one on my own place."

Bear traps, wire snares and deadfalls also have been found on deer trails, but their number is decreasing, principally because the old-timers are passing and the slick poacher with the high-speed car and the high-power spotlight is replacing him. Besides the Northwoods is more traveled than before. Bear traps catch shoe-pacs instead of deer hooves, while snares and deadfalls may bag a tourist instead of a whitetail.

Where does the poacher hide his venison once he gets it out of the woods?

Jack Vizona, the veteran conservation officer, names some of the places where you might find it. He's found it in garages and in sheds, in lard tins in pantries, in haymows, and suspended in wells by a rope.

In these more modern days the venison ends up in the commercial quick-freeze locker, or in the private cold-storage plant. Times change, but the game of hide and seek between warden and poacher goes on forever. #

The trader had stayed in his tropical haven for fifteen years, untouched by such worries as money, women and war

An Island Sanctuary

by **HOLLOWAY HORN**

THE natives of Reay Island were very primitive, and the only white man in the island apparently shared their simple tastes. They called him Seed, so presumably his name was Sydney. His bungalow was reasonably commodious, but otherwise he lived more or less as the natives did. He had come ashore from a Dutch tramp fifteen years before and stayed on with the American who ran the store at the time. Two years later, the American died, and Seed had, in the absence of anyone with a better claim, "inherited" the store and its contents—which didn't amount to much.

Up to the outbreak of the war in the Pacific, a steamer had called

twice a year at Reay, landed trade goods and whisky and taken away the copra he had collected. For nearly a year, however, the island had been completely isolated from the outside world and sometimes, as he listened to the news on the Australian Radio, Seed, a philosopher in his way, felt that it was just as well—although his supply of whisky was exhausted. As far as he could gather, the nearest Japs were seven hundred miles away, which, even in the Pacific is quite a distance. Then the last battery gave out and the island was cut off from all news.

His servant was a Chinese called Luen Chi who looked about sixty, and was an excellent cook.

Apart from cutting off the half-yearly steamer, the war hardly touched Reay Island. Very occasionally they saw a plane a great way off, and once a crowd of them passed high overhead. Sometimes, in the night, they heard one, like an uneasy ghost from another world.

They had, indeed, heard the plane that evening when Paul Holwell staggered onto the verandah in front of the store. The brief tropical twilight was rapidly deepening into night and Luen Chi had just lit the kerosene lamp.

He was an American airman and collapsed in utter exhaustion into a basket chair.

For a moment neither Seed or Luen Chi moved; they just stared at the inert man.

"Rum!" said Seed, coming to himself.

He forced the neat spirit between Holwell's lips.

"I needed that," gasped the American.

"Take things easy," said Seed, "I'm English."

"Good," the American said as he sat up. "I never hope to have a nearer shave than that."

"What happened?" Seed asked.

"The engine of my plane conked and I baled out . . . a mile or so away. And I'm not the world's best swimmer."

"Lucky we were here," grinned Seed. "Have some rum?"

"Thanks. You haven't any whisky?"

"Not a spot. Sorry! And it's (Continued on page 193)



GREENHALGH



"You really do like canoeing, don't you, sailor?"

How's Your Fashion Quotient?

You can develop your innate talent for sleuthing by observing certain details of the stranger's wearing apparel. Begin with this quiz on the telltale tie.

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

The Answers
 1. Dallas, Texas (yellow ground figured foulard tie).
 2. Boston (miniature-patterned Macleishfield tie).
 3. Los Angeles (large pattern tie in blue, yellow, red and white).
 4. New York (striped rep tie with Windsor knot).
 5. Chicago (blue ground splash pattern foulard tie).



LET us suppose that the quintuplet travelers in the picture above have just stepped off a streamlined train at Pennsylvania Station in New York City. And let us suppose, for the purpose of this quiz, that they really are dressed exactly alike in tan covert cloth topcoats and brown felt hats. Okay?

Assuming all this, Esquire says that these men live in five different sections of the United States. One man is coming home to New York, another is from Boston, one is from Los Angeles, one from Chicago and one from Dallas, Texas. Esquire further says that if you have reason to pride yourself on your powers of observation, you can tell by studying this picture which man comes from which city.

Here's a fat hint. Let your glance rest a moment on their ties.

While sectional differences in men's fashions are not as sharply defined as they were several years ago, it is still true that certain notions of dress are characteristic of different locales. This variance shows up in the choice of ties as much as anything. Esquire doesn't say that *all* men in the Midwest wear the type of tie shown on the man from Chicago in the picture above, but we do say that *enough* men in the Midwest like and wear this type to make it characteristic of the so-called hinterlands. The same goes for the other four sections of the United States, the West Coast, the South, the New England area and New York.

So look them over and give each guy a home town by his tie. 5 out of 5 is good; 3 is fair; 2, poor. Answers are at top of the page. #



FAN FARE

Drawing by Robert Goodman

Outside the stadium an old grad is regarding his Alma Mater's new star. As the game progresses and goal post shadows lengthen he'll be grateful for his cold-weather gear. The heavy ulster overcoat, made to fasten all three buttons, has a generous

collar that can be pulled up around his ears. In heavy brown diagonal weave woolen, it features a red overlaid. His knitted wool muffler, flannel slacks and ankle-high chukkas, worn with heavy ribbed wool socks, are all ideal for bench warm-

ing. The fan at the right should also fare well in the bleachers and his outfit blends with the sport scene. He wears a fly-front herringbone tweed overcoat over a blue-grey Glen plaid suit. A plain blue shirt backs up his guards' stripe tie.

**A screen-writer turned critic salutes
The Lost Weekend, as a picture which,
 for the most part, improves on the book**

Movie of the Month

by JACK MOFFITT



WHEN I agreed to write movie reviews for *Esquire*, I didn't expect to begin with delirium tremens.

However, the first picture viewed on this assignment was Paramount's *The Lost Weekend*, in which the movies photographed the soul of a drunk with the skill and loving exactitude usually reserved for Betty Grable's legs. Based upon the novel by Charles Jackson, it is not for those drama lovers who pop paper bags while the hero is kissing the heroine. This film is definitely adult. Intellectually starved movie-goers should start snapping at it like hungry mules on straw hat day.

The Lost Weekend is the picture of the month; and it may be the picture of the year.

It was produced by Charles Brackett and directed by Billy Wilder. They collaborated on the script. This explains the pictures' basic excellence. It has complete unity. Brackett and Wilder have worked together so long they function, artistically, as one man. Most scripts are written in May and reach the director in April, two years later. The length of a scenario is limited to 135 pages (including dialogue, stage directions and camera angles). This leaves the writer little space for exposition, subtleties or nuances. The director, when he arrives on the job, has to guess at these values. An uninformed layman might ask why he doesn't consult the writer. Such an action would be revolutionary and impossible. By this time the scribe may be working at Republic, where it would require a toll charge of ten cents to telephone him. Even if he still works on the same lot, an opportunity to explain himself might cause him to become conceited and unmanageable, therefore, as soon as he gets back from the races, the director asks the producer to explain the script. But the producer was also at the races at the time the script was written, so his interpretation is a little hazy.

This difficulty is solved by hiring a new writer whose talents are as different from his predecessors as God was able to make them. Then the director and the producer *both* go to the races. Between parlays they keep hoping that their script is all things to all audiences. To insure this, they keep hiring writers.

Had such methods been used in creating English literature, Sir James Barrie would have been called in to rewrite Bernard Shaw's *St. Joan*. He would have been told to give it the "Peter Pan" touch for child audiences. Then Joseph Conrad would have been hired to supply a hard-boiled nautical character, who would be played by William Bendix, because he has great drawing power in Pittsburgh. Then Bendix would call in Damon Runyon to make his character more lovable. After this there would be a polish job by Gertrude Stein. Thus, what started out as a feast of reason, soon would resemble a garbage wagon filled with the refuse of many banquets. It would stink of a thousand stale excellencies.

Such slipshod mania for perfection results in many horrible pictures. Because they avoid all this, Brackett and Wilder start out with an unfair advantage over their competitors. From beginning to end, they both stick to the same story. Wilder proved the advantage of this unity when he both dramatized and directed *Double Indemnity*, one of the few films he has undertaken without his equally able collaborator. It was a hit both artistically and commercially. Here Wilder improved the character of the book's heroine. He changed her from a dame full of Halloween hokus-pokus, who liked to dress up as the Angel of Death, into a believable type of homicidal honey—a cute kid who regretfully killed people for profit. She made blind dates for the Grim Reaper—not because of necromantic affection, but because he helped col-

lect insurance. Every reporter has met many such babes in police stations. They keep crossing their legs until some fresh guy in a uniform cramps their style by strapping their gams to the occasional chair that is always wired and waiting at Sing Sing.

In *The Lost Weekend*, Wilder, with Brackett, has again improved his material. Mr. Jackson's novel was guilty of an artistic flaw, when it introduced a note of homosexuality into what promised to be a definitive study of alcoholism. The souse and the pansy are two different people. Their case history presents different problems. No author should change horses in the middle of a stream of consciousness. It is as though Harriett Beecher Stowe suddenly revealed Uncle Tom as the long lost son of Emperor Jean Christophe, and switched her abolitionist tract into a good neighbor plea for Haiti. In their saga of a souse, Brackett and Wilder abandon the note of lavender. Their drunken hero does not start bending his elbow to keep from putting his hand on his hip. He doesn't hiccup to keep from "yoo-hooing." He guzzles for a much more usual reason, because he wishes to feel as big as his ego. He is giving an internal alcohol rub to his battered self-esteem.

Thus it becomes the story of what happened to "the boy most likely to succeed"—when he didn't. The protagonist, Don Birnam, was the prize contributor to his college paper. A story he sold to the *Atlantic Monthly* was reprinted by the *Reader's Digest*. Small wonder, Don hit the high road to success with his motor wide open and his horn squawking for Sinclair Lewis and Somerset Maugham to get out of the way. But a big man on the campus can be a small potato in the fields of literature. His stuff didn't sell. Of course, he could have made a living as a salesman or a bookkeeper. But there was a sweet, added pleasure in grieving for the genius that had been slain by a calloused world. To this wake John Barleycorn came as a sympathetic fellow-mourner. And once more Don felt important. The film demonstrates that a failure's high opinion of himself is the most dangerous imp that ever can be sealed up in a bottle. Beside it, any genii decanted in *The Arabian Nights* is as harmless as 3.2 beer.

I am especially appreciative of this clarified (*Continued on page 198*)



"Somebody forgot to turn Mrs. Van Wyck off!"

Citing examples of the sincerest form of flattery inspired by Richard Jones and plugging Woody Herman's head music

The Rhythm Section

by LEONARD FEATHER & PAUL EDUARD MILLER

Do you go for bandleaders who turn somersaults? It was just that much of a musical revolution when Woody Herman started his band's metamorphosis from decadent Dixieland into magnificent modern jazz.

Duke Ellington turned the music world upside down in 1927 when his band first played the Cotton Club. Benny Goodman hit in 1936 and made the whole world swing-conscious. Today Woodrow Wilson Herman, once vaudeville's "Boy Wonder of the Clarinet," is writing a similarly important chapter in jazz history.

Herman, you may say, what's so new about Herman? He's been around with a band for eight, nine years. True, but it wasn't this kind of a band. Well, so what's different about the way it sounds now?

To answer that question you have to translate music into words, which isn't easy. Musicians all over the country are raving about the Herman phenomenon, calling it a band of "musicians' musicians," but when I dropped in at the Pennsylvania Hotel in Manhattan to talk about it with Woody and his men, they couldn't find any way of making the average "square" understand what's so great about the present band.

Said bassist Chubby Jackson, "I'd give the credit to two things—freedom from the front, and Davie Tough. Period!" Said drummer Dave Tough, "Everybody loves to work. Woody's an easy-going personality; he makes the guys feel like playing. With Benny Goodman you just played the arrangement and that was that. Here, if we feel good, we may play fifteen or twenty minutes on one tune. There's more spontaneity."

This freedom from the front, i.e., Woody, the man in front, plays a large part in shaping the band's style. From it, during relaxed moments on one-night stands, have developed some of the band's amazing "head arrangements."

A head arrangement is one that's conceived and orchestrated entirely by ear. Generally the rhythm section starts playing some familiar sequence of chords, the brass and saxes put their heads together and dream up little contrapuntal phrases, the soloists improvise, and by the time this pot-pourri has been played a few nights, a new number has been born. Some of the band's biggest

hits were conceived in this manner—*Apple Honey*, *Northwest Passage*, *Red Top*, *Father's Mustache* and even *Caldonia*, most of which was concocted the night before the record was made.

With these head arrangements, plus those that are written and scored in the orthodox way (mostly by the band's former pianist, the brilliant twenty-two-year-old Ralph Burns), Herman's repertoire represents 1945 jazz at its most vivid. The popular ballads are played with a rhythmic beat, the instrumental numbers are unified and cohesive in their rhythmic feeling.

Woody's old band never sounded this way. When, after his training as a saxophonist with Gus Arnheim, Harry Sosnik and Isham Jones, he formed his own group and played his first date at Brooklyn Roseland on Election Day, 1936, using a nucleus of the Jones band, the style was harmonically and rhythmically simple, the general effect that of a white group trying to sound colored. (Today the band achieves this objective without having to try!) There was some good music in the old "Band that Plays the Blues," as it was tagged, but not as much as there is in *Red Top*, *Goosey Gander* and *It Must Be Jelly*, which illustrate the band's present-day use of the twelve-bar blues base.

Woody finds it hard to analyze how the change in style took place. "Maybe it started when Dave Matthews began to turn in those Ellington-style arrangements three years ago. The Ellington and Lunceford influences have caused the most important changes in jazz. You don't have to copy them; just use their approach, to get different tone colors and sounds. I've talked to the bandleaders and arrangers that have come in to hear us, and nine out of ten of them explain it by saying we get a new sound. Well, that's what we want. So many bands are stagnant, and we're trying to progress."

The men returned to the stand, and in the next set played a terrific head arrangement of *Flying Home* which almost removed the roof. It was the loudest music imaginable, but it was noise with a meaning. "Yes," said Woody, "we used to worry about volume, but the first time we played the Penn, James McCabe, the manager, told us, 'If you feel like playing loud, play loud.' And we've never had a complaint from a customer!"

On the contrary, I observed, the more Pete Candoli reached for his altissimo C's on the trumpet, the better the audience liked it, just as they liked the honey-toned tenor sax of "Flip" Phillips; the great trombone of tall, blond Bill Harris; the rock-solid drumming of that vital, hand-grenade concentration of power, 110-pound Dave Tough; and the clear, light four-to-the-bar of 210-pound bassist Chubby (The Beard) Jackson. These four typify both the friendly spirit among the Herman musicians and the variety of influences on their solo and ensemble styles, from Duke Ellington and Dizzy Gillespie to Stravinsky and Ravel.

Later on Frances Wayne, elegant but emotional, bestowed her dreamy, mysterious smile on the mike as she filled it with a sound so pleasant that Duke Ellington has been trying to requisition it for his next record date. Herman's own talent divided itself between his intense clarinet, his smooth alto or his superior brand of popular-style singing.

"We're going on the road soon," he told me as the final set ended, "but we'll be back in New York opening November 22 at the 400, with plenty of radio time and more record dates for Columbia."

"You know," Woody concluded with a straight face, "there's another way you can illustrate the change in the band. Right up until last year I never could stand to listen to any of our records more than once. Now I can listen to them three times."

—LEONARD FEATHER.



"Will she make a good wife?"

Richard M. Jones— Forgotten Man of Jazz

THE musical achievements, personality and influence of Richard M. Jones thus far have received singularly little attention from jazzfans, record collectors or critics. An historical perspective of jazz indicates that his prominence and accomplishments are equal to those of Jelly Roll Morton. In spite of that, Jones' reputation remains as obscure as that of Morton's was some six years ago. Both as a composer of many original blues melodies and as an arranger-pianist he was far ahead of his time—so far, in fact, that the best Negro bands of the twenties could not "cut" his arrangements. He had to wait more than ten years before pieces like *Ball of Fire* and *Mushmouth Blues* were amenable to the abilities of jazz musicians. What few of his originals are extant on wax, recorded in the twenties, offer eloquent evidence of his contemporaneity.

I strongly recommend to the jazzfan who would obtain an appreciation of Jones that he do some research of his own. Let the jazzfan—and the jazz musician also—play recordings of *Jazzin' Babies Blues* (Gennett), *Southern Stomps* (King Oliver, Paramount), *Mushmouth Blues* (Okeh). Let him listen to *Riverside Blues* (King Oliver, Paramount). Let him listen carefully; let him disregard the instrumentation of the bands and concentrate on the actual musical material, all of which dates back to the early twenties. Both as a melodist and as composer-arranger, Richard M. Jones deserves this special attention and consideration. For the jazzfan who does not have these recordings, I suggest that he seek out a friend or acquaintance who does have them. Better still, I recommend that the recording companies who hold these masters re-issue them, and that the New York publishers who hold these and other Jones tunes publish them. Then, and only then, will the jazzfan and musician begin to understand the valuable original work which Jones accomplished twenty years ago.

Besides being a thorough and articulate musician, Jones possesses an astounding memory, as the map of New Orleans' Storyville in the 1945 *Esquire Jazz Book* will attest. In addition, he is imbued with a powerful sense of fairness and justice. When he sees quality, whether it be a performer or a tune or a band, he may be counted on being in the advance guard which recognizes that quality. He knows the music business as few others, from the standpoint of composer, publisher, recording manager, bandleader, pianist, arranger, retail record trade and sideman. His has been the satisfaction of earning his living by doing things that he likes to do. This has been true of his activities from boyhood.

Music was more than a byword in his family: it was part of the family tradition. A pianist named Richard Barrett, known from New Orleans to Shreveport as "Fishin' Braid," roomed and boarded at his mother's home in Donaldsonville, some ninety miles from the Crescent City. Fishin' Braid paid off his room-board bills by teaching youthful Jones. "When he got through with n.e," recalls R.M.J., "I could play all the rags and cannonballs and blues." Richard studied alto horn, cornet and pipe organ too. He used to "steal" blows on his uncle's cornet. By the time Jones was twelve, he was playing the alto horn in the Eureka Brass Band, with which he toured all through Louisiana. At sixteen he launched a three-month sojourn, hobo style, via freight trains. Wherever he stopped, he found that he could earn money by playing the blues on a piano in some saloon or honkytonk. As a neophyte hobo, he reports some disastrous experiences. He was forced to walk many a time, but one ride he remembers vividly. "I caught the Cannon Ball as it pulled out of St. James, Louisiana. I hitched onto the rungs of a car near the end. A minute later a man leaped out of the darkness and, apparently not expecting to find another rod-rider, or not seeing me as he leaped, he made a wild grab for the rungs but grabbed me instead. He was no more surprised than I, but the train was going so fast it would have been fatal for either of us to let go, so we both hung on all the tighter—me on the rungs, he around my middle. All the way he kept pleading: 'Don't turn loose, kid, don't let go.' With both arms I clutched and hugged the rods, and for twenty whole miles, from St. James to Donaldsonville, he held my middle. He was too exhausted to reprimand me."

During his entire boyhood and youth, Jones sneaked in tonks and saloons to hear the piano players beat out the blues. At nineteen he had a try at it himself. These dens of iniquity hired no regular pianist. When one tired of playing he just picked up and left; usually another was on hand to slide onto the piano stool before it even cooled off. That's what young Richard did one day in a Storyville saloon. He earned nine dollars in tips in an hour, and for him, that settled it. From 1908 to 1917 Richard Jones was one of



"I'm a man of very few words!"

the best known and most popular pianists in New Orleans' wide-open Storyville district. One day Jelly Roll Morton wandered into town. Jones introduced him around and soon the two pianists were competitors. Another time, at George Feweloches' cabaret, the composer of *Jazzin' Babies Blues* had a band comprised of himself on piano, Jimmie Noone on clarinet and Freddie Keppard on trumpet. He gave King Oliver his first important job and witnessed his friend's rise to fame in Chicago ten years later. On carnival nights the pianists who worked in the most notorious houses—as did Jones—collected from 150 to 200 dollars in tips.

In Chicago, beginning in 1919, Jones first worked for the Clarence Williams Publishing Company; then conducted his own music store business, fronted his own band, served as recording manager for Okeh records, all the time continuing to write and arrange. It was then that he waxed his Okeh discs with Jones' Jazz Wizards (see above). A little later he switched to Victor and recorded more originals: *Hollywood Shuffle*, *Dark Alley*, *Novelty Blues*, *Tickle Britches*, *Smoked Meat Blues* and *Good Stuff*. He did some tunes for Decca and Bluebird. His *Trouble in Mind* and *Red Wagon* were good sellers, just as his other material had been in the twenties. Today he lives quietly on Chicago's South Side, still composes, does a little arranging, still offers a friendly helping hand to obscure and to up-and-coming musicians. His friends are legion.

He has wielded a tremendous influence for good jazz. Over and above his personal activity as a musician-leader, what he has accomplished in the recording field should make him the patron saint of Negro jazz in Chicago. Richard M. Jones is directly responsible for the first recording dates of Ma Rainey, King Oliver and Louie Armstrong, among others. Rainey waxed her first date in Chicago, on Jones' recommendation. The day she was scheduled to go to the studio, it was snowing. Because Ma Rainey had never before seen snow, she postponed her date. "Look at that stuff comin' down out there," said Ma. "I ain't gonna go out today. I can't stand lookin' at that stuff." Her date was put off a full week.

Jones himself had played piano solos and accompaniments at the Marsh Laboratories, producers of the Paramount label. The Laboratories asked him to bring in a full band; he replied that he had none at the moment, but that he could suggest a mighty fine one—that of King Oliver. He likewise recommended Oliver to Gennett Records, and later Jones himself supervised the Oliver Okeh waxings. Richard Jones had remembered the man who had impressed him, both as a friend and as a musician, in the days when they played together at George Feweloches' cabaret. It was a productive friendship.

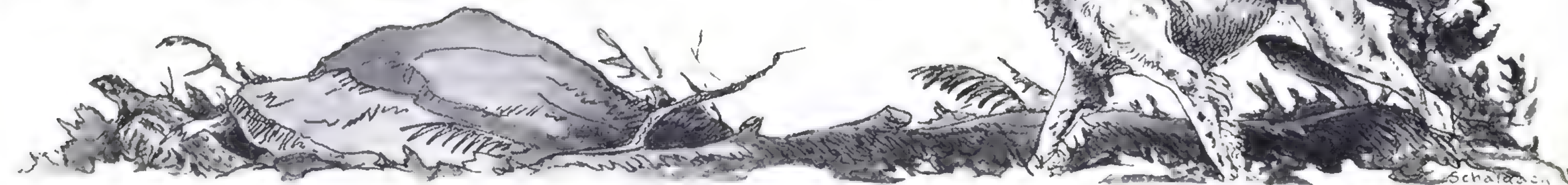
In the summer of 1925, the vice president of the Okeh Talking Machine Company sent a wire to Jones, advising him that Louis Armstrong was on his way from New York to Chicago, to play accompaniments for Chippie Hill, the blues singer. When Louie arrived, he told Jones: "Pops, I don't need no rehearsal if it's the blues; all you got to do is knock it off." Not only were the discs commercially successful then, but even today they are prize possessions of record collectors. Jones quickly recognized Armstrong's greatness. He told Louie—after the trumpeter had offered his services as a sideman in Jones' band—"No, Louie, I can't do that. You're good enough to have your own bunch now." Louie did have his own bunch. It was The Hot Five—nurtured by the powerful personality of Richard M. Jones.

—PAUL EDUARD MILLER.

The Sportsman's Yearbook: November

When the air is crisp and trees and shrubs have shed their foliage, the grouse shooting is prime

by WILLIAM J. SCHALDACH



ONE of the greatest apologists of the weird and wholly fascinating occupation of grouse shooting is Colonel Harold P. Sheldon, author of the American sporting classics, the *Tranquillity* volumes. I need not say that the Colonel is a fabulous man in the realm of gunning, and his affections come pretty close to centering on that feathered wild animal, the "pa'tridge." But it is affection tempered always with criticism, for he came to understand decades ago that no man can be a perfectionist and a grouse hunter at the same time. Being Vermont neighbors—a mountain range and a couple of valleys apart—we frequently "dry-hunt" pa'tridges when we can't actually shoot them. On a fruitless fishing trip last summer when the talk was going strong, I thought of a question which has long interested me, and which, due to its hypothetical nature, is seldom brought up.

"Hal," I said, "of all the grouse you have taken in your long shooting career, what proportion would you say were shot over points—or with the aid of a dog of any kind? To make it still tougher, taking it all over the country and considering all kinds of gunners and grouse cover, what do you think the score is?"

"Not more than ten per cent," he answered, after a couple of drags on his cigarette. "Good pa'tridge dogs are few, and one that is less than good is an abomination. I've owned several, but only one that knew more about the business than I did. It was over him I shot most of the ten per cent. If I could have had the expert services of that grand old setter through more than forty years of grouse shooting, the proportion would have been reversed, with ninety per cent of the total bag taken over a dog and ten per cent without one."

"I don't think there's any question about the value of a good grouse dog. He finds more birds and gives you time to prepare for the shot, thus reducing the ratio of shell per bird. It also helps to ward off 'battle fatigue' caused by having grouse exploding about you without warning. A grouse can still scare the fatal hell out of me, and if this were not so I would give up grouse shooting."

In any section where this grand fan-tailed game bird has had an opportunity to become acquainted with man's deceitful ways—from Nova Scotia to Georgia and across the country to the Canadian Northwest—he may be depended upon to pose the toughest shooting problems the gunner will ever have to face. Hitting ducks and breaking clay birds is something that can be learned if one will work at it long enough. But grouse shooting is an unrehearsed show. No two experiences are ever quite alike, and only a man can profit from his mistakes.

In no form of wing shooting is the gun a more important consideration. It must be light, well-balanced, openly bored and, above all, it must fit properly. A good grouse gun practically leaps to the shoulder of its own accord, seats itself both at heel and comb, and leaves the shooter free to concentrate on the shot. Since nine-tenths of the shots are on rising birds there is a definite advantage in shooting a straight-stocked gun, which throws the shot charge high. Regardless of bore, I wouldn't want to use a gun that weighs over six-

and-a-half pounds; a few ounces over six makes for quicker handling. And 26-inch barrels are ideal, whether the gauge be 12, 16 or 20.

The excitement potential of grouse shooting, as every gunner knows, is simply tremendous. No matter how determined a man may be to remain calm, the first muffled roar of a flushing bird will set his heart to pounding. If he can control his reflexes enough to put the gun where it belongs and time his shot, he will connect frequently. And that, as I see it, is all there is to grouse shooting—in theory.

Whether assisted by a dog or "walking them up," the gunner must constantly be on the alert. It pays to cultivate the habit of walking through the brush with gun at the ready position, so that no matter how unexpectedly a bird may break, one has firm footing and does not have to fumble with the gun. A split second of delay will lose a shot.

Normally, more than half of the chances will be in thick cover, with the bird flicking through branches and leaves, concealed as often as visible. Here the typical grouse shot, a half-snap, is the most valuable asset a gunner can have. Get on the bird without any poking, swing past him and pull. *Don't stop the gun.* Anyone who can always learn to do that will save more shells than I ever could.

Locating birds is as much a part of the pa'tridge gunner's job as the ability to shoot. Any section of a given area may look as good to us as another—but not necessarily to a grouse. Our viewpoints are different. We want reasonably fair shooting conditions; the grouse doesn't give a damn, so long as there is food, water and enough cover to give him a sporting chance of escaping. No bird is more resourceful or courageous, and if it pleases his fancy he is apt to stroll into your dooryard and flush out from under your nose. It has happened to me many times and made me wonder whether I shall ever learn anything about the queer creatures.

Still, there are certain principles by which we may be guided. Wild grapes, thornapples, dried blackberries, wild apples, beechnuts, winter-green and squawberries—are on the grouse's menu. Where these foods grow, and cover is reasonably thick, one may expect to find birds around feeding time. Birch and alder pockets, with a sprinkling of sumac, cedar and witch hazel, make wonderful cover. But avoid endless tracts of hardwoods, where everything looks the same. There is no feed, seldom any water, and practically never any grouse. Wise gunners pass up such un-birdy territory.

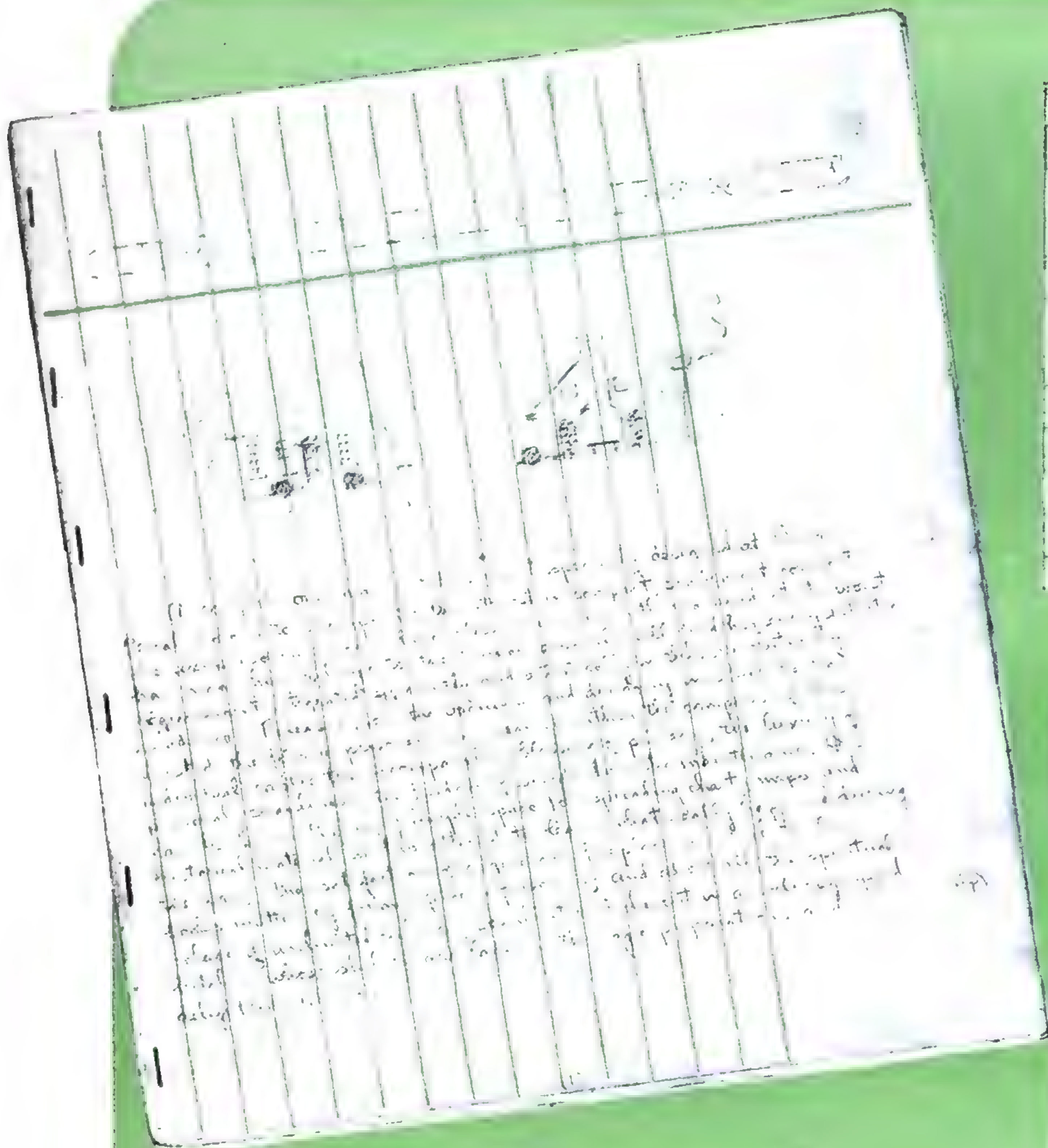
In the North, grouse shooting starts in October and extends well into November, or throughout that month in some states. While early-season gunning has its virtues, among them the brightly-hued foliage, there are handicaps. That same foliage would be thrilling if viewed abstractly, but it makes you mad as hell when it conceals a fast-disappearing pa'tridge. My favorite time is in the first ten days of November, when mass has changed to line—the pure-etched line of stark twigs and branches against an autumn sky. The air is crisp and you feel fit. Birds are wise and when you roll one after making a tricky shot you glow all over.

Boy, that's a feelin'! #





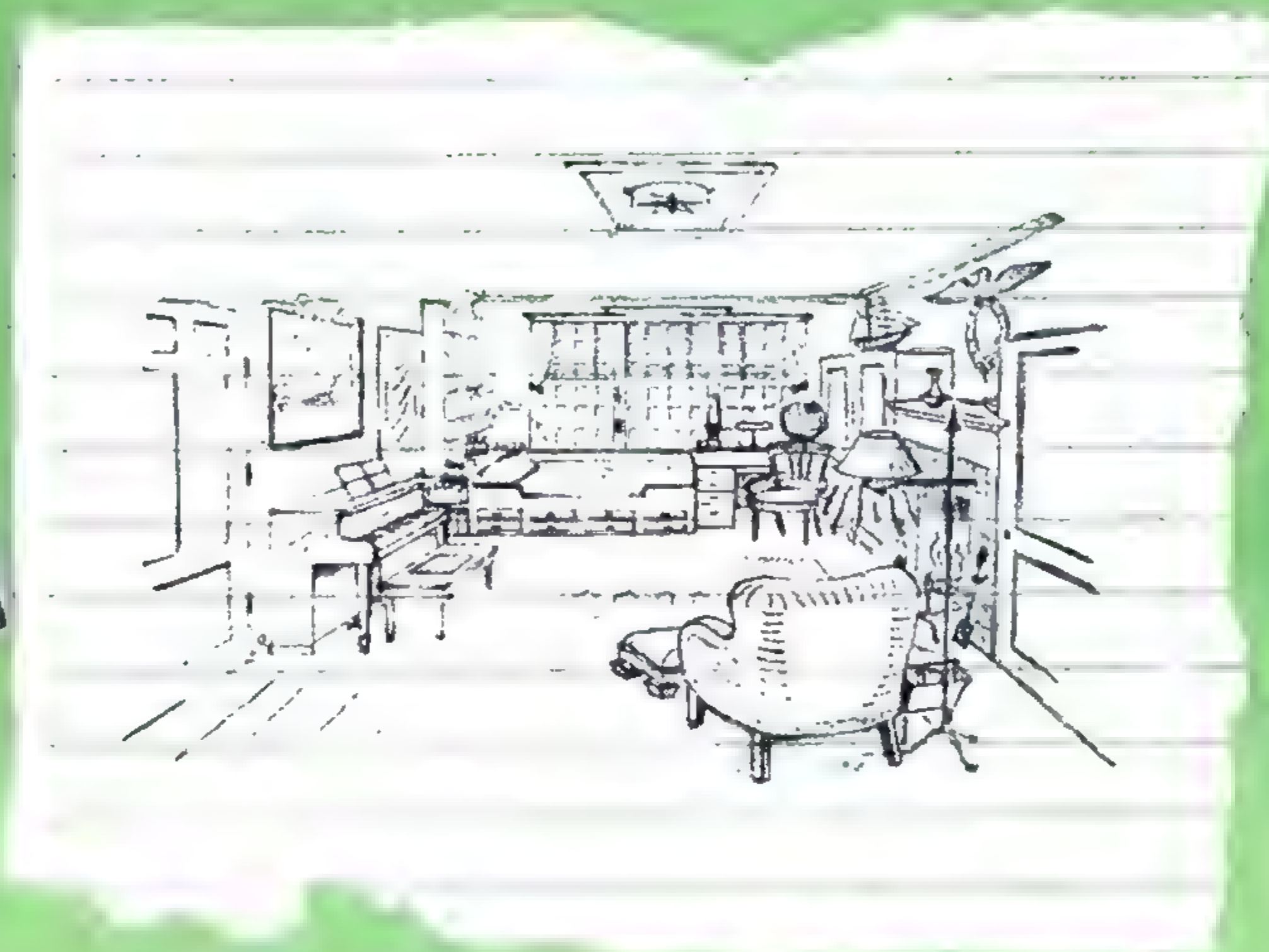
“Mighty nice of you t’ ask me, Emmaline—Ah’ll hefta see how Paw feels ’bout me gittin’ hitched”



An attic hatch, for storage, is reached by a ladder controlled by counterbalancing weight in kitchen.



Interior is 17' x 21'; kitchen and bath each 5'8" x 8'3".



The scenic windows, 36", are of one-way glass.



KNOW MAN KNOW FACE NOT KNOW HEART
知人知面不知心

Lockers flanking the hearth store clothes, firewood.



Living room, 15' x 17'.

A HOUSE IN A ROOM

by Cdr. Alan McCracken, USN

This self-contained unit with salty appointments has happy possibilities for any sometime hermit. A captain's cabin is expanded into a drawing room; near the piano the starboard door leads to the head; to port, the galley. Life can be beautiful in a

glorified seagoing bunk. An air-foam mattress rides a motorized hospital chassis to be raised and lowered at will. A recess contains a player-recorder; the broad shelf behind it holds magazines, ash tray, aspirin and a tantalus set for making hot

toddies. A triple-switch plate enables the indolent loller to control the overhead light, turn on the bathroom heater and start the coffee perking in the kitchen. A thermometer outside the window beside his pillow, tells him whether to rise and how to dress.



Money madness and disregard for boxers' safety voted ring game's chief demerits

Esquire Sports Poll Probes Boxing

by JOE HENDRICKSON

A MILLION sins have been committed in the name of boxing, but what is the greatest one?

"It is difficult to say; the stench is often unbearable," complains Robert R. Johnson of the Beatrice, Nebraska, *Times*. His lament brings up a point: If the air isn't fresh out in the wide open spaces of Nebraska, it must be pretty heavy in the densely populated areas where boxing "flourishes."

This month the Esquire Sports Poll inquires into the professional mitt business. Here is a sport that nearly everyone admits is a mixture of unethical practice, ballyhoo and needless suffering. Yet its operations create nearly as much public interest as the "refined" sports like baseball, golf and football. With the public spending millions yearly to witness boxing bouts, one could quickly assume that the fans are perfectly satisfied with the present-day boxing situation, but the constant shouting for reform makes you wonder.

To add some flame to the candles carried by those who would clean things up a bit, the Esquire Sports Poll consulted fans, sports experts, servicemen and the boxing mob itself. It may be of interest to note that the latter group was fairly uncommunicative.

The first question was: What is boxing's greatest sin?

The answers were varied. But No. 1 on the list of the accusers was the money greed of those who make their living or try to make their living from boxing. Twenty per cent attacked the boxing people for their irresponsibility toward the public which supports them. The general complaint was that thirst for profit has triumphed over sports ethics.

How right you are, voters! This is the root of much of the evil in the game. Instead of earning profit through honest promotion and dealings, too many men in the boxing game attempt to promote and deal their way to profit. Chiseling, lying, dishonesty in general, results. Who wins is fundamental in every sport but boxing. In this game, the main issue is: How much do I get?

The voters listed other sins in this order, many of them growing out of the money greed:

2. Too many fixed fights, or as Vic Diehm of WAZL at Hazelton, Pennsylvania, put it, "Getting the sport mixed up with swimming." Surely, boxing's purgatory is crowded with the many pugs who have taken the dive. Even if a majority of fights are honest, which is likely the true situation, the percentage of dives is too high.

3. The lack of national unity, organization and supervision. This weakness permits everyone to do virtually as he likes on a "go as far as you can" basis. Nobody trusts anybody because everyone thinks there is nobody he can trust. The general opinion of the Sports Poll is that the present state commission system has failed to enforce the law. Dutch Mills of the Santa Monica, California, *Outlook* sums it up when he says, "the Landis teeth are missing."

4. Gambling. Yes, boxing is the bettors' paradise! Man fighting man. The setup is great.

5. Bad matchmaking, sometimes intentionally and sometimes through fault of the promoter who doesn't know any better. Tied in with phony build-ups, there is no good in this practice.

6. Disregard for the physical welfare of the contestants. This includes the exploitation of young prospects and the practice of permitting men to fight when they are has-beens, punchy or physically unfit. John O'Donnell of Davenport, Iowa, tells the story in describing this sinner as "the chiseling guy who is always willing to tell his boxer—'Go out and slug wid 'im; he can't hurt us!'"

7. The promotion monopoly such as the one that is enjoyed by Mike Jacobs in New York City.

8. Non-title bouts and failure of champions to defend their titles.

9. Weakness of talent.

10. Public's willingness to "go along."

There you have the main sins being committed today as the Sports Poll sees them. Now, who should we blame?

The returns list the offenders in this order: promoters, managers, gamblers, politicians, commissioners, boxers and publicists. Thus it is evident nearly everyone in the game is blamed, but the majority (60 per cent) pointed at the promoters first, with the managers placing and showing. In fact, most voters grouped the two together, and George S. Cooper of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, tossed in the gamblers and called it "The Unholy Alliance."

Most of the ballots emphasized that commissioners, boxers and publicists have sinned in permitting themselves to be dominated by the manager-promoter alliance. Stage props perhaps. And while the real offenders are facing such strong charges, let it be pointed out that the Sports Poll is speaking of generalities and not individuals. Certainly there are ethical promoters and managers, but why aren't there more like 'em? If they were a majority, many of the sins listed here could be wiped out.

Ninety per cent of the voters answered yes to the question: Do you think a federal czar could remedy the present boxing mess? Long desirous of such a cure is Abe J. Greene, President of the National Boxing Association. He fails to hold the powers of a czar because his organization does not have jurisdiction over ten states including New York where most of the big matches take place.

It is significant that Jack Dempsey, the public's boxing idol, has made a plea for the creation of a national czar's office, and Dempsey may be interested in knowing that the Esquire Sports Poll has nominated him for the job. He received 26.5 per cent of the votes with Gene Tunney running a close second with 24.3 per cent. Jim Farley drew 9 per cent. Many of the replies said "Dempsey or Tunney." Greene received some votes as did James J. Walker, General Patton, General MacArthur, J. Edgar Hoover and many others. A Patton could make a few sharpeners take cover at that, eh?

Ninety-two per cent agreed that progress in boxing would increase



"Junior, stop bothering Mrs. Jackson—she doesn't know anything about a haymaker!"

nationally if New York and the other states not in the NBA would join a national body. There is almost a unanimous plea for national supervision by a man who has the authority and willingness to slap down the troublesome boys. Eighty-seven per cent agreed the NBA has made progress. It was frequently cited that the progress would be greater if the NBA had total jurisdiction. The NBA's case is also weakened by the fact that state commissioners, often appointed politically for the spotlight that goes with the office, too frequently permit themselves to be manipulated by the boxing mob. Instead of telling the gents who sell tickets and tie on gloves what the score is, the latter group cracks the whip and the commissioners dance. Again, there are exceptions. In one of his recent bulletins to the state commissioners, Greene warned of this glaring fault.

The Poll slaps at Jacobs' monopoly in the form of a 94 per cent anti vote. What do we mean by monopoly? New York has more fight fans willing to pay big prices to see fights. Jacobs has the cash to pay the top purses. That makes him Mr. Boxing today with *all* important bouts his to fatten his bank roll.

To be *for* something and not totally *against*, the Poll turned constructive with the question: *If* the present situation is unhealthy, what should be done about it? Melting the replies into one general

plan, the Poll makes this recommendation for boxing. A national czar must be named, preferably Dempsey or Tunney. A national organization with power over every state must be created under the czar's jurisdiction. State commissioners who are willing to act and control the men in the business must be appointed.

How this organization operates, is a matter of varied opinion. The Poll points out that one necessary reform is the elimination of the exclusive contract in which one promoter controls one fighter's services over a long period of time. Jacobs' control over Joe Louis, for example. This kind of priority is the weapon which brings other promoters to Jacobs when they plead for talent.

Other proposals included: a limit on the times a fighter can fight for one promoter; (let the czar determine what big fights should be staged and force the promoters to bid for them); a ceiling on purses; a limit on the title fights one city can have; a rule forcing titleholders to defend their crown in a specified period; a search for more fellows with Jacobs' pocketbook; and stricter laws to protect the boxers and public.

And so on and so on... some practical, others mad but stimulating. The Esquire Poll didn't intend to solve the problem. But the returns illustrate what the public is thinking even while shelling out cash to see our most peculiar business operate. ##

**And may the fate that befell Ambrose
MacGrath in Connemara be a warning
to all those men who fish by the book**

The Demon Angler

by MERVYN WALL

It's a queer thing. The visitors who come here, are always full of talk about the "other-worldliness" of Connemara. You'll see them any day of the summer standing over there in the hotel garden, men and women in their strange tourist clothes, staring down at the sea and at the rocks and the islands, or across at the hills on the far side of the bay. But what seems to impress them most of all are the roads in the neighborhood when the night is coming on. Many a time a visitor in his new golfing jacket has joined me walking home in the twilight, and told me that he feels the "other world" is close at hand, that the air is tremulous and

pregnant with something about to happen, and that he understands the Irish belief in a world of faeries. I remember one gentleman referring to the whole area as "The Haunted Coast."

We never contradict the tourists. After all, they're a quiet, well-behaved class of people, and I suppose their holiday costs them a lot of money. Moreover, they provide us with a lot of interest and amusement during the summer. But we haven't the leisure ourselves for notions about "other-worldliness." You don't have time for that class of thing when you're trying to scrape a living from two acres of grass and rock, or from the uneasy sea. When

I say it's queer this talk visitors have of a haunted coast, I mean it's queer in this way: the only genuine authenticated haunting we know of in this part of Connemara, is done by the ghost of a tourist himself—a draper's assistant from Mary Street, Dublin, by the name of Ambrose MacGrath.

I met him the first morning he was here: he was a lanky young fellow dressed in navy blue, with a white unhealthy face, and he had a way of throwing his long legs about when he walked as if the hinges in his knees were loose.

He told me that he had arrived the night before for a fortnight's holiday, which he was going to spend in fishing for trout. He had never fished before, but the previous week in Dublin he had bought a rod, some casts and twenty-four flies, as well as a net on a stick for landing the big ones. He also had four books on trout fishing in his suitcase. The girl in the hotel had advised him to have a chat with me about the lakes and streams of the neighborhood.

All the time he was talking he kept glancing over his shoulder, up and down the street, as if this was the queerest place he had ever set his foot in. Perhaps I should have told you that our village is just a row of whitewashed houses facing the sea. It straggles up the side of a hill as far as the church, and there it stops. After that, for sixteen good miles until you come to Clifden, there's just the road, the (Continued on page 159)



PITZ



**"Look your worst, my dear—there's a buyer here
today from Macy's handbag department"**



Take a piece of satin....



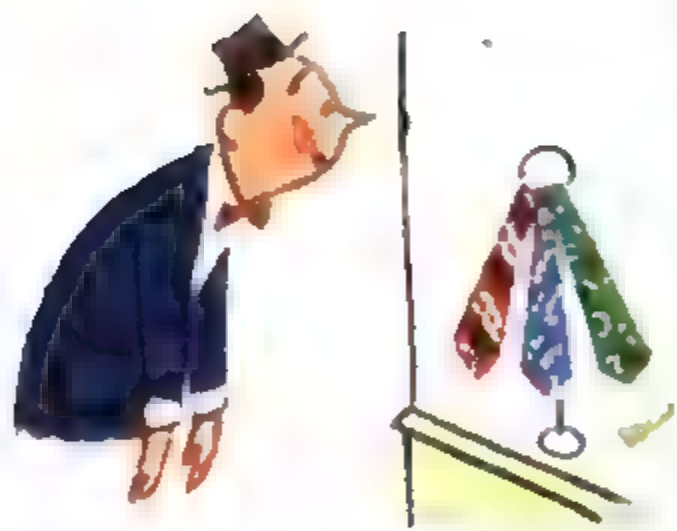
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Splendid stuff, satin. So smooth, so sparkling, so luxurious.

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What patterns these designers have created! What color combinations these patterns



rest upon! And what a wonderful knot the fabric and lining help make!

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More and more
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UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Photograph by Hurrell

Home from the wars, this veteran does not share Miles Standish's phobia, for having faced cannon he can also take "No." from the mouth of a pretty girl. Whether she'll admire him in mufti as she did in brass is anyone's guess, but the scales are

weighted in his favor by his astutely chosen garb. His suit is tailored of that soft-surfaced cloth called unfinished worsted, and is marked with etched stripes. The double-breasted jacket with long, roll lapels has narrower shoulders than some of the

overly emphasized shoulders of his pre-uniform past. The red and blue herringbone pattern tie is a colorful accent for his plain broadcloth shirt. A black Homburg hat, chamois gloves, blue ribbed wool socks and black custom-last shoes complete the outfit.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 306 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



A wee bit o' Scotch

Mon, it's guid to wear the tartan!
A Hickok Hit in authentic color
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kilt (or trousers) with the
gr-r-eatest of ease . . . for
they're ALL ELASTIC with
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A H I T B Y

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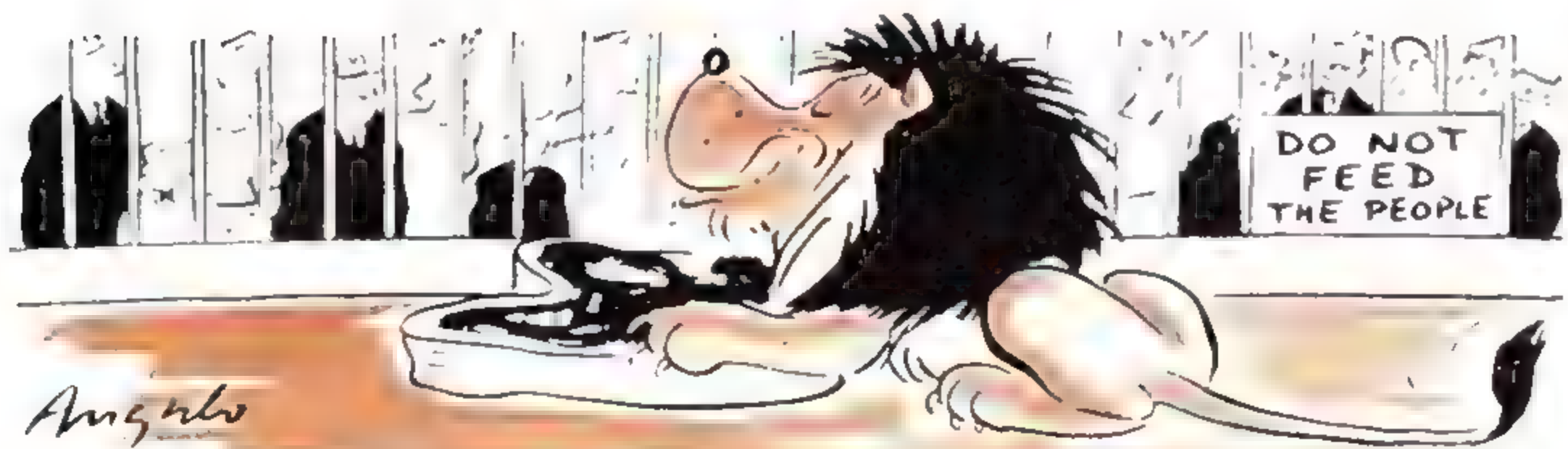
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who can afford the finest, it has never been produced except in limited quantities, with each bottle individually numbered and registered at the distillery by Calvert.

LORD CALVERT IS A "CUSTOM" BLENDED WHISKEY. 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

Going the Rounds with Esquire



At Jaro on Panay, an American sailor picked some fruit. It looked delicious, but to make sure he strolled over to a Filipino youngster, pointed to his mouth, then to the fruit, and looked inquiringly at the boy. After going through this routine several times without result, he turned in despair to an approaching shipmate.

"I was trying to find out if this is good to eat," he explained.

The young Filipino's face brightened. "Hell, yes," he said, "it's got Vitamin B."

—Seahorse

First Wife: "Does your husband ever talk back to you?"

Second Wife: "Oh, dear no, but sometimes he listens in an aggravating manner."

—Skywriter

It isn't included in James Edward Grant's screen script of *The Great John L.*, but Sullivan was once interviewed by a reporter who asked him why he had never become a boxing instructor. "Well, son, I tried it once," said the famous fighter. "A husky young man took one lesson from me and went home a little the worse for wear. When he came around the second time he said, 'Mr. Sullivan, it was my idea to learn enough about boxing from you to be able to lick a certain young fellow I've got it in for. But I've changed my mind. If it's all the same to you, Mr. Sullivan, I'll just send this fellow down here to take the rest of my lessons for me.'"

Traffic Cop: "Hey, who do you think you are?"

Driver: "Oh, I'm just one of the taxpayers who pays your salary for insulting me!"

—Norfolk Daily Dope Sheet

Baseball fanatics will love this story of the month, about the laziest pitcher in Arkansas. It seems a big-league scout stopped off to see a baseball game, and was drafted as the umpire. This

pitcher took his stance facing the plate and never altered his direction in the slightest degree. As he brought his arms up for the pitch, he spoke to the umpire: "Is there anybody on the base?"

The ump answered, "One."

The pitcher made no move. As he grabbed the ball tightly, he again queried the umpire: "How big a lead has he got?"

—Camp Howze Howitzer

Lawyer: "Why don't you divorce your husband if you don't love him any more?"

Mrs. Smith: "Oh, no, I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of seeing my mother leave his house forever."

—The Armadier

A large whale approached a U. S. submarine lying idle off a Pacific island. Evidently under the impression the sub was a lady whale, he thrashed about, spouted in show-off fashion, finally gave the sub a few coy nudges. The skipper broke up the romance by moving off. He said: "They'd never have been happy anyway."

—Clipper

Two Scotsmen were sitting at a bar waiting for the other to buy a second round. To make conversation, one asked, "Did you have a good hunting trip?"

"The best," was the reply. "I shot a tiger between the yours."

"What's yours?" asked the puzzled friend.

"Double Scotch and soda, thank you very much!"

—Fort Douglas Union Vedette

Analog

Every time a certain catcher caught a pitch his glass eye would drop out. Time would be called until it could be recovered and replaced. This happened several times until finally the exasperated umpire asked: "Son, you shouldn't be playing ball with only one eye. Suppose something should happen to your good eye. What would

Continued on page 114

FASHION'S HALL OF FAME

NO. 6 IN A SERIES



A famous figure in English history... Philip Dormer Stanhope is equally cherished in English letters for his famous essays on manners, "Letters to his Son". His title, Fourth Earl of Chesterfield, is immortalized in that classic coat—the *Chesterfield*—first introduced in the 1860's.

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THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES... AT BETTER STORES, COAST TO COAST

Going the Rounds with Esquire

Continued from page 113

you do then?" The catcher didn't hesitate a moment as he fired back his answer. "Why, that's easy. I'd take over your job."
—*Tailspin*

After taking a patient's pulse, the conceited nurse always deducted ten beats to allow for her personality.
—*The Bealiner*

A widow writing to an insurance company said: "You have asked me to fill out so many proofs of claims and I have had so much trouble getting my money that I sometimes wish my husband hadn't died."
—*The Lee Traveler*

Willie was asked by his Sunday School teacher why Noah took two of each kind of animal into the Ark. To which he answered: "Because he didn't believe that story about the stork."
—*The Gee Eye Pilot*

Daffynitions

Bathing Beauty—a girl worth wading for.

Pedestrian—a man who has two cars, a wife, and a son in high school (postwar version).

Ballet dancer—a jitterbug with a Russian accent.

Parasite—a person who goes

through a revolving door without pushing.

Bachelor—a man who makes mistakes, but not at the marriage license bureau.

Influence—something you think you have until you try to use it.

Mal de mer—French for "You can't take it with you."
—*The Bulletin*

On the complaint of neighbors, authorities investigated the activities of Albert Hallfair who was found busy in his basement in experiment. "Those people are all crazy," Hallfair told the police. "I was just trying to cross a clay pigeon with a mud hen to see if the offspring won't lay bricks." Hallfair was detained for further investigation.
—*Marine Corps Chevron*

The courtroom was crowded as the judge finished his lecture to

the defendant in a divorce action. "So, I've decided to give your wife 40 dollars per month," were his last words. The husband's face lit up as he smiled. "That's fine, Jedge. I'll try to slip her a couple of bucks now and then, myself."
—*Camp Howze Howitzer*

A sailor writes in demanding the invention of a new secret weapon. He says he wants a device that will muffle the click of dice so he can get some sleep the first few nights after payday.
—*Ahwahnee News*

There's one advantage in using a dictaphone. It never takes a man's mind off his work by crossing its knees.

A pedestrian is a person who failed to keep up payments on his automobile . . . Punctuality is the art of guessing correctly how late

the other party is going to be . . . A budget is a method of worrying about money before you spend it.
—*The Jungle Mudder*

First Sailor (telling story of his rescue at sea): "I had abandoned all hope. As I sank for the third time, my past life seemed to rise before me in a series of grim, realistic pictures."

Second Sailor: "Well, didja happen to notice a picture of me lending you ten bucks in the Spring of 1943?"
—*Communique*

Navy Regs

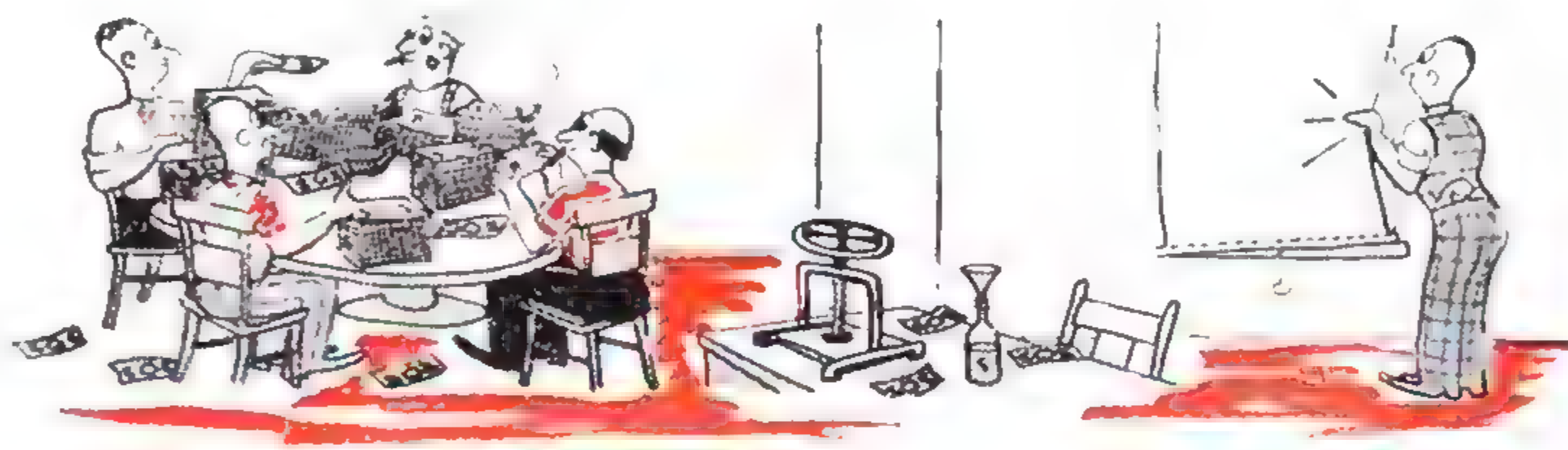
While a lawyer in Edinburgh, Scotland, was engaged in cleaning out an old deed box recently, he came across a quaint document—a chart for married life—the author of which had evidently been a sailor. In seven clauses he set forth the duties of a wife to husband, and husband to wife.

The full text is as follows:

Having also read her the Articles of War, I explained to her the conditions under which we were to sail in company on life's voyage—namely:

1. She is to obey signals without question when received.
2. She is to steer by my reckoning.
3. She is to stand by me as a

Continued on page 116



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for PHILIP MORRIS . . . but

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Going the Rounds with Esquire

Continued from page 114

true consort in foul weather, battle, or shipwreck.

4. She is to run under my guns if assailed by picaresque, privateer or gaudy costars.

5. Me to keep her in due repair, and see that she has her allowance of coats o' paint, streamers, and buntings as befits a saucy pleasure boat.

6. Me not to take other craft in tow, and if by any now attached, to cut their hawsers.

7. Me to revictual her day by day.

—Ahwahnee News

An electric fan salesman was traveling through Iceland calling on Eskimos, and as he visited each igloo trying to sell one of his fans, the residents would exclaim in amazement, "Fan? What do we want with a fan? It's 60 below zero here now." "Sure, I know," soothed the salesman. "But you never can tell about the weather. Tomorrow it may jump to zero."

—Camp Cook Clarion

David Harding, jailed recently in Hollywood on a bigamy count of seven wives, observed: "I have lost my faith in women. I don't know what attracts them to me." But Dr. Robert Downey, discussing the increase of bigamy, made the best crack. "I think the greatest penalty for bigamy," said Dr. Downey, "is acquiring two mothers-in-law."

Act I: Sailor and his pay.

Act II: Sailor and his pay and girl.

Act III: Sailor and girl.

Act IV: Sailor.

An old flame—what a girl uses to burn up her new boy friend.

—The Field News

S/2c: "I met a wonderful girl last night. I lay awake half the night thinking of what she said to me."

Chief: "Take a tip from me or you'll soon be lying awake all night listening to it."

—Whidbey Island Prop Wash

One of the instructors in radio school spied a student reading a newspaper during the lecture.

"What are you doing, corporal," the instructor asked, "learning something?"

"No, sir," replied the two-striper, "I'm listening to you."

—Scott Field Broadcaster

"Is that Venus?" asked the sweet young thing.

"No, that's Jupiter," said the Prof.

"How clever," said the toots, "to be able to distinguish the sex at this great distance."

—Lee Traveler

You can't tell. Maybe a fish goes home and lies about the size of the bait he stole.

—Bealiner

A Negro pastor in an impoverished area sent frequent appeals to his bishop for aid. Tired of the constant requests, the bishop wrote to the pastor telling him to send no more appeals for aid. In a few weeks the bishop received this note:

"This is no appeal. It is a report. I have no pants!"

—Communiqué

Husband: I have left instructions in my will that I am to be cremated.

Wife: Yes, just like you to go and leave ashes all over the place.

—Sourdough Sentinel



"He said, 'Hi-Yo Silver'—now where in God's name did he pick that up?"



*From the finest wine grapes
of the San Joaquin*

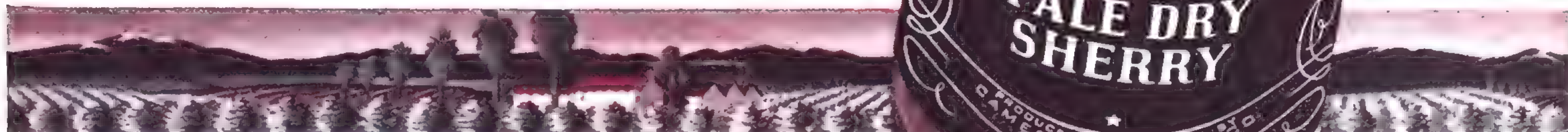
... Croix Royale vintners select only the choicest varieties... lavish their skill to bring you superb California Wines—full bodied... rare flavored... rich in bouquet. To be sure, these fine wines cost a few pennies more per glass—your investment in real enjoyment. Compliment your guests by serving these famous Croix Royale Dessert Wines—Pale Dry Sherry, Muscatel, Madeira and Tawny Port. And they will enjoy Croix Royale Dinner Wines—Burgundy, Sauterne and Chablis.

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proof) • BERNADOTTE (80 proof) • SLOE GIN (60 proof) • FINE CALIFORNIA SHERRY, PORT, MADEIRA, MUSCATEL,

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Men in White Coats

Happy the bistro where drinks
and ethics are equally pure

by LAWTON MACKALL

A PLEASANT retreat may be defined as one that *has* the business and doesn't try to give it to you. The sunshine of the hat-checkie, the cordiality of the guy in charge, the nod of the pianist who hails your entry upon the scene by striking up your favorite tune—all these spell welcome in acceptable ways. But nobody "turns on the esteem" to the point of suffocation. And the chief welcomer is the bar itself, spick and span and backed by a full-dress bottle array. You can order your pet medicine with a flicker of your finger, and the bartender, pouring it, isn't depleting a mere decoy. The choosier his patrons, the greater his chance to shine—thanks to the resources of the house.

For New Yorkers a traditional stronghold of brand-fidelities is the Men's Bar of the Waldorf-Astoria. Above it, on the main floor, are smart cafés, cocktail lounges, Rum Collins nooks, and Dubonnet bowers; there Blue Eyes can sip her prettiest, souveniring the brim of her glass with lipstick. But here no such disturbing influences are permitted to intrude, and masculinity in executive session really goes into the merits of good liquor. All drinks except those involving shaker work or stirring operations, are poured personally by the consumer, the waiter fetching the bottle to the table. As the Waldorf happens to be the globe's best-known inn, sheltering newsmaking personages from all over, this continual meeting of minds and bottles has done a lot toward saving mankind from cat and dog darkness.

Down in the Wall Street section, J. D. Massoletti (from Old Virginia, suh), whose Tower estab-

lishment feeds more and bigger business folk than any other eatery of the area, wishes that he, too, could offer bottle service. But the rush for his bar after the close of the Stock Market won't let him, so he has to be content with the next best thing to it—a circular dispensing counter where every move the bartenders make, everything they use or handle, is visible. Portions aren't clipped, prices are right, and regard is mutual. "We don't plug anything, we don't push anything," says J. D. M. "We just give them what they want, the way they want it. A high-ranking Army Officer who comes in here likes a glass of beer with his meal. Asks that a bottle be packed in ice for him, ahead of time, so that when it's served him it's practically frozen. Brewers would call it murder. But that's the way he wants it, so into the ice it goes."

A beverage service problem which oughtn't to be too difficult for the human brain, but which many waiters fumble in many places, is the little matter of Who Gets Which. Girl friend decided she'd take a Daiquiri, yours was a Manhattan, but when they arrive the Manhattan is set down in front of her, and you draw the Daiquiri. The waiter doesn't ask or hesitate, he just puts 'em there; which is due notice that this table will be a shifting yard right through the meal. Cross you up on Sauterne for Two? Why, certainly. He brings the bottle in a cooler, twirls it, pesters it, departs without uncorking. He delivers the hot food that is supposed to accompany the wine; vanishes again. The food gets cold. Word is grapevined to him that you desire his assistance; he shows up, opens, pours; collects abandoned

Continued on page 120



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The smartest, neatest belt you have ever seen—with an utterly new "in-the-groove" streamlined design—and an amazing new kind of streamlined buckle

The first new idea in men's belts in forty years!

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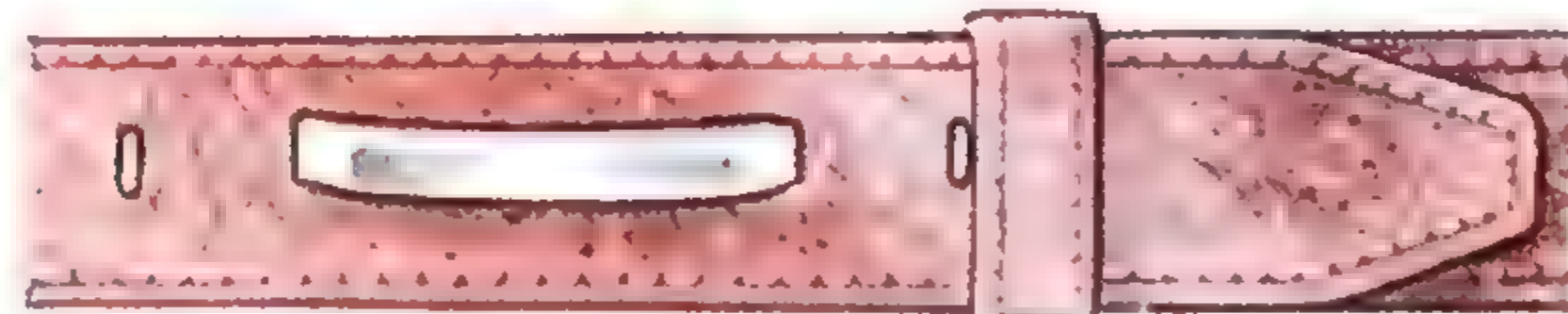
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by Heywood

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Men in White Coats

Continued from page 118

plates and re-disappears, you don't care if it's forever. Replenishments you manage yourself, not bothering to wipe the bottle, which drips freely over the tablecloth.

A place so crowded as the Stork Club, with people streaming in from noon till 4 a.m., might supposedly be a fertile field for errors like these. But nowhere are they scarcer. For there's a fellow around named Sherman Billingsley, who sees all, thinks of everything, and has instilled into his employees an active belief in the importance of pleasantness, particularly the kind that is mingled with intelligence. Customer deportment, also, has to comply with Stork Club standards. Anybody whose drinking exceeds carrying capacity, or anyone who mistakes a Stork Club banquet for a park bench in the moonlight, is escorted to the threshold, which he will never again be allowed to cross. Pondering the dire fate of those immoderates, and then taking a look at the gaiety and glamor on both fronts of the bar, one can but marvel at the way Aristotle's old Greek idea of the "golden mean" (mid-point between not enough and too much) has been turned into a Billingsley gold mine.

A constant objective for servicemen is the Broadway Restaurant and Bar of Jack Dempsey—now Commander Jack Dempsey—an establishment which in tone and trigness is vastly superior to the flashy or sawdusty spots that less lustrous sports monarchs open when they lay down gloves or bat and take out a liquor license.

Jack's staff carries on ably, food is edible and liquors irreproachable. No sales to minors. No women on the loose.

I haven't been doing much traveling lately, on account of uncertainty as to whether a journey to sample drinks is necessary, but I've been in touch with various key oases of the Too Long No See, but Too Far for O.D.T. category. In Kansas City the Hotel Bellevue's lush El Casbah dine-and-dance room (headline orchs. & ents.) shows its respect for members of the armed forces by giving them priority over civilians—tables, attentions, everything. The immaculate professors at the bar are strict about minors, refuse to serve any youngish-looking applicant unless he signs an oath that he is over twenty-one. Imperfect carriers are exiled, barflies and trampinas, rebuffed.

On the West Coast much whistle history continues to be made at San Francisco's Palace Hotel, especially in the Rose Room, with the spacious Court as overflow department. As "Palace" and "palate" have been more or less interchangeable terms for quite some time, every drink is expected to look appetizing, and the men in white coats function accordingly.

In Los Angeles the stupendous Biltmore still hasn't found a ladle big enough to fit its Bowl. Meanwhile a beverage crew of 100 (not counting Room Service) is trying to keep up with urgent requests. The cleanliness of person and equipment is super; there isn't a drink you couldn't down with impunity. #

On the Edge of the Clef

LAST summer, when Benny Goodman made a theatre tour with his new band, money flowed into the box office at such a rate that the gross receipts set records in several cities. This accomplishment was touted as evidence that the new Goodman organization was equally as fine as his previous groups. Actually, from the standpoint of the jazz fan, this emphatically was not the case. Goodman himself played with the ease and assurance of a great performer; his technical facility is well-nigh perfect. But the orchestra behind him displayed neither the verve nor the solo ability commensurate with the high talents of the leader-clarinetist. What few soloists there were—trombone, tenor, trumpet—suggested none of the past glories of a Cootie Williams, a Harry James, a Ziggy Elman, a Vido Musso, a Babe Russin, or a Lou McGarrity. As a matter of fact, Goodman had surrounded himself with second- and third-rate jazzmen.

The war, the demands of the armed services, did not account for this sharp decline in quality. To be sure, the war made it more difficult for a leader to obtain men who could measure up to the Goodman standards. But it was not an impossible task; it simply meant more effort. Scattered throughout the country are ob-

scure jazzmen who can equal or better instrumentalists holding a national reputation. Almost any articulate musician invariably is eager to talk about some performer, unknown to the general public, who is ready for wider recognition. Many such performers, indeed, are first-rate. It is these men who should be in a band like Benny's.

But many a leader today—and apparently Goodman is one of these—seems satisfied to accept the second best of these obscure talents. This, for ever-increasing numbers of discriminating jazz fans, is not enough. Such jazz fans expect a man like Goodman to seek and to ferret out the finest and the most capable newcomers. When he does not do this, they wonder if his standards of performance have been sealed down. They begin to doubt his judgment.

But when they hear the Sextet—even without Teddy Wilson, as was the case on the tour—they realize that here is the Benny Goodman quality of the thirties vintage. Much better, I thought to myself as I heard the stage show, that the Sextet play the entire program. And why not? If jazzmen of Goodman's caliber do not uphold the *quality* of performance and music in jazz groups, the cause of good jazz will be unnecessarily retarded.

—PAUL EDUARD MILLER



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Man the Kitchenette

A bread-and-butter letter for
Preston Sturges, restaurateur

by ILES BRODY

LATELY my pleasant profession of eating brought me to Los Angeles, where I ferreted out the man who is partly responsible for the trend in dining in that interesting city. Yet food is not the only thing on his mind, as is the case with me; he is much more versatile than that—for he happens to be Preston Sturges, one of our greatest producer-director-writers, creator of *The Great McGinty*, *The Lady Eve*, *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek*, etc.

Mr. Sturges owns The Players restaurant, situated right at that most advantageous spot where Hollywood and Beverly Hills meet—and I was amazed to find he started the restaurant merely as a hobby! In a couple of years the bohemian whim grew out of all proportion. It became a very serious business—the present grosses are 800,000 dollars a year!

Of course, Preston does not run the place himself. He doesn't wait for you at the head of the stairs, nor does he escort you to a table, neither does he paint for you a verbal Rembrandt of the *plat du jour*. However, he is the brains behind The Players, the generalissimo, the dynamo without which the engine could not turn, and he dines there almost every night. The *patron* generally sees to it that he is surrounded by his beautiful wife and a few close friends, cleverly camouflaged as modest, patient, out-of-town guests, but he remains very observant of all that occurs.

The restaurant is managed by a Monsieur Alexis Pillet, who formerly owned a small French bistro in New York's West 45th Street, not far from the theatre where Preston Sturges' famous play, *Strictly Dishonorable* enjoyed

its well-deserved marathon run.

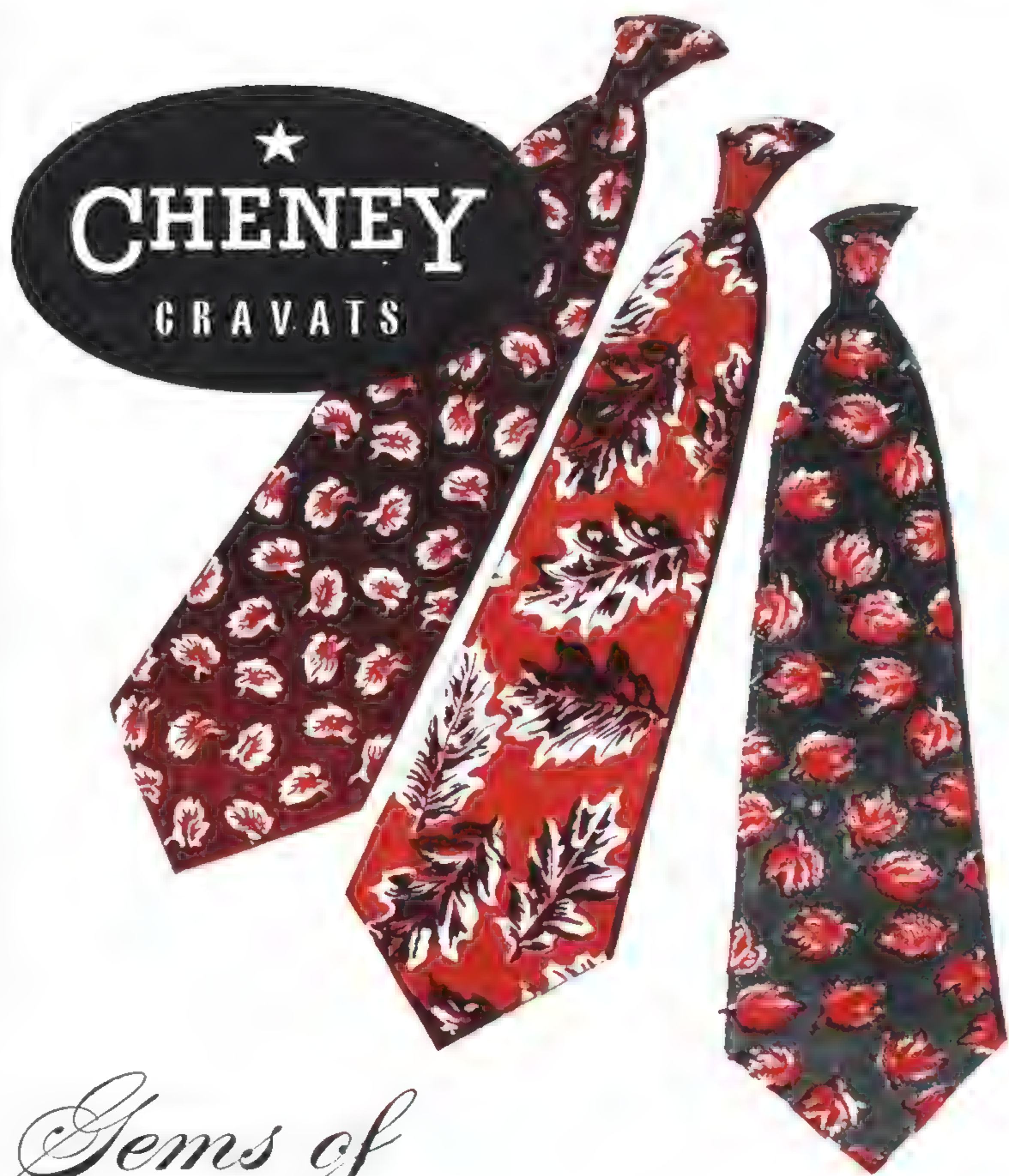
I know that you are interested in literary as well as gastronomical history, so I tell you that the night before *Strictly Dishonorable* opened, Preston again ate a hearty dinner at Pillet's restaurant, strictly on the cuff as usual, for the author was pretty broke in those days. The morning after the premiere he woke up in his room, for which he owed eight months' rent, and found that he had not only become famous, but also had an income of 1,500 dollars a week. *Strictly Dishonorable* was a smash hit. But Preston did not adopt a *nouveau riche* attitude; he still ate his dinner at the little bistro, and would sometimes say to the restaurateur: "Monsieur Pillet, one day we'll open a *good* restaurant together." Pillet would politely smile at the pleasantry, and would reply that this would be wonderful, but of course would believe not a word of it. Yet today he is viceroy at The Players. Preston Sturges usually finishes what he sets out to do.

He started to do things at an early age, an important factor. Life is not long, and the sooner we begin to live it, the more we'll learn about it. Preston started to learn about the restaurant business in general, and eating in the epicurean manner in particular, when he was just seventeen. At that age he first crossed the threshold of New York's Colony Restaurant in the company of Paris Singer, sewing machine heir, diplomat, seasoned bon vivant, and mentor of young Sturges. The young man took the elegant place by storm—he was good looking, charming, free from adolescent awkwardness, an excellent storyteller, spoke French better than a

Continued on page 124



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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 123

Sorbonne professor, and knew how and what to order. Messieurs Cerutti and Cavallero, owners of the Colony, blessed with a marvelous instinct for smelling future success, allowed the young bon vivant unlimited credit, and would inquire politely now and then if Mr. Sturges would like some cash so as to finish the evening with a couple of bottles of champagne at the Club Montmartre, most fashionable night spot of the era.

Even before he began his New York golden-youth career at the Colony, Preston had already begun living the turbulent life which was so essential in his later playwrighting profession. His mother, Madame Desti, friend and biographer of Isadora Duncan, saw to it that her adored child would not experience a boring moment. Preston cannot remember exactly how many stepfathers he has had, nor how many countries he visited with his mother. But he distinctly recalls that once they lived in Istanbul for a brief period, for his mother at that time was married to a Turkish bey. "Oh, Preston," lamented his mother, "I really wanted to be a playwright. Or a great director. Or a famous producer. But at least I would have liked to own a fine restaurant. And look what I am—a perpetual wife." Preston listened and said nothing. But today he has fulfilled all that his mother wished for herself.

He had another restaurant before The Players in Hollywood.

He called it Snyder's because a Mr. Snyder, a music publisher down in his luck, was the front man. The food, reminisces Sturges, was wonderful, and literally given away, and still people didn't come. After two years' struggle and tremendous losses, he gave it up and created The Players. But he can never forget Snyder's, where he used to give parties almost every night (someone had to be in the restaurant!) for it was there that he met his present wife. He had known her slightly, invited her to one of his parties; she came reluctantly for she was uninterested in Sturges. She allowed him to persuade her to have a dance. "But just one," she said, "I am tired." They started to dance at eleven-thirty and never sat down again until four in the morning. It was *coup de foudre*—love at first dance. In a few weeks they were married in Reno.

That was the only time Preston left Hollywood since he first arrived, on the 12th of September, 1932. He has yet to see Palm Springs, just a few miles away, or San Francisco, a couple of hours' flight to the north. He is in love with Hollywood with the same affection as romanticists used to love Paris. He never wants to leave it. On this I cannot agree with him—the greatest pleasure is to return to a sweetheart, provided the absence has not been too prolonged.

The Players shows Sturges' stage-setting ability; there is a charming open terrace downstairs.

Continued on page 126

Jazz Is Where You Find It

IN PERSON—Just a year ago, in this section, I deplored certain features of Gene Krupa's new band—the vocal quartet, the string section, the *ersatz* drummer. All these have now been eliminated; Anita O'Day, whose absence I lamented, returned in July. Trombonist Tommy Pederson and tenor sax Charlie Ventura, previously underplayed, are now used to good advantage. All of which doesn't prove that Gene reads this section, but simply that he decided, as I did, that a real jazz orchestra would pay him better dividends after all. Gene's ensemble work is superlative, and Anita is her old great self.

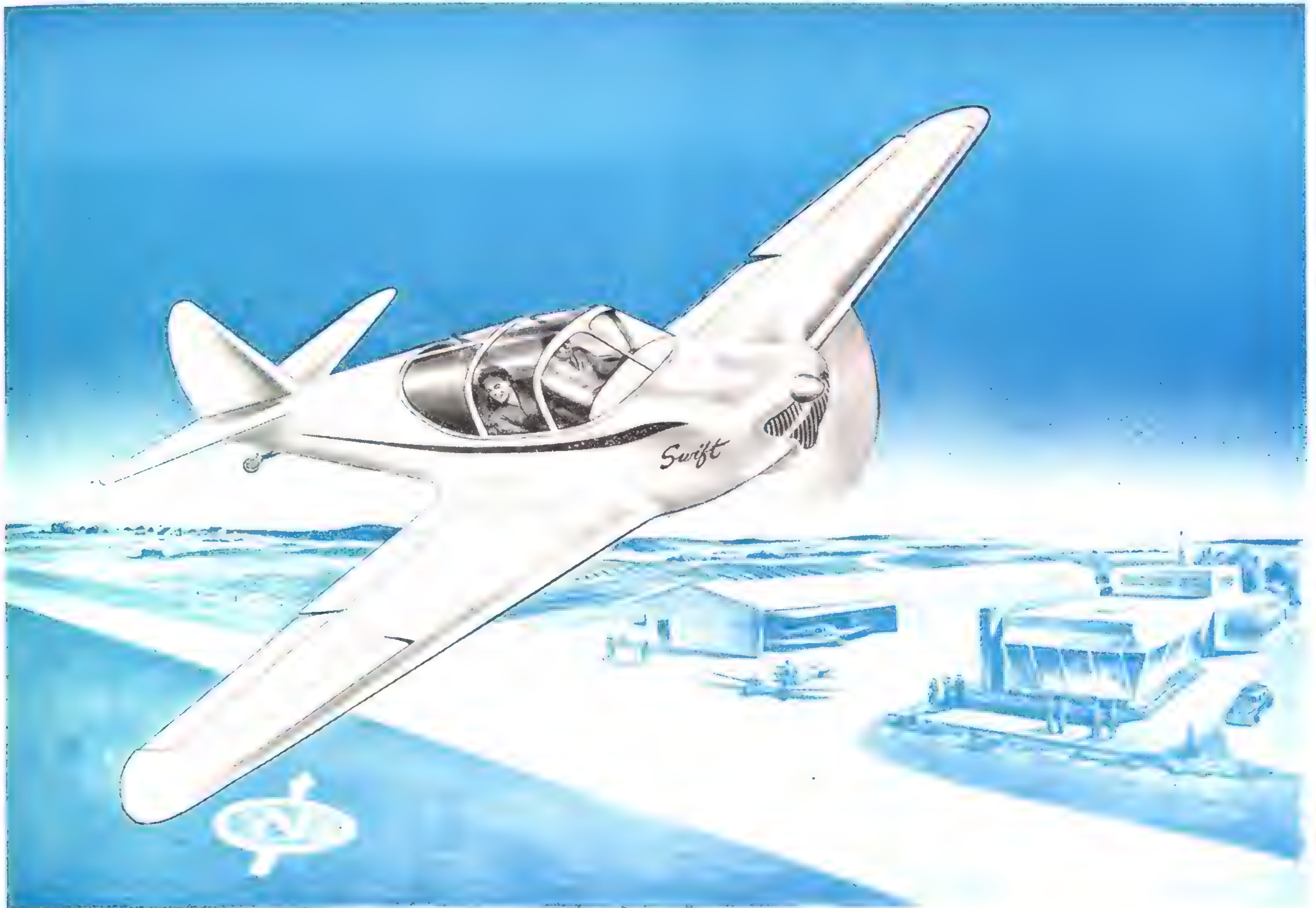
ON RECORDS—As usual, much of the best waxed jazz to hand was made by small, ephemeral bands created especially for the recording date. Charlie Ventura (see above) leads one of them in *Ghost of A Chance* (Sunset). The bass sax, that obsolescent giant of jazz, is revived by Joe Rushton in a good jam version of *Carolina in the Morning* (Jump). Pete Brown plays *Fat Man's Boogie* (Savoy), and Freddy Slack has a whole album of boogie-woogie (Capitol). Rex Stewart leads two groups, one featuring some of his co-Ellingtonians in *Ration Stomp* (Apollo), the other a re-issue on the newly-revived HRS label of two sides

with Barney Bigard, Django Reinhardt and Billy Taylor, made in Paris in 1939.

Of the organized small groups, the Vivien Garry Trio, with its amusing *Relax Jack* and the great guitar of Arv Garrison on *Altitude* (Guild), contends for honors with the similar King Cole Trio in a now slightly over-familiar vein on *I'm a Shy Guy* (Capitol). Eddie Heywood's crisp, highly syncopated sextet does well with *Blue Lou* (Decca).

Big-band jazz is best represented by Benny Goodman's exquisite performance of a recent composition by Sgt. Mel Powell, *Clarinetade* (Columbia), in which, by the way, the Charlie Queener piano solo bears an uncanny resemblance to Powell's own style. Duke Ellington's *Everything But You* and *Riff Staccato* are minor, though good routine Ellington (Victor). Jess Stacy, former pianist with Horace Heidt, T. Dorsey et al., makes his band-leading bow with vocalist-wife Lee Wiley applying her silken vibrato to *Paper Moon* (Victor).

Stan Kenton's excellent new vocalist, June Christy, is not too well represented in her debut with *Tampico*, but you should watch for further samples (Capitol). From where I'm sitting it would seem that a new O'Day has dawned. —LEONARD FEATHER



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Man the Kitchenette

Continued from page 124

a large dining room combined with bar next to it, a long built-in terrace upstairs and a bar, and a fascinating room where two orchestras play constantly on a revolving platform. The kitchen, too, is upstairs and with Latin good humor, my old friend, Chef François Rogalle rules in it. Around midnight the famous producer-writer, who is merely a restaurateur when he comes here, goes into the kitchen and discusses a few salient culinary points with François.

Then Preston goes home to work, or if the words do not flow easily (which is not very frequently), to play ping-pong until he is inspired or until the time is ripe for a refreshing morning swim in the pool.

Every Sunday night the Sturges' entertain for supper. But they have no cook, and the food—usually just one main dish and a dessert—is brought over by two waiters from The Players. However, in gastronomical utensils Preston takes no half measures: his china, his glassware, his silver, his linen, are superb. The large dining-room table is brilliantly illuminated from above, while the rest of the room is in darkness; of course, he is right to do this, for in a dining room it is, after all, food that should be in the lime-light.

Once during my visit, late at night, rather towards daybreak, after Preston told a score of amusing anecdotes and beat everyone at ping-pong, he asked for something to eat not only because he is a considerate man and host, but also because he had probably become hungry himself by that hour.

A tureen of wonderful soup was brought in, and as I spooned a plateful of it with delight, I kept on saying to myself enthusiastically that Preston Sturges certainly preserved the European's attitude and timing for food. A soup feels very pleasant at dawn, after innumerable highballs and a million cigarettes, and that is

what you got at that particular time at the house of a European epicure; for he was not only anxious to please your palate, but was also determined to cure you and take the edge off your coming hang-over.

"What a man, Preston!" I repeated to myself, and reached out so casually, so innocently, for one of the attractive sandwiches on a silver platter in the middle of the table. I bit into it, and I am afraid my face must have shown my surprise and bewilderment—it was a peanut butter sandwich, a definite tabu in gastronomy!

Peanut butter is the only thing for which we Europeans cannot forgive Americans, no matter how many wars they win for us, no matter how many fine moving pictures they make for us.

I swallowed hard and sent up a silent prayer to the soul of Brillat-Savarin, and hoped that the god of gourmets would not turn in his grave because a humble follower of his strayed from the path.

And next evening I went to The Players and made amends with the following dishes:

Purée of Tomatoes

Dice a strip of bacon, half a carrot, half an onion, and a bay leaf, and fry this in a little butter. Cut into pieces eight tomatoes and add to the concoction together with a little sugar, two ounces of rice, two cups of consommé, and simmer. Rub through a sieve, add some consommé, and a lump of butter just before serving and just after you garnish the soup with peeled, diced tomatoes fried for a minute in butter.

Broiled Deviled Spring Chicken

Split a chicken lengthwise, flatten it out and remove as many bones as possible. Salt and pepper, baste with melted butter and half-cook it in the oven.

Then coat with mustard, cover with breadcrumbs, add a little melted butter, and finish cooking on a grill. Serve with slices of lemon and Escoffier sauce (bottled).

Baked Alaska

On a board place a layer of sponge cake; lay on vanilla ice cream. On top place a dry, well-beaten mixture of four egg whites and four tablespoons of powdered sugar. Brown in the oven for a moment and serve immediately. #



"Henry, you had more than one malted milk!"



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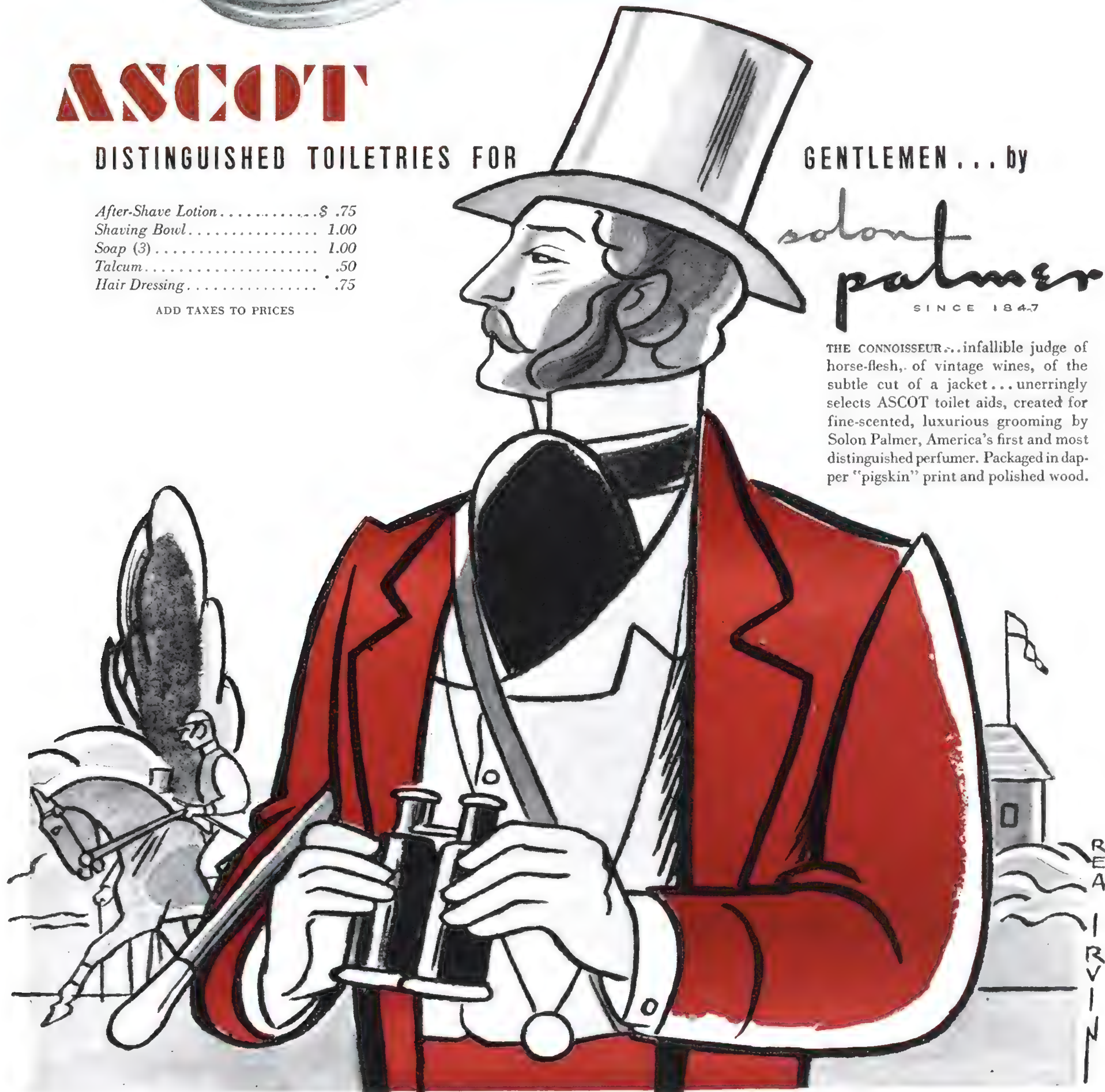
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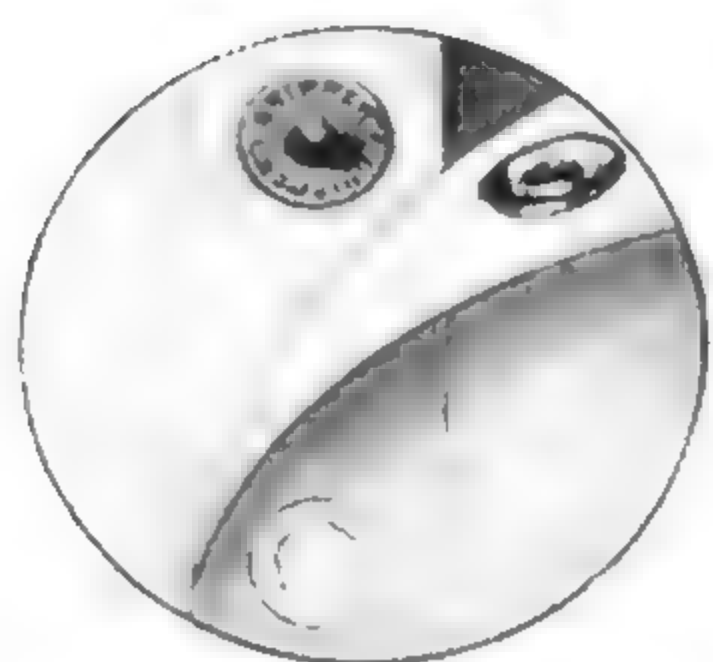


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The Moany Boids

The island was pretty as a postcard, but far from home

by **GEORGE SIDNEY**

Our plane, big and lumbering and tired, carrying fourteen of us, landed on an island in the Pacific just a few weeks before the Japs told us they had had enough. It was a tiny, flat, white coral island, as round as a plate. The surf came rolling up on all sides of it from a long way off. There were round white clouds all along the horizon, like pearls. We were making this stop because we were hungry and the plane was thirsty.

The plane landed, taxied, stopped. The motors stopped. Through the windows we could see the ground crew moving a gangplank up close to us. We opened the door and a short, chesty sergeant came briskly up the steps and into the plane.

He was wearing shoes, shorts and a Marine cap. He had his sergeant's insignia tattooed on his left arm. He stood in the doorway in the manner of one about to address a multitude on matters of state and as soon as he opened his mouth I felt homesick.

"Gennemen," he said, in a loud voice that was reminiscent of a sideshow barker's hearty invitation, "Welcome to Boid Island! Yiz'll have one hour onnis island. A truck'll take yiz to the latrine and then yiz'll eat."

We were approximately eight thousand miles from New York on a coral island plunk in the most Godforsaken part of the Pacific, but here was a Marine who spoke out of the side of his mouth and whose accent was the purest form possible out of Bensonhurst. It was one of those things which made me acutely aware of the fact that this World War II was truly a global war.

The sergeant had spoken the simple truth. A truck was waiting for us at the foot of the gangplank. It whisked us off to the latrine over a good hard coral road. It waited for us there and then it took us directly to the mess hall.

The chesty sergeant rode in the truck with us, as a sort of guide and shepherd. With the joint use of one finger and the side of his mouth he pointed out the sights of interest. He pointed to the barrel-like quonset huts in which the men were quartered. "Huts," he said. He brought the finger around in an arc and aimed it at two blots at the far end of the airstrip. "Two airypplanes," he said, "just come in from Poil Harbor." He pointed to the horizon. "Over there," he said importantly, "is clouds."

He paused for a moment then,

as if trying to think of other sights that might edify us, and then I thought I saw him frown. He pointed the finger straight up in the air to where a flock of strange, long-bodied, black birds seemed to be following the truck. "Up there," said the sergeant, and I was sure now that he was frowning, "is the moany boids."

* * *

We got to the mess hall, and though the sergeant informed us he had had his own chow a long time before we arrived, he sat with us and watched us eat. We couldn't have been a pretty sight for we ate rapidly and ravenously, but the sergeant seemed to get a great deal of satisfaction out of watching us. The chops, the potatoes, the fruit and coffee went down in five minutes. The others in our party got up to stretch their legs and to watch the sunset, but my own legs were too tired to stretch and I was a little sick of sunsets by that time. I had seen four in three days. Besides, I wanted to hear the sergeant talk, so I stayed in the mess hall with a second cup of coffee. The sergeant was sitting directly across the table.

"You like it here, sergeant?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "this is a soft both. Good chow, nice healthy climate, very nice clouds all day long. I like it, I guess. I got nineteen months of it, but I guess I got very little kick comin'." He folded his hands across his stomach, tipped his chair backwards and looked at the ceiling. "Of course," he said, slowly, "no women."

"I can see that," I said.

"And I'm a pretty long way from home."

I said, "You'll get back," and he said, "Yeah, but meantime there's no women and I'm a long way from home." He leaned further back in the chair and looked up at the ceiling. "If somebody would toss me the answer to that," he said, "I would have very little to complain of here."

* * *

I was finishing my coffee. It was getting near time to go. "Sergeant," I said, "you mentioned something before about moany birds. Just what are moany birds?"

Even before I had finished the question the sergeant had brought his chair down on all fours with a bang. He put his hands on the table and looked at me with what I can only describe as fire in his eye. "Moany boids," he said. "moany boids! You don't know"

Continued on page 13

Those in the know...ask for

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Old as Kentucky distilling
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A Truly Great Name
Among America's Great Whiskies

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Only At Better Stores

The Moany Boids

Continued from page 128

what the hell the damn things are sir?"

I said no, I did not.

"You shouldn't ought to," he said. "You should be very happy you don't know what the hell the damn things are. They make my life miserable."

"But what are they?"

He leaned closer. "A boid," he said, "a black boid. You seen 'em when we come up on the truck. We got millions of 'em. The funny thing is we didn't have 'em around here when we foist moved in to build the strip. They come here outa nowhere."

"Why do you hate them so?"

"Hate 'em! I positively spit on 'em! You know why? They moan."

I must have been covered with confusion for the sergeant went on in a tone more patient, more paternal, as though he were teaching me the facts of life.

"It is a black boid," he said, "a very long boid with a big belly. All day long they fly up there in the sky and they moan, and all night long they climb under the huts and they moan. Would you like that?"

I said I would not.

"Well," he said, "they moan. I don't know why."

The sergeant had a way of leaping, without any warning, from anger to compassion. He was suddenly compassionate. "'Feawss," he said, as though he were dispensing justice from the bench, "maybe they figure they got a right to do a little moanin'. Maybe they figure they're a long way from home."

I set my coffee cup down on the plate before I answered him. "Could be," I said.

"Sure," he said, "maybe they go nuts out here. You know what they do, for instance? They come flying right into a quonset hut, straight. They don't even look where they're going. Kill themselves. Suicide." He stroked his chin. "What the hell," he said, slowly now. "Maybe they're a long way from home."

He thought that one over for a moment, as though he were com-

ing to a decision. When he came to it, the old fire was back in his eye. He banged his fist on the table. "Then why the hell don't they go home?" he asked. "They ain't in the Army! Nobody's stoppin' them! Whadda they stick around and make my life miserable?"

His nose was very close to mine by this time. "I'm gonna do something about it," he announced in a confidential whisper.

"What?"

"You know what they do? Get right under a hut at night in the middle of the night and start moanin', moanin', moanin', all night long. Now Corporal Tucker, he climbed under the hut the other night with a flashlight and a club. Soon's the boidy starts to moan he knows where it is. He gives it the flashlight square in the face. That shuts the boidy up. Then Tucker he hits it on the beak with the club. Kilt it."

"Bye-bye, moany bird," I said.

"Yeah," he said, "bye-bye, but not farewell. It didn't work."

"No?"

"No. Two minutes later we got another moany boid under the hut moanin' over the body of the foist moany boid. Tucker, he says he can't keep it up with the club all night, he goes to sleep. Me, I got a better idea than Tucker."

"You have?"

"Sure, I got it figured out."

"How's that?"

"Well, I figure them boids is maybe lots like us. Know what I mean?"

"Not quite, sergeant."

"Well, you look at it this way. After all, they're only human, them boids. Certain things they gotta have, when they're a long way from home. So I just figured out why them boids keep killing theirselves and why they keep moanin', moanin', moanin' all the time. Next time one of 'em starts moanin' under my hut I'm gonna shut him up good. I got a way to keep him quiet."

"How?"

"I'm gonna throw him another moany boid." #



"Why don't you be sociable and go home!"

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One Family—One Tradition
for 75 Years

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Blended Whisky, 86 Proof. The straight
whiskies in this product are 51 months
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De luxe 6-tube AC-DC table model—a beauty in walnut or blond prima vera. When you hear it you'll think it's a console!



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"51" WORLD NEWS

INDIA. British Army personnel here get Parker "51" pens at the Canteen Contractors Syndicate . . . but only in a ratio of one pen for every 500 would-be owners. So in the interests of fairness, the Canteen distributes its slim supply of 51's by a monthly lottery. Soldiers in this area have been offered the equivalent of as much as \$90.00 in U. S. currency for the 51's in their pockets.

* * *

CHUNGKING. Following the recent shakeup in the Chinese Cabinet, certain new cabinet members did not own Parker 51's. Because these pens are considered symbols of high position and real importance, an urgent request was transmitted to The Parker Pen Company for prompt shipment of sufficient 51's to equip each of the new cabinet members. (The required pens went to China by air.)

* * *

CHUNGKING. So treasured are Parker 51's among the Chinese that they are reported to sell for as much as seventy to ninety thousand Chinese dollars a set. Those who own 51's regard them as badges of affluence as well as writing instruments . . . wear them conspicuously.

* * *

PARIS. Sign in a stationer's window:



* * *

SOMEWHERE IN CHINA. In the Chinese Army, awards for valor often take the form of "51" pens, since both generals and privates consider these pens to be as distinctive and valuable as official medals.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA. Ship's Service Store at the Naval Aviation Supply Depot here had a problem. The problem: a stock of exactly 9 Parker 51's . . . 263 eager customers for them. To answer it, the Ship's Store put all 263 names in a hat . . . sold the 51's to the first 9 names drawn.



* * *

PHILIPPINES. An American recently liberated from a Jap prison camp found his Parker pen had a unique and important reputation, even with the Japs. He managed to keep the pen until December 1944 when, with prisoner rations reduced to starvation levels, a Jap guard traded him precious food for the Parker. Owners of other makes of pens were not so fortunate. The guards refused to negotiate with them for extra rations.



Less waiting

THAN YOU THINK MAY BRING YOU

A PARKER "51"

IN Paris, Calcutta, Chungking . . . and here at home, Parker 51's are the "most wanted" pens. Supply is limited, but *more are coming*.

We hope that one day not too far off, a "51" may be yours. When you hold that balanced instrument, you will admire its eager feel . . . you will see the magic of its effortless writing!

The words that flow from the 51's protected tip *dry as you write*. For only the "51" pen has the design and construction which permit satisfactory use of the world's fastest drying ink, Parker "51" Ink. Of course this pen may also be used with any ordinary ink if you so desire.

Place a reservation order with your Parker

dealer, and a "51" may be yours with less waiting than you think. However, you must remember that every "51" is the result of patient, precision craftsmanship . . . the craftsmanship we have applied to rocket fuzes and other war matériel. These pens cannot be turned out by hurried mass production methods.

"51" pens come in four colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray, Cordovan Brown. \$12.50 and \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00 and \$7.50. Parker "51" Sets, \$17.50 to \$80.00. World-famous Parker Vacumatic Pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00.

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis.

KEEP ON BUYING WAR BONDS . . . HOLD THOSE YOU BUY

PARKER

51



FOUNDED IN 1840

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

*"The Blend
of Experience"*



Behind every
bottle over
100 years
of Knowing
How!

*The finest-tasting
Whiskey of its
type in America!*

Answering some fashion queries
from near and distant readers



Mail Call

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

At the possible risk of seeming to scoop the Sound and Fury columns, we are presenting some representative letters from fellows in the armies of occupation and in civilian life whose questions concern the ever-debatable matter of dress.

Useless Information

During the past months in an effort to maintain our sanity, my erstwhile friend Charles L. and I have argued among other things on the average size of an American man's neck. He says size 14½, while I say 15½ would be a great deal closer.



Italy. P. F.

Answer: Based on sales of millions of shirts by one large American manufacturer, percentages by sizes are: 14½, 17½%; 15, 27%; 15½, 25%; 16, 12%.

Studied Casualness on the Campus

For several days an argument has been raging here in the barracks on whether clothes would change to any great extent now that the war is over. Your answer will be accepted as final. Several of us are planning on returning to college as soon as we graduate from the army and all of us are in need of new clothes.



W. R. H.

Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, Calif.

Answer: Fashions for men at universities are expected to change in various degrees. Most undergraduates continue to wear odd sport jackets and slacks to classes and this comfortable custom will undoubtedly prevail.

Patterns of the tweeds for the jackets tend to smaller designs and more vivid colors. Longer jackets will rule. Grey flannel slacks, worn with any type of jacket will share popularity with covert cloth, gabardine and other fabrics in tan and brown. Narrower brim hats, bow ties, shetland sweaters, Oxford shirts and moccasins are on the list of approved fashions.

New fashion ideas will of course be developed by ingenious collegiate bellweathers and summarily adopted by flocks of fad-loving students.

How to Tie a Lock Knot

About two or three years ago, maybe more, you published a

page illustrating the way to tie a Windsor knot on a necktie.

As a deference to Army & Navy regulation I believe you labeled it "non-slip knot," or some similar un-Brummelish handle.

I have been trying to teach this bit of sartorial know-how to an ensign friend with meager results. He wants to learn, but seems to sprout ten thumbs on every attempt, and is rapidly developing a frustration complex. Obviously, no dummy (a Harvard Business School grad) he was reared in a narrow world and that particular knot was apparently outside the pale.

Will you please tell me in which back issue of Esquire the page in question was published? I have copies of all issues as far back as January '41.

G. D. C.

Boston

Answer: The Windsor knot was featured in the January, '43 Esquire, and should get to Harvard any year now.

Waistcoat of Many Colors

What is the function of an odd waistcoat or sport vest in the wardrobe of the average man? Should it be worn only with a sport jacket and contrasting slacks? Need it be of a solid color if the sport jacket is a multi-colored tweed and the slacks are plain and contrasting? Which should the waistcoat match (the jacket or the coat)? Or may it contrast with both? Is it good taste to wear a pair of checked trousers with an equally checkered coat (jacket) or should the latter be plain and of contrasting shade? How may one accommodate a striped or multi-colored waistcoat if one's slacks are plain and all sport jackets are not plain?



E. W. B.

Watervliet, N. Y.

Answer: An odd waistcoat is primarily an article of fashion with the secondary consideration of protection. It is often worn with formal day clothes, the cut-away coat and striped trousers, and to a limited extent with business suits. Probably in sportswear it has its widest acceptance.

It may be either plain or in a tattersall-check pattern. For example, with a jacket in blue and brown tweed, or in pale tan, the waistcoat may have blue and tan checks on a white ground, while trousers may be plain grey flannel. The waistcoat's color is usually governed by that of the jacket. #



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PARIS BELTS

"TOPS" FOR YOUR TROUSERS

ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

Compiled by GILBERT SELDES

Special Event

Strictly G. I.

(Asch—Hy Zaret)

With privates and noncoms, a Wac sergeant, and one USO trouper (Kenneth Spencer) all connected with bands, radio, recording, etc., in civil life. The proceeds of this sale go to the National Service Fund of the Disabled American Veterans.

Sgt. Zaret, who wrote the theme song of *The Hit Parade*, among other things, set out "to produce an album of real G.I. material, performed by G.I.'s as it might have taken place at the P.X., the barracks, or the 'Rec. Hall.'" His success is outstanding. Some of the songs are parodies sung to familiar tunes, some were written expressly for various Army enterprises. The recording is free-and-easy, the technique of production likewise. But these seem, to a civilian, to be the authentic singing of the Army; and the authentic emotions of the Army, too.

Everybody's Doing It

Carousel

(Rodgers)

Albums by Decca and Columbia previously noted.

This Was a Real Clambake and *June Is Bustin' Out All Over*

(Hildegard and Lombardo)

June and If I Loved You

What's the Use—You'll Never Walk Alone

(Victor—Thomas L. Thomas, Nan Merriman, and Al Goodman's Orchestra)

If I Loved You and You'll Never Walk Alone

(Columbia—Sinatra and Ken Lane Singers)

This Rodgers-Hammerstein work struck me as a second-string work, reminiscent of such masterpieces as *Trovatore*, *Pinafore* and *Oklahoma!*, not only in music, but in style, plus a splash of Petrouchka. The music, separated from the arty production, stands up pretty well. Note the interesting, and various combinations. I wouldn't dream of recommending A to the admirers of B, or Hildegard to the Sinatra fans.

Another Mania

Bell Bottom Trousers

(Majestic—Prima-Carol)

There's a Broken Heart

(Majestic—Prima-Carol)

(James J. Walker, once mayor of New York, is the new head of this organization—and smart things may be expected soon.)

This record, like *June*, is busting out all over. Like *Rum and Coca Cola*, it depends, to an extent, on how cleverly the frankness of the original is concealed and hinted. Lily Ann Carol, who sang one of the nicest *Rums*, sings this one pleasantly, too.

About the lights on Broadway and the corresponding broken hearts—I note only that some old songs seem as foolish as new ones, but have more charm.

Single Items

Man I Love

Fascinating Rhythm

(Decca—Hazel Scott)

Horses Don't Bet on People

(Columbia—Kay Kyser)

Clarinade

(Columbia—B. Goodman)

I Got Rhythm

(Decca—Ethel Smith)

You Are Love—Kern

Always—Berlin

(Victor—Grace Moore)

Miss Scott is a fascinating pianist and runs rings around any number she plays; but when she abandons the melody of *The Man I Love*, and alters the meaning by false accents, it isn't too good. People without talent do it—why should she? The rest of the list on the left is a sample of the singles available; there are probably others just as well worth noting—but not particularly more so.

Sacred and Profane

Hour of Charm

(Columbia—Spitalny)

Religious Songs

(Victor—Jeanette MacDonald)

Songs of Devotion

(Decca—Fred Waring)

Eili, Eili and the *Lost Chord*

(Decca—Fred Waring)

Death and Transfiguration

(Victor—Strauss—Stokowski)

I cannot account for the sudden and simultaneous eruption of three separate albums of devotional music. All three of them give you *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*, two have the *Ave Maria*; Waring's group includes spirituals, Spitalny's has *Love's Old Sweet Song*. Perhaps there is as much religious spirit in the Richard Strauss in which "the leonine maestro" (as the blurb puts it) conducts the N.Y. City Symphony Orchestra. It is certainly the most interesting.

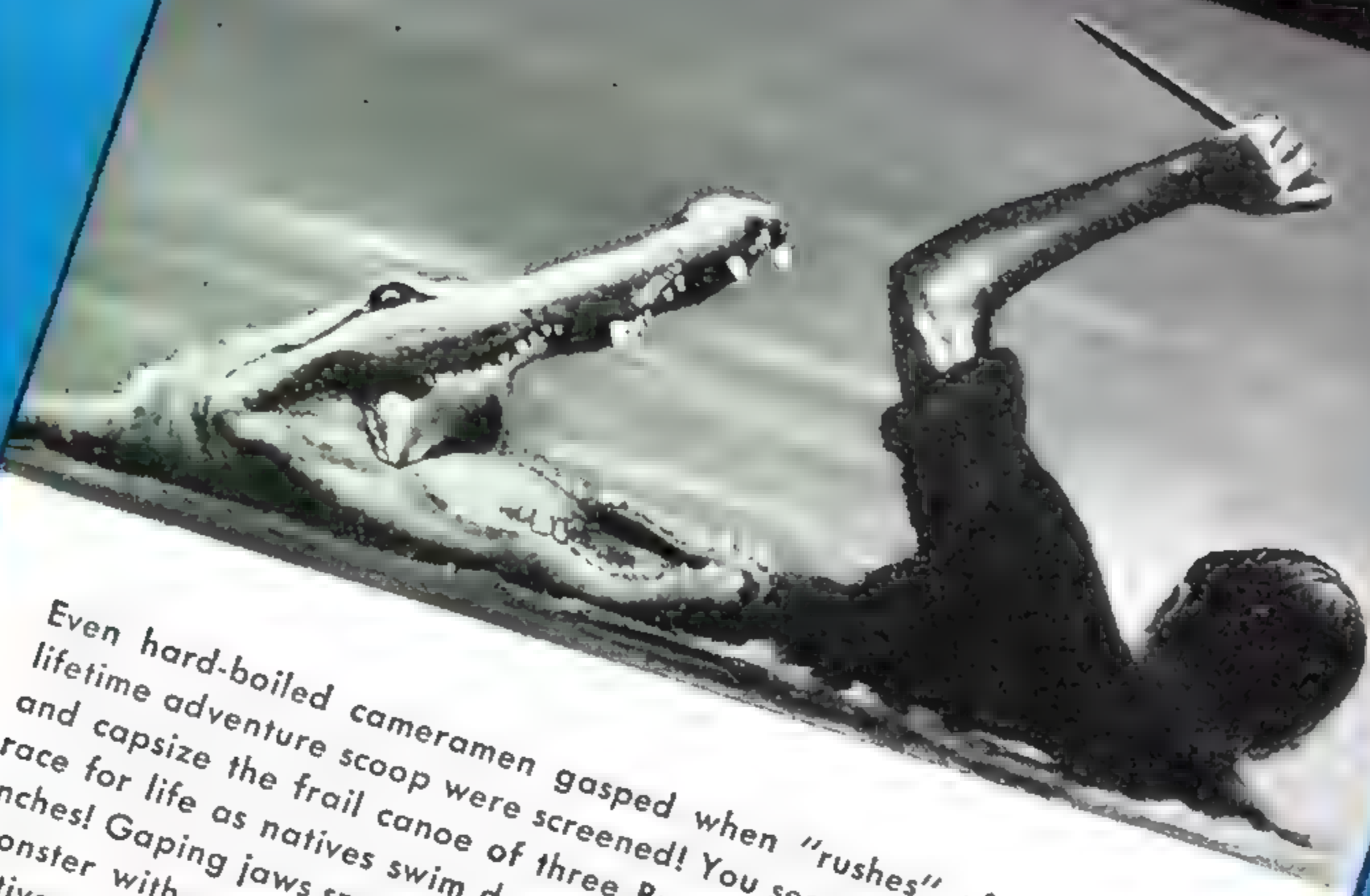
On The Wire

The Sonora Company has issued a press release about recording on wire. This is a reconversion item, and promises plenty. As you know, some of the great on-the-spot broadcasts have been wire-recordings, and promises of complete symphonies played without interruption are sure to be fulfilled. Sound engineers say the quality is "below broadcast standard" so far, but as good as average recording. What effect wire will have on the sale of single shots isn't yet clear. One of the supreme advantages of wire seems to be that you can erase the sound, turning yourself into a critic as well as a listener.

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ADVENTURE! FIGHTS! SPORTS DAREDEVILS! CHIMP COMEDY!

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Even hard-boiled cameramen gasped when "rushes" of this once-in-a-lifetime adventure scoop were screened! You see vicious crocodiles attack and capsize the frail canoe of three Burmese natives... a spectacular race for life as natives swim desperately to escape. Two succeed... by inches! Gaping jaws snatch the third... drag him under as he battles the monster with a sheath knife! Many other thrilling sequences as daring natives fight man-killing brutes and capture them bare-handed in far reaches of Burma, the Everglades, Brazilian Amazon!

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See death-defying bobsled racers slam around "S" turns, take hairpin curves at airplane speed on world's most dangerous course! Every daring adventure in winter sports filmed in exciting action for home movies. Ski aces! Ice-yachting at hair-raising speed! Skating champions! Trotters on a frozen track!

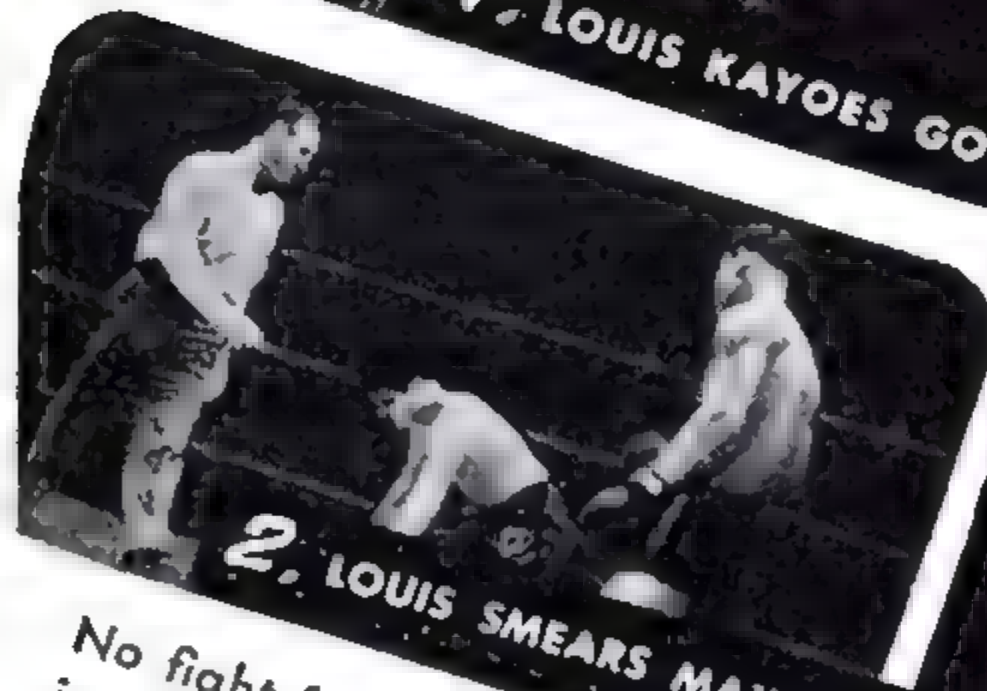
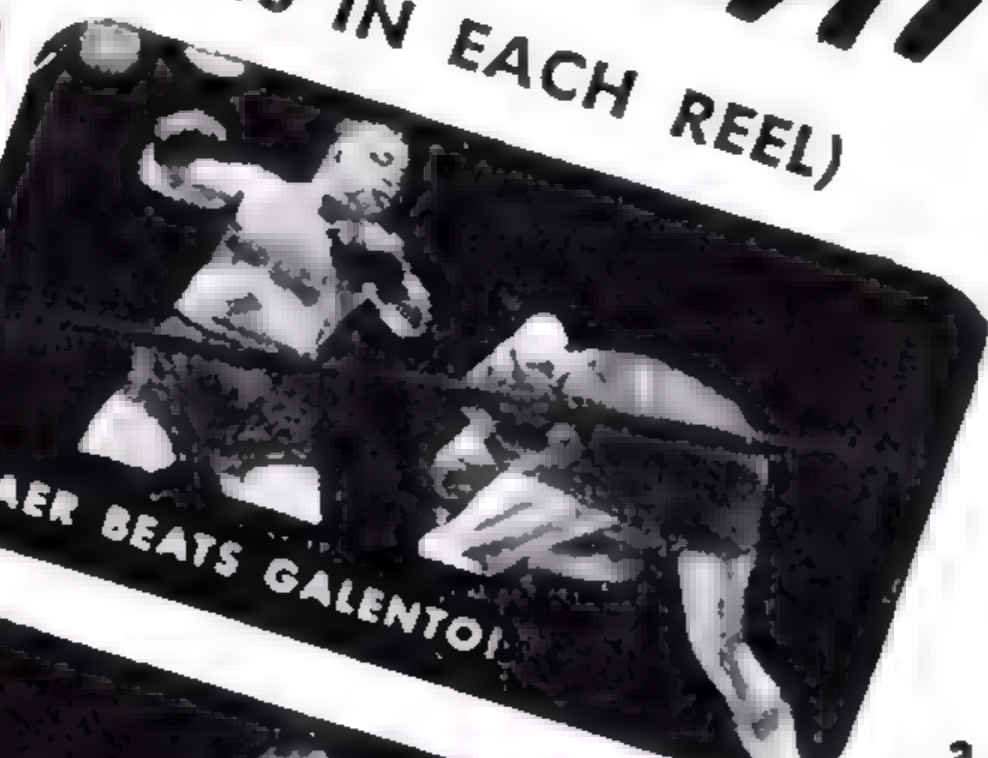
8mm
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8 FAMOUS RING BATTLES

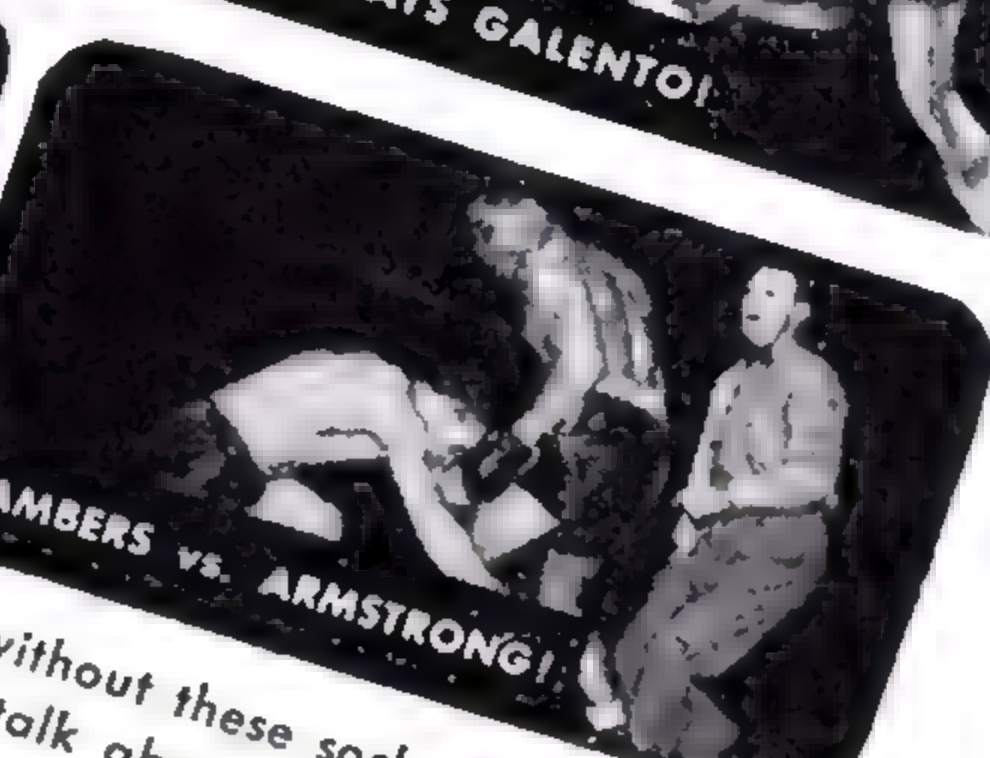
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Bard . . . \$5

The Pipe that Ends
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Knowing smokers who have had disappointing experiences with ordinary screw-stem pipes will welcome the advent of VanRoy Ajustomatic. They will immediately recognize this new pipe as the complete answer to their quest for a trouble-free screw-stem

. . . Through an entirely new principle of pipe manufacture the VanRoy Ajustomatic will not, cannot, lock at an off angle. This is effected by the patented design of the Ajustomatic stem which is set in an exclusive "float-mounting". The stem can be turned freely and repeatedly, yet stem and bowl retain their precision alignment for the life of the pipe

. . . Give yourself the justly proud satisfaction of owning the one and only pipe of its kind—a pipe in the VanRoy tradition of craftsmanship.



Signet of Quality in Pipes

VanRoy Company Inc., Empire State Building, New York 1

England's Front Page

Continued from page 53

vanished from the scene. Thus the readers of English newspapers have been spared the goopy copy produced by feature writers covering, say, the trial of a dog for biting a milkman's ankle. Weather news was banned from the start, so readers didn't have to struggle through coy weather stories. Divorce actions, never displayed so prominently in British newspapers, now get only slight mention, but they still carry the old heads "Scandal in Surrey," or "Was Cuckolded, Says Baronet."

But one comic strip—the word strip is perfect here—not only did not disappear, but prospered. This is Jane, a young girl who is always drawn with almost nothing on, and sometimes literally with nothing on. Jane is published by the *Daily Mirror* and she is always up to her lovely neck in troubles, mostly provoked by her striking desirability. Everybody in the British Army knows Jane, and much of the American Army knows her, too, since Jane appears in the Paris Edition of *Stars and Stripes*. In the Autumn of 1943, a large American syndicate began dickering for the American rights to Jane, and it is presumed she will soon show herself for American readers. If she does, she'll have to put more clothes on.

One feature that has not disappeared from English papers is the Letter to the Editor column. Englishmen still gravely report the first robin, still quote Horace or Ovid as they relate what they see as they stride across a Scottish moor.

In wartime, all news tends to have a handout, or embalmed, flavor. The mimeograph machine whirls in Washington, or at SHAEF, or in Whitehall and every newspaper gets precisely the same news. So far as the war itself went, most reporters covered exactly the same thing, and their copy tended to sameness. Until V-E Day, there was no discernible difference in the way papers handled the news. Afterwards the old differences, both political and stylistic, gradually reappeared.

Not only did the papers treat war news the same; they treated domestic news, especially politics, the same. This arose because of a curious provision in a revolutionary British law called the Defense of the Realm Act. This measure was rushed through Parliament in the early days of the war and under it, Englishmen quite calmly gave up every civil right they ever had. The right of habeas corpus flew out of the window; under section 18B of the DORA, any Britisher could be thrown into jail without trial and without appeal. He might be kept incommunicado, or he might not, at the discretion of the authorities.

But the broad provision known as 2D could have finished the free press in England. The English, bomber minutes from Hitler, were prepared to give up their free press as they gave up automobiles or long week ends or chocolate, if necessary. It never was necessary, as it turned out, but Section 2D did have the effect of severely muzzling the press. The explanation is a valid one. In September, 1939, when England went to war, Chamberlain had brought her to the lowest point in her history. She stayed there uneasily throughout the "sitzkrieg" period of the Winter of 1939-1940. In May, Hitler started moving and so did Churchill. He was made Prime Minister, and the British people, seeing in him all the past glories of England and all her future hope, said, in effect: Right-o. Whatever he wants of us we will give.

So for over eighteen months no British paper but one criticized the Churchill coalition government or Churchill's conduct of the war. The lone voice was that of the Communist *Daily Worker*. Its criticisms generally followed the rubbery party line which in the days before the German invasion of Russia, saw the war as naked imperialism. Yet the criticisms, read today, do not seem too severe.

However, on January 22, 1941,
Continued on page 140



"Come now, Wilbur—there must be something in the rules regarding light artillery"

— Here They Are!

PRECISION

ABSORB-O-RAY

AIR FORCE

METAL *flying* GLASSES



Available to Civilians

The same sunglasses worn by our service flyers... made to the same exacting precision standards... ABSORB-O-RAY metal flying glasses are now available to the public.

Thousands of these optically ground and polished sunglasses were manufactured exclusively for Air Corps flyers. You know how dependent they were on clear, glare-free vision under all kinds of dazzling glare conditions. Precision ABSORB-O-RAY wide vision, metal sunglasses with plastic pearl top sweat bars, provide high visual acuity while absorbing 97% of the infra red rays and 94% of the ultra violet rays. Handsome case with each pair.

Wear them yourself... give them as a gift... send them to a man or woman in service.

\$7.75
per pair



OVERSEAS GIFT

Here's a gift that is really needed by servicemen or women. Precision ABSORB-O-RAY sunglasses may be mailed to APO and FPO addresses at any time without request letter.

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Manufacturers of Optical Specialties Since 1872

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ATTENTION DEALERS: Write for information on attractive selling plan.

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Send me _____ pairs of ABSORB-O-RAY metal sunglasses with carrying case at \$7.75 each. I enclose \$_____ Check ☐ Money Order ☐

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City _____ Zone _____ State _____

THE ONE-AND-ONLY

Season Skipper

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

TWO COMPLETE COATS IN ONE



BUY TOPPER AND ALL-WOOL LINING
TOGETHER OR SEPARATELY

Why didn't anyone think of that before? You can buy the all-wool topper now, wear it through fall as a handsome topcoat. Buy the 100% wool button-in lining when you need it, now or later. In it goes, and there you have your winter overcoat! You can get the lining where you buy your topper, or at any store in America that carries *Season Skipper*. Most men buy them together for whatever weather turns up. In superb gabardines, coverts, tweeds. *Toppers from \$45.00. Separate lining, \$10.00*

For name of nearest dealer, write Dept. E-11, C. B. Shane Corp., 325 W. Madison Street, Chicago 6, Illinois



In goes a lining... sleeves and all*



*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

England's Front Page

Continued from page 138

the *Daily Worker* was suppressed, along with a Communist newsletter called *The Week*. Section 2D was invoked, and the *Daily Worker* was found to be guilty of the "systematic publication of matter calculated to foment opposition to the prosecution of the war to a successful issue." Now this was a highly un-British procedure. Public feeling ran high, and it was not only Communists who had their say. The *Daily Worker* was an important British journal, far more than its American counterpart. It had a circulation equivalent to that of the world-famed *Manchester Guardian*. What its influence was is anybody's guess, but it was the only paper supported only by the working people of England, and it was the only paper which criticized Churchill.

A week later, the House of Commons, in a stormy session, debated the issue while Hitler, who never debated the issue of a free press, dropped some non-debatable bombs on London. Commons upheld the ban, but it severely criticized the government for its move.

This enforced honeymoon went on for more than a year. Then the *Daily Mirror* printed a cartoon which threw Churchill, now habituated to laudatory editorials, into a rage. The cartoon seemed mild enough. It showed a torpedoed sailor hanging desperately to a life raft, and it bore the caption: "The price of petrol went up a penny today." In the same paper a columnist hinted that perhaps Britain's generals were not quite the greatest in the world. The government acted immediately. Section 2D was pointed at the *Daily Mirror* like a gun, and the *Mirror* held up its hands, and no more did it criticize Churchill.

Now this was not as easy a case to judge as the case of the *Daily Worker*. The *Mirror* was about as dangerous as an ice cream soda. It is thoroughly middle-class, roast-beef British. But it had Jane, and every single British soldier read the *Mirror* because of

her. Churchill was shrewd enough to realize this, and he was shrewd enough to realize that criticism in a paper with mass circulation in the end hurts more than criticism in a "respectable" paper, such as, say, the *London Times*.

However, the British people won the last battle, as usual. In August of 1943, Churchill returned from a visit to Stalin, and the ban on the *Daily Worker* was lifted with the same suddenness with which it was invoked. Most people in England thought that the Prime Minister's talk with Stalin had something to do with the reversal, but this is probably not so. What actually made the lifting of the ban necessary was that in September, the British Trade Unions were to hold a convention and they—the workingmen of England—were going to demand that the ban be lifted. It looked better to lift the ban before the demand was made. Thus, the British middle class, which supported the original ban, forced its lifting, a happy ending in the best British tradition. However, criticism of the government was still not visible, although comic references to blackouts, particularly, began appearing in the press.

There was, as we see now, no need for alarm. When the time came for freedom of the press, freedom of the press was there, just as when the time came for an election, Churchill was defeated by a Labor landslide.

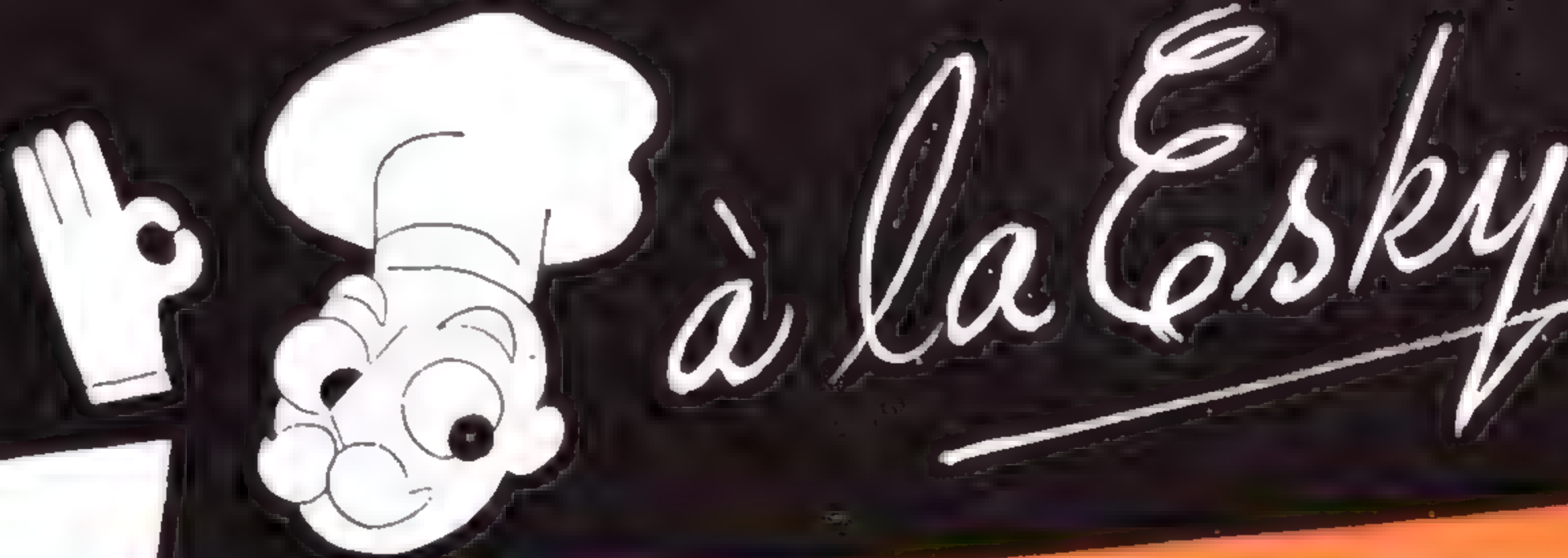
But as the English papers got smaller, their owners' fortunes got larger. There is now no daily, nor few weeklies, in England which is not markedly richer than before the war, and this in spite of the high wartime taxes. The reason is simple. The cost of paper is a staggering sum on the budget of any newspaper, and before the war in England it cost generally five times as much as the newspaper sold for. But when the use of newsprint was cut eighty per cent, so were its costs. Circulation stayed the same, and advertising rates went up. A British daily now makes money on cir-

Continued on page 142



"When was this room cleaned last?"

Thanksgiving menu



à la Esky

1

1946 Date Book *à la glamour*

... 104 fun-filled, beauty-packed pages...
pocket-sized...gayly colored...plastic bound
... 6 vivid Vargas ..26 outstanding koda-
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... 11 knockout cartoons... a super game
section... AND 69 pages for date-data ..
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3

Esky-Cards *glacé with charm*

... packaged in sets of six... shiny, de luxe
chromecoat stock... 4 warm glowing colors
... 1½ times the size of an ordinary post card
... vivid Varga gals... Hurrell honeys...
whistleworthy Waxmans... cartoon classics
superb sports scenes... ALL designed to pro-
voke pin-up praises and to solve your corre-
spondence problems.

25¢ a set

5 sets for \$1



2

Varga Playing Cards *garnish with Beauty*

... twin "queens" suited to a king's taste...
deck "A" in radiant red... deck "B" in brilliant
blue... bridge-size... sleek... smooth...
wear-resistant... "ever fresh", if cleaned with
a damp cloth... the eye-compelling PAIR are
yours for just \$2.00 along with a superb little
card manual called ESKY'S EIGHTS, filled with
the latest in card games... tricks... tips and
score pad pages... OR the single card decks
are \$1.00.

\$2 pair \$1 deck



4

And the Gift Kit *the Blue Plate Special*

a handsomely packaged composite of all of the
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plete sets of choice ESKY CARDS to keep your
"mail friends" happy for a year... the pleas-
ure-filled Gift KIT includes a special gift serv-
ice which covers handpenning your name on
an attractive gift card, wrapping, packaging
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- _____ pairs of Varga Playing Cards @ \$2.00
per pair.
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\$1.00 per deck.
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\$1.00 per deck.
- _____ pairs of Esky-Cards checked below
@ 25¢ per pair or any 5 sets for \$1.00.
_____ sets of 6 Bohl nature studies (set #2
@ 25¢)
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#4 @ 25¢)
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#11 @ 25¢)
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A free, new and informative 64-page-card-book called Esky's Eighth is enclosed with the purchase of every Pair of decks.

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The price of Date Book in Canada is 75¢. Esky-Cards 35¢ a set. Varga Playing Cards \$1.50 a deck or \$3.00 per PAIR. Make Canadian remittances payable to and send to: Sinnott News Co., Mail Order Dept., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

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SEND FOR THE ABSOLUTELY FREE ESKY BUY-PRODUCTS CATALOG...
(a completely illustrated summary of all of our latest products)

Since present day activity has shifted "anatomical spread" from where your pants bend to where your feet bend, more and more brogue fans have shifted to BATES ORIGINALS. That's because these sturdy shoes have style-concealed extra width across the ball of the foot. They are "Slipper-Free Where Your Foot Bends".

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BATES

Originals

* "SLIPPER-FREE
WHERE YOUR
FOOT BENDS"



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England's Front Page

Continued from page 140

ulation alone, an utter impossibility before the war.

Also, labor costs have gone down. The workmen—either editorial or mechanical—required to produce a four-page paper don't cost as much as those required to produce a twenty-four page paper.

Before the war, English newspapermen were regarded as occupying a low position in the social scale. Indeed, their pay was so low that they couldn't afford to dress properly. This was indicated at a party given by a large American magazine in London's chromium-and-mirror Dorchester Hotel. A group of English newspapermen were invited and they trooped in, clad in their odd, mismatched clothes, with curious string ties and curious stringy shirts. One American newspaperman, on seeing them, was heard to remark: "Look. Sheep in sheep's clothing."

But now, this situation is considerably changed. Newspaper readers have learned that their correspondents have died bringing them news, and they noticed that all during the wild nights of the blitz, the newspapermen kept at their typewriters, getting them the news, no matter what. Another thing which helped the social position of the English newspapermen to an astonishing degree was the flood of American war correspondents who descended on England during the war.

American newspapermen can—as they did—ask Queen Marie of Romania to "show more leg" for the shipnews' cameramen. They can, and do, wrangle with presidents and generals, and they are used to surveying public figures from so many viewpoints, including the bedroom, that a mere second front never bothered them a bit.

David Lardner, the warm, discerning correspondent for *The New Yorker* who was killed in Germany on the job, came to London late in the day. After seeing the American correspondents at work in London—challenging MP's, contradicting generals in press conferences, whacking admirals on the back, Lardner was aghast. "But they're so impudent," he said.

The British newspaperman, seeing so many of these correspondents all demanding news—and getting it—was aghast, too. But then, he began to get invitations to American Army press conferences, and he discovered that a highly bemedaled American officer would even answer his questions. Before the war, ranking British officers gave no sign they even knew there was a press in England. At the beginning of the war one high-ranking Admiralty figure was asked how he proposed to issue communiqués to the press. He is said to have answered: "So far as I'm concerned, there should be two communiqués in this war. The first one says, 'Hostilities have commenced, as of 11 A.M. Sept. 3,

1939.' The second one will say, 'Hostilities have ended, with England victorious, as of such-and-such a date.' Between them, silence."

So it may be expected that the British journalist will emerge from this war more highly respected, and perhaps more highly paid. Most of the credit will go to himself, but part of it will belong to the American correspondents who demanded, in American accents, what most English journalists would never have whispered, even in British accents.

In the elections last July several English newspapermen were voted into Parliament. These include Michael Foot and Maurice Webb of the *Daily Herald* and Tom Driberg of the *Reynolds News*, all Labor members, as well as Vernon Bartlett of the *News Chronicle* who ran on the Independent ticket.

Because England is part of an Empire, even before the war British papers were far more internationally-minded than American papers. Now, they are many times more world-conscious. The use of American news has jumped easily 500 per cent since the war, and it is no longer true that Englishmen think Americans still eat buffalo, never read books, and all look like Joan Crawford or Robert Taylor. For two years, Englishmen found Americans wherever they looked, especially in the rare taxis or grouped around the rare good-looking girl not in uniform or around the rarer bottle of whiskey. Their interest in America was in the beginning the horrified interest of the Sunday afternoon visitor who discovers little Rollo in his lap. But it grew, and the newspapers helped it. The 1944 election was covered by the British press almost to the exclusion of war news, and the death of Roosevelt was seen by the newspapers as a mountainous calamity.

The war changed a lot of England's pleasant face. It changed the press, too. It is to be hoped that the owners of the press will have profited by the change in the same sense that a high officer in the British Public Relations Office profited. American correspondents were bedeviling the officer for accreditation to the British armies which were going to land with the Americans in Normandy. The British officer had in mind, say, five correspondents. But the Americans wouldn't hear of it. They wanted as many accreditations as there were correspondents who wanted to go. They didn't get that, but they won their point. The Englishman won his, too, in a way, because when the correspondents told him that it was urgent, that they needed more representation, that this was the biggest news story since the Crucifixion, he smiled and said, "Well, that was pretty well covered by only four men." #

Continued from page 53



In two shakes of a lamb's tail!

You can get a marvelous Manhattan Cocktail in less time than it takes to say
 "Heublein of Hartford." These famous prepared cocktails are completely ready
 to serve. *You just add ice!* Ask your local liquor store for HEUBLEIN'S CLUB COCKTAILS.

THE FIVE KINDS: *Manhattan, 65 proof*
Dry Martini, 71 proof; Old Fashioned, 80 proof
Side Car, 60 proof; Daiquiri, 70 proof
 G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., INC.
 Hartford, Conn.

HEUBLEIN'S
Club COCKTAILS





AGE OF DISCRETION

Drawing by J. M. C. Fenton

Speaking in terms of apparel, as we invariably do, a man in his fifties is usually wise to choose clothes which accentuate vertical lines. Our model takes this cue by wearing an overcoat with herringbone weave. Moreover it has only four buttons,

set low, to allow extra long lapels. It features reasonably broad shoulders, softly draped, regular pockets and no cuffs. The herringbone fabric, shown close-up at left, has blue nubs. His blue sharkskin suit (see swatch on the right) is notable for its soft,

lighter blue overplaid. Included in the samples are the material of his foulard tie, and of his double-striped broadcloth shirt, which, incidentally, features a widespread collar. His off-the-face hat, chamois gloves and dark brown shoes are all in good fashion.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



He's coming home

Speed ship, speed! I'm in a hurry—some of my buddies are already there. I see the U. S. A. ahead—camp—then a waiting train. Hold it, Mr. Conductor, hold that train. All right, let's go...*all a-a-board*—train leaving for Cleveland, Chicago, Middletown and all points North, South, East and West. Now how much longer...just two hours. The next stop is mine. It's my last assignment...assignment home!

He'll need a new wardrobe

Pack away my O.D.'s. Take 'em out of sight, out of mind. What I want is a wardrobe of good looking, comfortable civvies. Sport clothes, dress clothes, business clothes...oh brother, just lead me to them! Make way for a customer who's spent four years lining up his postwar plans. I've got the future figured out and I know what clothes I'll need for the job.



He'll look to the fabric first

Maybe I'm a wise guy, but four years in the army teaches you a lot...about clothes for instance. Government Issue is a real science that starts with the fabric. Wherever you're shipped you get a uniform made for the climate and your job. That's what I call planning. That's what I want in my new clothes—planning. That's why I'll look for clothes made for a definite purpose. That's why I'll look to the fabric first!

Pacific looms are already turning from war needs to your needs...concentrating on specialty fabrics for your special requirements. As time goes on your favorite retailer will have more and more clothes of Pacific specialty fabrics. They'll be fine value, fine for you. Pacific Mills, Worsted Division, 261 Fifth Avenue, New York 16.



IT'S THE RUM FOR
RUM AND COLA
DRINKS

IT'S THE PERFECT
RUM FOR ALL
RUM DRINKS!

How to make
a Rum & Cola
(Cuba Libre)

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

Fill a glass with cola
and stir well...
Add squeezed lime

2 or more ice cubes

2 ounces Old St. Croix
Imported Rum

Juice of ½ lemon
or lime



10-ounce glass



How to make
a Daiquiri

READ FROM THE BOTTOM UP

Add ice cubes, shake
well and strain into
cocktail glass

1½ ounces Old St. Croix
Imported Rum

Juice of ½ lemon
or lime

½ tsp. pwd. sugar

3½-ounce glass

Every Drink's a Joy with **OLD ST. CROIX** because the Flavor Stands Up
(PRONOUNCED SAINT CROY)
BRAND
Imported Rum
SINCE 1838

First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 89

the similarly directed bus boys would dash furiously at two-minute intervals to the lavatory.

The city's new buildings would be designed by Oliver Smith and other such musical show scene-designers and would all be lopsided. Mike Todd would be Commissioner of Parks and Central Park would be chock-a-block with sopranos howling their heads off. The thoroughfares would be full of Agnes de Mille ballet dancers with calves the size of jeroboams, and if you tried to crowd your way through them in order to cross the street the Irish cops would hail you with a "Begorra, and do yez think y' are a chicken? Why does a chicken cross the street?" thereupon hitting you over the head with a stuffed club. Your head would then sprout two small red and green balloons, and under the city ordinance it would be incumbent upon you to execute a prat-fall.

The traffic lights, incidentally, would not be simply red and green but red, green, purple, blue, mauve, vermillion, yellow, peach-bloom and chartreuse, and you would be so confused that you would run your automobile right through the window of Saks-Fifth Avenue and wouldn't be able to stop until you landed in the ladies' powder room, where you'd be arrested as a Peeping Tom.

When you arrived at the police court, the judge, in all probability Bobby Clark, would hit you over the head with a bladder, squirt water in your face through his mouth, jump on your lap and imbed your nether-section in a tack which the court attendant had poised on the witness chair.

Should you pass a fair creature on the street, should she hintfully drop her handkerchief and should you gallantly make to retrieve it, she would snap it back with a rubber string and reward your efforts merely with an "Oo-la-la," which would be no end embarrassing, since your wife would on all occasions necessarily be just coming around the corner and would humiliate you by seizing you by the ear and leading you cringing from the scene.

The fire department would be manned entirely by dyed blondes who would go to fires perched cheesecake-wise on the

cardboard apparatus and singing something like "You Can Go To Blazes" in voices that would eliminate the need for the sirens.

When you died, you would be interred in Cain's storehouse.

You still think that to live in a world like *The Gypsy Baron* would be delightfully romantic. Have you ever smelled gypsies? You still think that existence as pictured in *La Vie Parisienne* would be ideal. Have you ever taken a good look at nine-tenths of those French midinettes, to say nothing of ten-tenths of those French opera stars? You still imagine that if the world were like *The Merry Widow*, it would be one constant, unending gala at Maxim's. Have you, even in days long before the wars, ever gandered those female battle-axes smeared with sickly blue-green make-up, or been nicked fifteen American dollars for a dollar bottle of champagne *nature* artfully concealed in a six-dollar monogrammed bath towel, or been stuck for five dollars for a five-franc bunny toy, or eaten mayonnaise-slavered veal kidney?

The world, to repeat, has lots of things wrong with it but, all things considered, the Lord be praised that it is not run like operetta and musical comedy. It isn't demanded of you that you arbitrarily stop in your love-making and go into a waltz with your best girl, only to be slapped in the face by her at its finish and to be told that you are a low dog and that she wants never to lay eyes on you again. It isn't ordered of you that you burst into Tin Pan Alley song every time the moon comes out, or that you attend banquets at which nothing is served, or that you go wild over princesses who look like something the cat refused to bring in.

As things are, you further don't have to look out of your window and go into raptures over the beauty of a Lake Como painted by a blob artist; you needn't kneel and humbly kiss the hand of some frowzy old scarecrow masquerading as a Duchess; you don't have to go around with an idiotic grin on your face all day; and you don't have to wear tights.

And still you complain about taxes. ##

WINTER... is a season



WINTER... is a test

• Winters can be wicked on shoes—unless you're wearing stout-hearted Walk-Overs! When rough weather's on the loose, Walk-Over's fine quality leathers and skilled workmanship take anything the elements bring—and then come back like new, pliable and easy to shine.

Walk-Over men's prices
\$8.95 to \$12.95.

Geo. E. Keith Company
Brockton 63, Mass.



WALK ★ OVER

Quality Footwear



The Real Davy Crockett

Continued from page 62

laced fallen trees into almost impenetrable "harricanes." Though game had multiplied enormously in the tangled forests, only the most intrepid hunters were equal to the challenge. Among these Davy Crockett had no equal. He hunted for his own family, and for his neighbors, and when he had supplied all his friends he ranged afield and stocked the smokehouses of strangers. In 1825 he killed and dressed 105 bears.

Mindful of the debts left by the wreckage of his mill, he found time for a second venture into commerce. During one winter he employed a squad of men to cut 30,000 fence palings and build two decked-over boats to carry them down river to New Orleans. The river that spring was high and unruly. On the first night the amateur boatmen struck a sand bar, careened broadside into a mighty raft of drift timber, and were rolled under. The crew was rescued by a steamboat next day, and Crockett pushed on to Natchez where for a week he sat dejectedly on a dock and waited for his buoyant boats to reappear. They never did. He went home to learn with mixed feelings that his neighbors had nominated him for the state legislature again.

One campaign had left him a seasoned veteran, and now he developed a technique of his own that was infallible. He carried with him at all times a flask and a giant twist of tobacco. To each prospective voter he met, he would offer a nip from his flask. In order to accept this hospitality, the worthy constituent must first dispose of his quid. "So then," Davy explains, "I would out with my twist and give him another chaw, and in this way he would not be worse off than when I found him." Again he was elected, this time from a new district, and served two years.

It was during this term that Crockett was compelled by his rawhide sense of honesty to vote against the man who had been his greatest hero. Andrew Jackson, whose name was already in nomi-

nation for the presidency, was also put up by party hacks for a seat in the Senate against a Senator Williams, popular candidate for re-election. Frontier politics had a certain loose quality in those days. Since national senators were elected by the members of the state legislature, Jackson's name, as the machine intended, easily defeated Williams.

But Crockett, convinced that Williams was an able senator, voted against Old Hickory on this local issue. Jackson men threatened reprisal, but Crockett's independence pleased the voters in his district and in 1827 they elected him to Congress.

As a congressman elected on Jackson's ticket from Jackson's own state, Davy started his Washington career trying honestly to support the President's policies. But his own rugged independence was too much for him and little by little Davy's differences with his one-time hero grew painfully acute. The first issue was Jackson's handling of the nation's finances.

Old Hickory, determined to humble the capitalists of the East who held majority stock in the National Bank, had ordered the secretary of the treasury to liquidate the Bank and deposit national revenue in "pet" state banks. When one secretary refused to do this, Jackson appointed another. When the second also refused, the President appointed a third who docilely carried out his orders. Crockett, seeing federal funds dispersed and abused by local speculators, denounced on the floor of Congress and in public speeches what he regarded as a national scandal. "What safety is there," he fumed, "in placing one million of the public funds in some little country note-shaving shop with no more than a hundred thousand dollars capital?" In his own state he saw shysters swarming like crows about a "pet" bank, establishing fantastic credits, and finagling thousands of acres of government lands. If he had lived only one

Continued on page 150



Make any rum drink
a harmony of taste
with Ron Merito's
"mountain flavor!"

Harmony is the word for Ron Merito! Harmony in its mellow blending of rich body, fine fragrance, glorious "mountain flavor." Harmony born of mountain distilling in a little Puerto Rican valley high above the sea, where tropic sun, air, soil and mountain water reach perfect accord for the making of perfect rum. Ask for Ron Merito. Make your next daiquiri, collins or cuba libre a melody of taste!



Send for colorful 24-page recipe booklet

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For free recipe booklet write Nat. Dist. Prod. Corp., Dept. E-26, P. O. Box 12, Wall St. Sta., N.Y. Gold and White Label. 86 Proof.



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Santa Fe Red



Wembley

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...Crush it!



...Twist it!



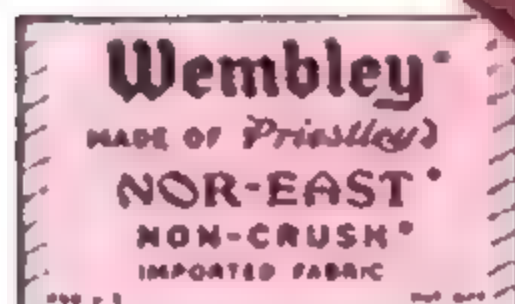
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*Quality—
Far Beyond the Price*



SANTA FE RED is one of our new series of Colors of America's Frontiers. Soon, we hope, you'll be able to get more Wembley Nor-East Non-Crush Ties. Right now—if your dealer is temporarily out of Wembley Nor-East Ties in Santa Fe Red—choose that same color in Wembley's Murrytown fabric.

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The Real Davy Crockett

Continued from page 148

year longer, Davy would have had the unhappy satisfaction of seeing his fears justified by the great panic of 1837.

Crockett did his best to see the problems of the young nation as a whole. In order to understand the East better he made a tour north from Washington to New England, filling a journal as he went.

In Philadelphia he found "such a scrubbing of steps and even the very pavements that I looked close to see if the housemaids had not web feet." New York's slums appalled him. "I thought I would rather risk myself in an Indian fight than venture on those streets after night." A play in Philadelphia offended his puritan morals, but the New York theatre delighted him and he found actress Fanny Kemble "like a handsome piece of changeable silk, first one color and then another, but always the clean thing."

In Boston he had so many dinners tendered him that he would have needed "the digestion of a cassowary" to enjoy them. He was greatly impressed by the spinning mills at Lowell, Massachusetts, and wrote home: "I regret that more of our southern and western men do not go there as it would help much to do away with their prejudices against these manufactories."

He stood on Bunker Hill where masons were at work on the monument, and he reflected humbly: "I wish I could call up those who fell in that daybreak battle of our rising glory, and ask them how I can protect the liberty they bought for us with their blood."

But this was a question which Davy Crockett needed to ask no one. He answered it himself, not with words but with actions, in his second clash with Jackson. It was as champion of an abused and voiceless minority that Crockett reached his fullest stature as legislator.

In 1819 a treaty had been negotiated with the frugal and industrious Cherokee Indians in Georgia and Tennessee. By this treaty the Indians sold part of their

tribal lands to the government, being promised unmolested tenure on the remaining part. Further, in order to induce migration westward, they were promised new land, acre for acre, in Arkansas Territory.

A few of the Cherokees emigrated to Arkansas, but the majority, being quiet hard-working farmers, stayed on the tribe's shrinking reservation in the East. When Jackson was elected President in 1828, he sent an agent among the Indians offering presents and life annuities to spur their removal westward. In May, 1830, at the President's direction, a bill was passed in Congress setting up a half million dollars to pay these annuities.

But meanwhile in 1829 gold had been discovered on the Cherokees' land in northern Georgia. White men had swarmed in upon the Indians in defiance of treaty and promises, and the Georgia legislature had dispossessed the Indians of gold-bearing holdings.

The Cherokees were resentful, and appealed to Jackson. But Jackson, merely irritated, ordered his secretary of war to discontinue all lump payments to the tribal government and demanded that each Indian apply in person for his share. Since this meant that each brave, squaw, and papoose must journey many miles to the nearest Indian agency to collect the regal sum of forty-two cents, the Cherokees protested again. At this Jackson stopped all payments, allowing the money to accumulate for years in a "pet" bank in Nashville.

As a last resort the Cherokees appealed to the Supreme Court against Georgia's illegal seizure of their lands. The Supreme Court upheld the Indians and declared Georgia's action unconstitutional. But Jackson brushed aside the Court and refused to enforce its decision. The lot of the hapless Cherokees, demoralized, poverty-stricken, betrayed by the federal government they had trusted, grew steadily worse.

Because Crockett had a deep

Continued on page 152



"She fell off a chair while dusting the maid's room, doctor"



WANT TO DO A VETERAN A REAL FAVOR?



*This advertisement
is published as a service to veterans
by Phillips-Jones Corp.,
makers of*

Van Heusen Shirts

Ties, Pajamas, Collars, Sportswear

THEN LISTEN...

There's only one thing rougher than being in combat—and that's being forced to answer questions about it.

Sure—those Normandy hedgerows were very unfriendly bushes. And Okinawa was no picnic either. But neither is talking about them.

You see, I've got a *new* problem on my hands now—getting back to civilian life and civilian ways. It's the most important problem of my life right now. I've got to work at it—concentrate on it.

And here's how *you* can help me:

Don't be curious—I just don't feel like reliving the war right now. Don't offer sympathy—unless I ask for it. Maybe later, I'll decide to blow off a little steam—and you'll find out most everything you want to know.

Of course, each returning veteran is different—some like to sound off about their experiences...others keep quiet. But in any case let us start the conversations—for we know if we want to talk about it or not.

Meanwhile remember—I'm glad to see you again! Just be natural with me. I'm not really "different" than before. So relax—treat me the same way you did before I went away.

Watch for it..



and Honor it!

*This lapel button, worn by men and women, means the wearer has
been honorably discharged from the armed services.*



AMERICA'S FINEST SHOES

in America's finest stores

It's true that quality keeps its own good company. As surely as "good fellows get together", Edwin Clapp fine shoes are sold by noteworthy stores, preferred by men who insist on good grooming in footwear. Their insistence on Edwin Clapp is to be expected . . . because of quality styling, workmanship and serviceability.

Edwin Clapp

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Abilene	Minter's	Greenville, S. C.	Norfolk	Shulman & Co.
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Atlanta	Thompson, Boland & Lee	Harrisburg	Peoria	B. & M.
Austin	Scarborough's	Honolulu, T. H.	Pensacola	Meyer Shoe
Baton Rouge	Welsh & Levy	Hot Springs	Philadelphia	Geuling's
Big Spring	Lee Hanson	Houston	Phoenix	McDougall & Cassou
Birmingham		Jackson, Miss.	Pittsburgh	Petty's Freeman Shop
	Odum, Bowers & White	Jacksonville	Portland, Oreg.	Rosenblatts
Bluefield	Bluefield Shoe Co.	Kansas City	Roanoke	Bush-Flora
Boston	Thayer McNeil	Knoxville	Sacramento	Eastern
Chattanooga	Davidson's	Laredo	San Angelo	Hemphill-Wells
Charleston, W. Va.	May Shoe Co.	Little Rock	San Antonio	Frank Bros.
Charlotte	Ed. Mellon	Long Beach, Calif.	San Bernardino	A. S. Rowe
Chicago	Carson Pirie Scott		San Francisco	Emporium
Cincinnati		Los Angeles	Seattle	Drew-English
	Walk-Over Shoe Store	Lubbock	Sherman, Texas	
Cleveland	May Company	Lubbock		Wilson & Dickerman
Columbia	Belks	Memphis		T. S. Martin
Columbus, Ga.	Miller-Taylor's			Phelps Shoe Co.
Corpus Christi	Lichtenstein's			Wright-Scruggs
Corsicana	Big 4			Les Critzer
Dallas	Volk Bros. Co.			Reisch Shoe Shop
Decatur, Ill.	Falrath's			Vandervoort's
Denver	Fontius Shoe Co.			Jensen's
Detroit	W. S. Dowler			Gus Kennedy
	Harry Sufferin			Renberg's
El Dorado, Ark.	Star Clo. House			Mayer & Schmidt
Fort Worth	Washer Bros.			R. E. Cox
Gainesville, Ga.				Garfinkel's
	Frierson-McEver's			Richards Shoe
Great Falls, Mont.	Kenkel's			Petrie's
Greensboro, N. C.	Powell's Walk-Over			Perkins-Timberlake
				Mansure & Prettyman
				Ingram's

The Real Davy Crockett

Continued from page 150

respect for human rights, the injustice of the President's action roused him to honest rebellion and set off his most violent outburst against Jackson. Warned by his friends that he was committing political suicide, he stormed: "I would sooner be honestly and politically damned than hypocritically immortalized. I believed that I had been elected by honest men who wouldn't want me to vote for any unjust notion to please Jackson or anyone else."

This rugged belief played him false, for when he returned to Tennessee he found that voting against Jackson was by this time the unpardonable sin. "I was hunted down like a wild varmint, and in this hunt every little newspaper in the district and every pin-hook lawyer was engaged." The machine politicians were energetic and unscrupulous. In one town after another it was announced that Crockett would speak at a mass meeting. Because he was by now a figure of prominence and his feud with Jackson an item of national gossip, a large crowd would turn out each time to see and hear him. But, since the politicians would forget to tell Crockett himself about the meeting, they had an open field for abuse and calumny. This intrigue continued until time for the election, but even then Davy turned up with a majority in 17 counties, being beaten only by a bigger majority in the eighteenth.

In 1833, determined to carry on his fight for the Indians and the National Bank, he was again a candidate for election to Congress. This time the machine politicians took sterner measures. They divided his district in two, contriving to cut off the counties in which his strength lay, and leaving him the populous Madison County which had beaten him before. To do this they had to make the new district out of a string of counties that almost encircled Davy's own, and he complained pungently that it was "the most unreasonable laid off district of any in the state, per-

haps in the nation, or even in the teetotal creation."

Despite this maneuver, Davy regained his seat in Congress and returned again to his hopeless championing of the rights of the red man and national solvency. But his efforts went for nothing. The Indians were rounded up and driven west at bayonet point in 1838, and wildcat finance spiraled dizzily on.

Crockett's discouragement in Congress and a second defeat at the polls in 1835 left him, as had the destruction of his mills fourteen years earlier, with an inevitable decision. Once more he picked up his rifle and started west. The rifle this time was a silver-mounted beauty, gift of the Young Whigs of Philadelphia, and the powder for it had been selected and packed as a gift for Davy by Mr. Du Pont himself. In Texas he found the country he sought. He planned to settle a 4,000-acre homestead on the Red River and build his fortunes anew.

Texas was still nominally controlled by Mexico although its 30,000 inhabitants were settlers from the eastern states who owned most of the area through grants from the Mexican government. These 30,000 had petitioned for separate statehood, but the Mexican dictator, Santa Ana, had replied by levying exorbitant taxes and sending in Mexican troops to harrass the Texans. The troops had been driven out of the country in the Fall of 1835, and in November the settlers had proclaimed the Republic of Texas. Meanwhile they knew that across the border Santa Ana was grimly assembling his army for open war.

There was seething excitement in San Antonio when Crockett arrived there in January, 1836. Eagerly he took the Texas oath of allegiance and set about making himself a useful citizen in the emergency. On January 9 he wrote home: "I have but little doubt of being elected a member to form the Constitution for this province. I am rejoiced at my

Continued on page 154



TO OWN WITH

PRIDE...TO WEAR WITH CONFIDENCE



THE MARINER. Water-repellent gabardine warmly lined with wool pile; roomy deep pockets; Laskinlamb collar; knit wristers.



Clever detail in rich, supple leather makes these gloves outstanding favorites. Action-Fit* gives you full finger freedom for more comfort, longer wear.

Your Coat and Gloves by ALBERT RICHARD

Traditionally fine styling, superb workmanship in leather and fabric, amazing comfort—these qualities make your Albert Richard coat or gloves a real find! You'll see a pace-setting new Albert Richard collection now at leading stores everywhere. Many distinctive sport coats tailored of leather, gabardine and wool; gloves for both dress and sportswear. All Action-Fit*, of course! For men and boys.

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Division of Fried, Ostermann Company, Milwaukee

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BURIED TREASURE MAP FREE!

Perfect for framing! Big, wall-size pirate and buccaneer map in rich, glowing colors. Packed with romance and lore. Shows location of famous buried treasures around the world. Free at your Albert Richard dealer's, or send 10c (no stamps, please) to Dept. P, Albert Richard, Milwaukee 4, Wis.



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SYMBOLIC OF GOOD GROOMING
...AND PERFECTION IN WEAR

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SHIRTS
PAJAMAS
SPORTWEAR



F. JACOBSON & SONS, Inc., 1115 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 10 • Makers of Excella Shirts

The Real Davy Crockett

Continued from page 152

fate. I had rather be in my present position than to be elected to a seat in Congress for life."

Barely two months later, at the age of 49, he was killed defending the Alamo when Santa Ana's 6,000 soldiers closed murderously in on a garrison of 183 riflemen. But Davy's eagerness to serve the new Republic was not futile, for the defense of the Alamo roused Texans to a new pitch of rebellion. By the end of April Santa Ana's army was destroyed, the dictator a prisoner, and the independence of Texas assured.

Within a year a whole literature sprang up, chronicling Crockett's exploits and embroidering his legend. For decades, stories persisted that Davy had not died at all, that he had escaped from the massacre and, singlehanded, had run down and slain those Mexicans who had bayoneted the last five prisoners in the Alamo—stories that he had been seen breaking wild stallions on the western plains, that he had taken up with a gigantic black bear which carried Davy with the swiftness of the wind and bore him over mountains with a single leap. One yarn had him catching and taming mammoth buffalos that snorted fire and butted over whole forests. In another he broiled buffalo steaks for a tribe of Co-

manches by racing behind a prairie fire and holding the steaks to the flames. In one set of tales Davy traveled with a buffalo called "Mississippi" who attended church and sang bass.

Davy was seen in the far Northwest hanging his powder horn on the new moon, in the bayou country wrestling alligators, in the badlands routing Indians with forked lightning, and even in the far South Seas bringing up bushels of pearls from beds beyond the reach of native divers.

For twenty years Crockett "Almanacs" were published annually from one end of the country to the other. Davy became the first of the dime novel heroes, and by the time of the Civil War his saga had reached epic proportions.

But none of these gaudy, colorful anecdotes typifies the real character of Davy Crockett as does the simple account of his farewell to Washington politics. It can be told in a line—a line which was to become the slogan for generations of political independents, and which still bluntly expresses the spirit of the common man's democracy. Leaving the Capitol for the last time, Crockett squared his shoulders and said proudly, "I wear no man's collar." He never did. ‡

Continued from page 62



I'm noted for taking kindly to harsh treatment. So is FIELDCLUB—that's why you'll find my picture on every pair of slacks or shirt or jacket made of this famous fabric. Look for me in your favorite store. Remember: just ask for FIELDCLUB.



Galey & Lord, Inc.
57 Worth St. N.Y.



WORLD'S FINEST BOATS BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST BUILDER

The Marines are

telling us!



All over the world, Admirals, Generals and plain GI's have taken time off, often in the heat of battle, to report on some new example of Higgins Craft performing beyond the ordinary call of duty.

Higgins boats have always had a wide margin of extra strength and power to meet unusual conditions and emergencies. But it took a seven-ocean war to prove beyond any doubt that the design we have developed and patented and the construction methods we pioneered would pay off when the going got tough.

Now, in Peace, our boats will continue to be built to these same exacting standards. They will take you safely, comfortably and quickly wherever you want to go. They will be dependable to a degree never before approached by small pleasure craft.



Illustrated is the 30-foot P-T Junior Cruiser. She has the same High-Efficiency hull that has set new standards of performance and stability in Higgins Built P-T Boats. This patented design will be exclusively Higgins when wartime manufacturing rights are terminated.

P-T JUNIORS ARE A PRODUCT OF

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
INDUSTRIES INC. NEW ORLEANS



WINE, WINE. SPIRITS DIVINE

Drawing by L. Fellows

These willing guests of the Wine and Food Society agree that wine red is too fine a color to be limited to wines alone. For example, the guy with a philosophical glow, seated, displays his enthusiasm for this currently basic color in his interestingly-

patterned tie, as well as the stripes of his shirt and his worsted suit. (These patterns are reproduced in the swatches at lower right.) The tippler, standing, on the right, attests to his wine-consciousness by the stripes of his Meadow brown suit.

Being on the full-bodied side, this gentleman wears a two-button single-breasted jacket which contributes further to the illusion of length, as against breadth, by having the top button placed at the natural waistline. The narrow lapels help, too.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.)



The Commander
Style 2306
Brown Highland
Stout Leather Sole,
Rubber Heel



The Bristol
Style 4525
Heavy Brown Calf
Stout Leather Sole
Custom Heel



The Commander
Style 2301
Brown Highland
Stout Leather Sole
Rubber Heel

Nunn-Bush

Ankle Fashioned Oxfords

QUALITY BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

We believe it a reasonable understatement to say that Nunn-Bush determination to build the world's finest shoes for men causes every pair to be made much better than need be. *Expect your Nunn-Bush shoes to give distinguished service in action.* When you buy Nunn-Bush shoes, you get Ankle-Fashioning — for better fit, for greater comfort, for added miles of smartness.

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Lakeland

SPORTSWEAR

... protects you handsomely

A sign of good judgment is your choice of this glance-compelling, cold-repelling sportswear, styled in Wisconsin — the Nation's Playground. You can count on finding the same superb materials and expert tailoring that built the Lakeland reputation. Visit your authorized Lakeland dealer or write for his name.

Lakeland Mfg. Co., Sheboygan, Wisconsin



ALAMO — Of soft and supple "Sheltersuede" or glove cape leather. Treated to keep you dry on rainy days. Western pinking, quilted lining, leather buttons. Men's sizes.



BIG TEN — Luxurious fingertip coat—warm but not weighty. Quilted lining. Choice of attractive colors. . . . Students' and boys' sizes, with Gro-along sleeves, easily lengthened.

NORTH BAY — Fine combed yarn twill, Cravenette-treated to shed rain. Logwood brown Laskinlamb collar. Electrified sheepskin lining, red virgin wool bottom facing. Quilted lined sleeves with wristlets keep out wind. Men's and boys' sizes.

STYLED IN WISCONSIN — THE NATION'S PLAYGROUND



Pauline

The Demon Angler

Continued from page 108

rocky coast, the bogs and the mountains.

At last he asked me where the inhabitants were. He had walked the length of the village and counted just over a hundred houses; but while there was the same number of dogs, one lying at the door of each house with its paws crossed, he hadn't seen a single human being. I explained that most of the people would hardly be up yet—it was scarcely ten o'clock. Between ourselves, another reason why he didn't see anyone is that we're a very well-bred village. I've heard that elsewhere in Ireland the people all come to their doors to look at a stranger. We'd never think of embarrassing a visitor like that—our people watch a stranger from behind the curtains.

Mr. Ambrose MacGrath was depressed because when he arrived the night before, the first thing he learned was that this isn't a trout-fishing area at all, but a center for sea-fishing. There were two English gentlemen staying at the hotel, one of them no less than a lord; and in the usual friendly Irish fashion MacGrath had opened his book of flies on the dining-room table and started to chat about the fishing prospects. They had kept themselves very aloof and had

given him to understand that they were there to fish for Blue-Nosed Shark, which are very plentiful off this coast. Later he saw the English lord coming through the yard carrying a six-foot hook across his shoulder—our friend thought at first it was a ship's anchor. That seems to have finished him. He slipped his little book of flies into his pocket and crept upstairs to bed.

"I've always understood," says he, "and the tourist literature that I've read would seem to bear it out, that every bit of water in Connemara is leppin' with trout just dying to be caught."

"I don't know how things may be in other parts," I said, "but the fact is people just don't come here trout fishing at all. But you needn't be discouraged," I added, "there's two little lakes up the road beyond the church full of small trout, and in the bogs behind Errisbeg Mountain there's more lakes than you can count, and the trout there are large. I've fished every lake behind Errisbeg when I was a younger man, and you'll get plenty of sport there, though a city man like yourself may find it a bit wet underfoot."

"I don't mind getting my feet wet," says he. "I brought plenty of pairs of socks with me." and

Continued on page 160



Shades of Tomorrow

What's in store first thing after the War? Haggar Company isn't just wondering — we're doing something about it. It won't be all over 'till all our men are home. But once they're home, one thing is sure — they'll want Haggar Comfort in slacks and sportswear. The same comfort enjoyed in Haggar uniforms they wore.* And Haggar will be ready with merchandise for stores featuring the Haggar label — a Name That Wears Well.

*8 out of 10 pair of Haggar slacks have gone into uniforms.

Haggar Company, Dallas

LOOKING AHEAD WITH HAGGAR

HAGGAR
T R O U S E R S

Cocktail Time
***is always time for
LAIRD'S BRANDY
— the traditionally American Apple Brandy
is so smooth and smart in all mixed drinks,
equally delicious straight.

COLONIAL CLOCK
of about 1790 — along the
design of Benjamin Will-
ards; now treasured in a
Springfield, Mass. home.

86.4 Proof.

Laird's Three Star Brandy — the same
high quality that has made it a favorite
since 1780.

LAIRD & COMPANY
Scobeyville, New Jersey

Three Star
LAIRD'S
APPLE
BRANDY



Taste This Fine Scotch-Type Whisky

ONCE YOU'VE TRIED Royal Banquet Scotch-type whisky, you'll know why some of the most particular Scotch drinkers compare this fine American product to their own favorite brands.

We brought a complete pot still over from Scotland and, under the direction of native Scotch distillers, followed the old traditional methods exactly, even to drying the malted barley over peat fires.

Some of the finest clubs and hotels in the country serve and praise Royal Banquet. We urge that you make its acquaintance at the first opportunity, for we feel sure that you will like it too.

35% Malt Whisky
65% Grain Neutral Spirits
86 Proof



Royal Banquet

BLENDED SCOTCH-TYPE WHISKY

* Standard postwar bottle illustrated. Today Royal Banquet is being packaged in the round Victory Bottle.

GOODERHAM & WORTS LIMITED, PEORIA, ILLINOIS

The Demon Angler

Continued from page 159

he explained that he was an assistant in the drapery business.

"I don't think you'll do so well today," I said. "The wind is in the north."

He threw a queer look at me, and pulling a book out of his pocket he turned the pages until he came to a piece of poetry which he read half to himself and half to me:

*When the wind is in the north
The wise angler fares not forth.*

He began to look down-in-the-mouth again until I reminded him that as he had never fished before he couldn't do better than spend his first day in the hotel garden practicing casts. We went up there together, and I showed him how to tie on the flies and how to flip his wrist. I must say he was an apt pupil, and he did no damage except occasionally to whisk a piece of the hotel laundry off the clothesline.

The following day there was a thunderstorm, and of course that's ruinous—the trout just go to the bottom for a couple of days and bury their heads in the mud. After that the wind shifted to the east, and as one of his books told him that such conditions are "neither good for man nor beast" Ambrose MacGrath didn't go out at all: he spent his time practicing casts on the bit of waste

ground down by the harbor, with all the children in the village lined along the wall watching him. Every now and again he'd gather a handful of grass to throw up in the air so as to find out whether the wind was changing to a more favorable quarter. This amused the children, and soon they were all at it.

I remember that it exasperated him greatly when every evening after sunset the English lord and his friend would come into the harbor with a couple of sharks they had caught, and have them heaved up onto the pier to be measured and weighed. They'd leave them there for an hour or so to be admired by everyone before throwing them back into the water.

I think it was on the Saturday that Ambrose MacGrath was in my garden complaining bitterly that half his holiday was over, when he suddenly discovered that the wind had changed. "When the wind is in the south," says he, "it blows the hook in the fish's mouth," and off with him like a shot to the hotel to get his tackle.

Buthewasn'tcontenteven then: it irked him particularly that fish won't rise when the sun is in the sky. "I'm expected," he said bitterly, "to creep out like a malefactor in the early morning or in

ETERNA

Famous Since 1856



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o more dependable
and beautiful watch is made.

ETERNA WATCH CO. OF AMERICA, INC.,

the evening when the sun has gone down." What matter but he always spoke as if I was personally responsible for the vagaries of nature. I'm a peaceful man, but when he'd sit there in my kitchen uninvited, and look at me with real hatred; it used to rise my gander. There almost at his door were two small lakes to wander around, rocks to scramble over to his heart's content, water to cast his flies in, and plenty of dry places to sit down and smoke his pipe. But no, he wasn't content; nothing would do him but he must catch a fish. I remember an evening he came in and I never saw a man that looked so black.

"There's a swan nesting on the lake," says he without a greeting.

"Well?" said I.

"Well indeed!" says he. "How can I fish there? Every time I approach the edge the male bird rushes at me, flapping its wings and disturbing all the trout."

"There's the other little lake beyond," I said.

"I can't get at the water there,"

he says. "There's ten yards of reeds all round it. I've lost five flies already."

"Well," said I, "there's no use accusing me. I didn't make the country hereabouts."

"I'm not accusing you," he said very hot. "I'm accusing Connemara," and he muttered something about taking up the matter with the Tourist Board.

Seeing how put out he was I began to be sorry for him, so I promised to take the day off on the morrow and bring him up over Errisbeg to the great country of lakes beyond it.

It was a nice cloudy day with the wind inclining to the west, when we climbed the shoulder of

the mountain and looked down at the three hundred and sixty-five lakes that are said to be in the twelve square miles of bog behind Errisbeg. We had hardly started the descent before MacGrath began complaining again in his monotonous voice about the country around Connemara.

"I didn't know you were going

Continued on page 162



"Oh, it's easy keeping a diary
—often I can just use ditto
marks"



Zeus — smartest of cigarette holders — in gold. Larger one \$35.50, smaller, \$27.25. With ejector tip, \$5.25 extra. And in engine turned gold, \$2.50 extra... Prices include 20% Federal Tax... Here's a very special Cartier gift.

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The Cigarette of Distinction



Everything for the boys



Rigging? Ship-shape!
Cigarettes? Marlboro . . .
of course. Only distinguished Marlboros combine tobacco richness with mildness. Much more smoking pleasure . . . merely an extra penny or two!

For Him or Her { PLAIN ENDS
IVORY TIPS

Specially for Her { BEAUTY TIPS
(red)

Cigarette of successful men, and lovely women

Wool for Harris Tweed is washed and spread to dry.



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To protect the wearer, the authenticity of Harris Tweed is established by a double identification.

The authorized label is sewed in every garment made of genuine Harris Tweed — and the "Harris Tweed" trade mark is stamped every three yards on the reverse side of the cloth.

Look for the trade mark on the cloth.
Look for the label on the garment.



Under rulings of the British Board of Trade and the Federal Trade Commission, Harris Tweed refers only to tweed, hand-woven by the crofters in their own homes in the islands of the Outer Hebrides off the coast of Scotland.

Issued by The
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION, Ltd.
Salisbury House, London Wall, London, E.C.2

The Demon Angler

Continued from page 161

to lead me into a morass," he says as he sank to the knee in the bog.

"If you exercised more judgment as to where you placed your feet," I replied, "you wouldn't get so wet. Can't you walk where the ground is firm, and jump from tuft to tuft like I do?"

He was thoroughly wet when we scrambled down to the edge of Lough Nalawney, but the sight of the stretch of water brightened him up, and he had his rod fixed in a jiffy. Then he started bothering me as to what flies he should use. I always employ live bait myself. At last he tied on a Wickham's Fancy and two other flies so brightly colored that no trout would attempt to take them into his mouth except through wanton curiosity.

We fished the lake for a few hours, but when we sat down for something to eat he was at it again. He was a bit annoyed, I think, because I had taken a two-pounder while he had caught nothing.

"Look here," says he. "We'll say this lake is about a mile in circumference."

"Right," I said, prepared to concede anything.

"The fishing books," says he, "tell you that you should only fish the lee side of a lake. That reduces the length of shore that

you can fish from, to about a third of a mile."

"Well?" I said. "What about it?"

"Of that third," says he, "the greatest part is taken up by precipitous cliff, by reeds which you can't cast across or by boggy soil which prevents you approaching the water's edge. So it amounts to this, that in a lake of this size there are really only five or six places from which you can fish at all. And to make matters worse," says he, "they tell you that you must cast with the wind. That's impossible," says he, "because if you're on the lee side of the lake the wind is blowing in your face. The whole thing is a cod," says he. "It's impossible to catch fish. It's all a device to defraud tourists."

"No doubt you're right," I said putting the two-pounder into my bag, and I went to have a cast or two by myself. I took three more small ones while he didn't even get a rise though he tried every fly in his repertoire. When I joined him again he had pulled out a map and said he was going across to Lough Rannaghan. I tried to dissuade him—it was about a mile away across the bogs, and evening was coming on. But nothing would do him but to try his luck over there. I heard afterwards

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that he was out all night and with no luck either.

I didn't see him for a few days after that, but I heard from the girl in the hotel that he had written to Dublin for a pair of waders and a fresh consignment of flies of every known pattern. He hadn't a single trout to his credit and had become so short-tempered that everyone in the hotel was afraid to speak to him. Each evening he was off across the mountain, fished all the night through and returned to the hotel for breakfast. Then he went to bed to sleep or to read some books dealing with the psychology of the trout, which were arriving for him by every post. The girl in the

hotel complained of the mess he had his room in, casts steeping in the water jug and the like; and she said that she couldn't make his bed or touch any of his clothes, even his pajamas, without getting a hook embedded in her hand. I think the hotel people were looking forward as much as I was to the day when he'd return

to his counter jumping in Mary Street, Dublin, but I declare to goodness on the Saturday there he was at my gate with a rod in his hand and a circle of flies around his hat.

"I got a rise last night," he told me at once and with a glitter in his eye. "At Lough Nalawney."

"Did you now?" I said. "That's very encouraging."

"He took it into his mouth," says he, "but he spat it out again before I could strike. I think he must have been a big one by the force he employed in spitting out the fly."

"Too bad," I said, "that you must return to Dublin today."

He threw a crafty look at me. "I'm not going

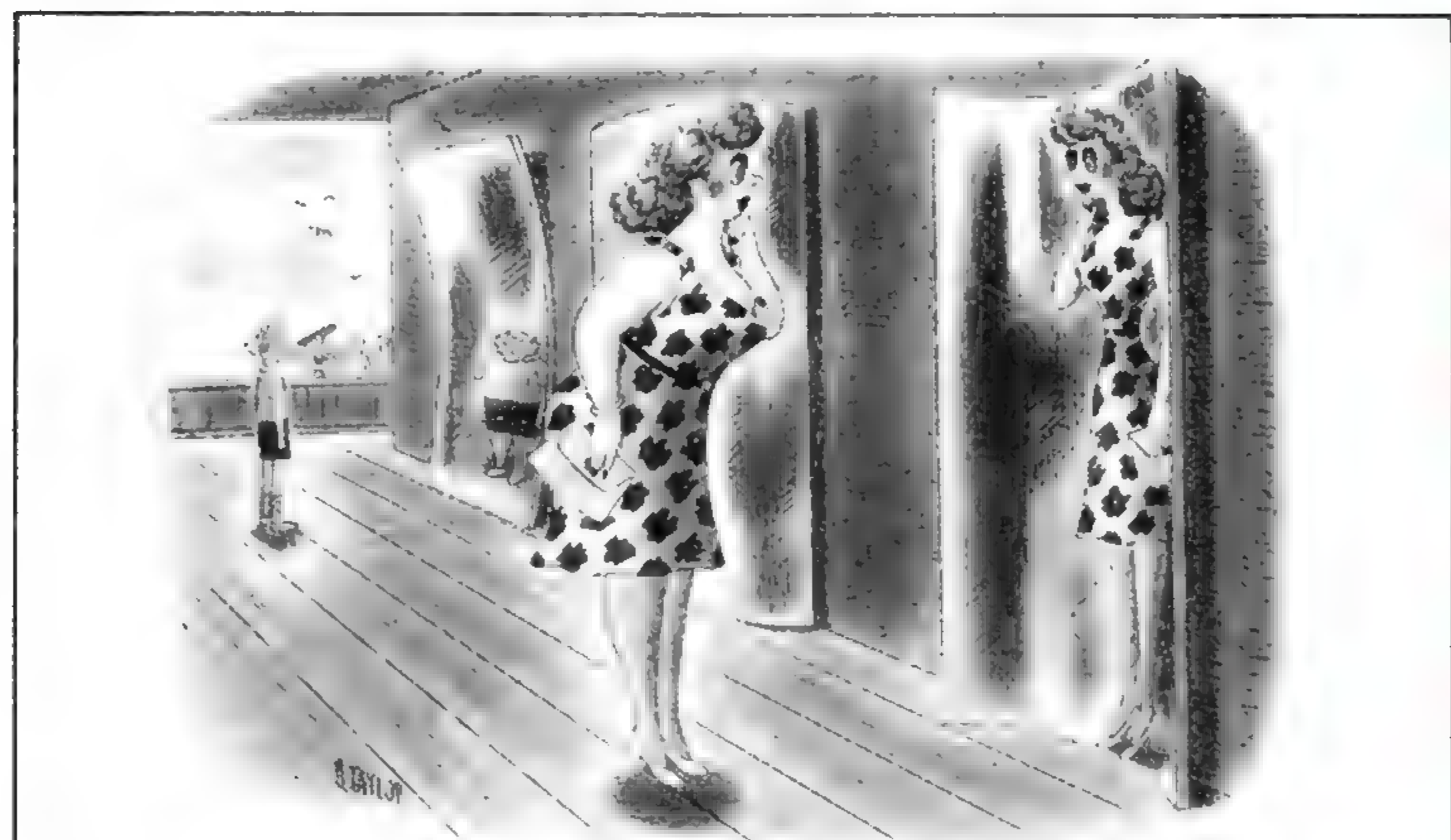
back," he says. "I'm staying another week."

"But what about your job?"

"I've a pain in my chest," says he. "I've been up to see the doctor, and he's given me a certificate. I've just posted it in to the firm."

The month of August passed. Every week Ambrose MacGrath was up to the doctor. Poor old

Continued on page 164



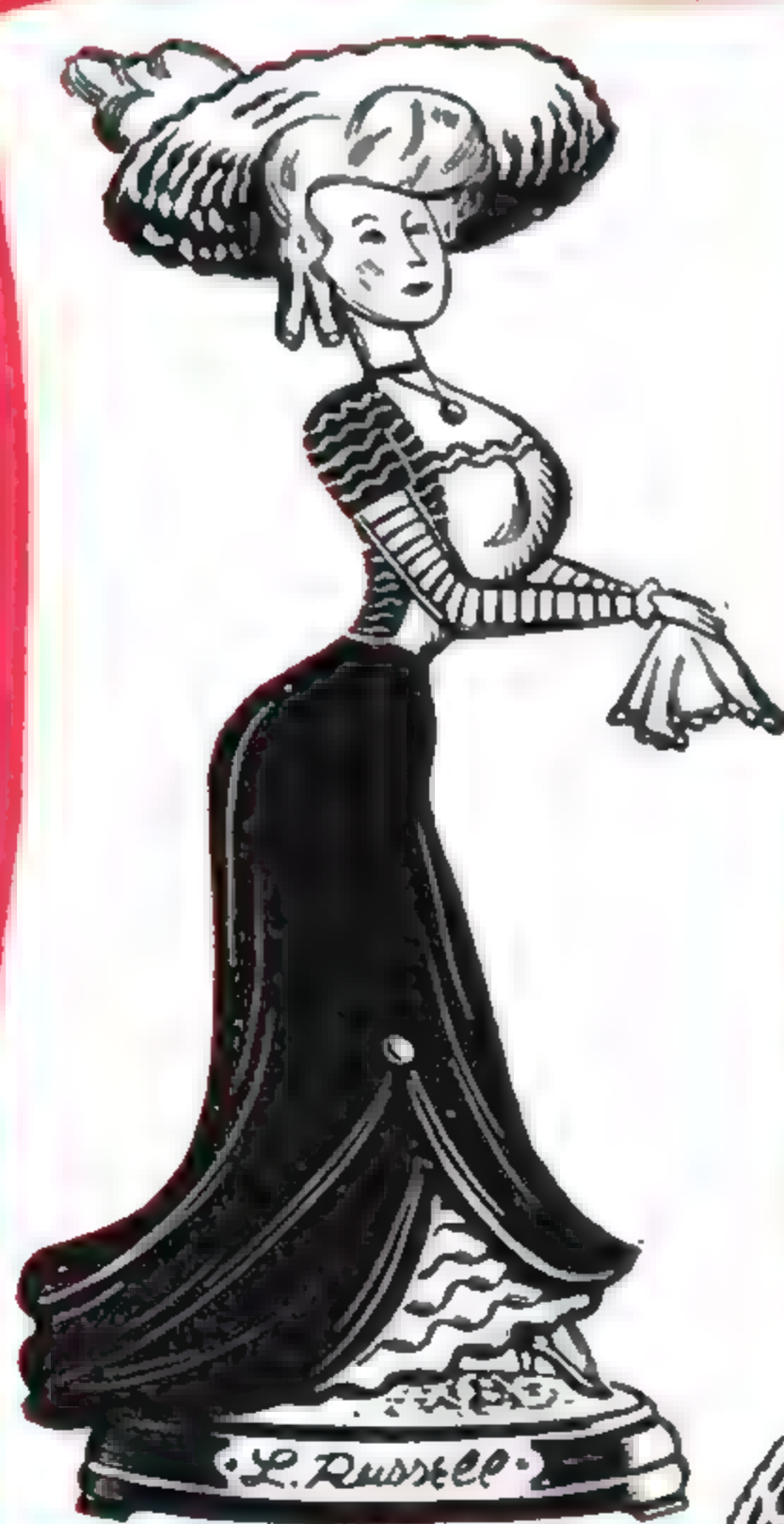
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The Demon Angler

Continued from page 163

Doctor Maguire was sorely puzzled. He couldn't find anything wrong with MacGrath, but he had to take the patient's word for the pain. To make it more difficult the pain kept moving. The doctor followed it from MacGrath's chest around to the small of his back. It was six weeks later that the drapery firm in Dublin gave MacGrath the sack.

He hadn't caught a trout yet, and he was now spending eighteen hours out of twenty-four at Lough Nalawney. Bitter letters kept arriving from his wife. He left them lying around the hotel and soon the whole village knew that the wife and children had to leave their home because he wouldn't pay the rent. All his money went to buy a new rod, parcels of books on the life history of the trout, cases of flies and an extraordinary new suit of the color and texture of grass.

"Have you ever studied background?" he says to me when he came in to show me the new suit.

"I beg your pardon," said I.

"The eye of the trout distinguishes sharply between colors," he says, "and if he sees a bit of navy blue moving against a background of green, he knows there's something up. You have to merge into your background. At Lough Nalawney the background is

mostly long, unhealthy looking grass. This is the nearest I could get to it in a suit. What do you think of it?"

He began telling me how he'd start fifty yards from the edge of the lake and crawl through the grass so quietly that the fish would think he was a bit of the bank. All the time I was thinking of the wife and children without a roof over their heads, and the vacant chair behind the draper's counter. He went on to tell me of a cannibal trout, a monster of about twenty pounds, that he had sighted sunning itself in the shallows at the edge of Lough Nalawney. For a solid hour he had held a Wickham's Fancy within an inch of its nose. Four times the trout had opened its mouth, and MacGrath had nearly fallen into the lake with the excitement. The fifth time it opened its mouth it came to him that the fish was only yawning, and in spite of the agonizing pains he was suffering in his right arm he had tried to flick the fly down its throat, but the monster had turned and darted away. He wasn't going to leave the village until he had landed that trout.

The people here didn't pay much heed, because they know that all tourists are queer; and none of us began really worrying

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about him until his determination to merge into his background made him paint his face and hands green. It was late in September, and though he still hadn't caught a single fish, he had twice sighted the same monster trout in Lough Nalawney. He had got it into his head that the other fish which jumped in the lake did so to distract his attention from the pursuit of this grandfather of all the trout, and I believe that even if he had succeeded in catching any number of smaller ones, he wouldn't have been satisfied. No one ever went with him on his nightly journeyings across Errisbeg. It's a lonely spot, that lake, a lonely spot to be with a fellow the like of that, a place where you wouldn't even have the company of your own shadow until the moon came up over the bogs.

After he painted himself green a few of us met one evening in the Atlantic Bar to discuss whether we shouldn't start doing something about it. We thought of going up to the priest's house and

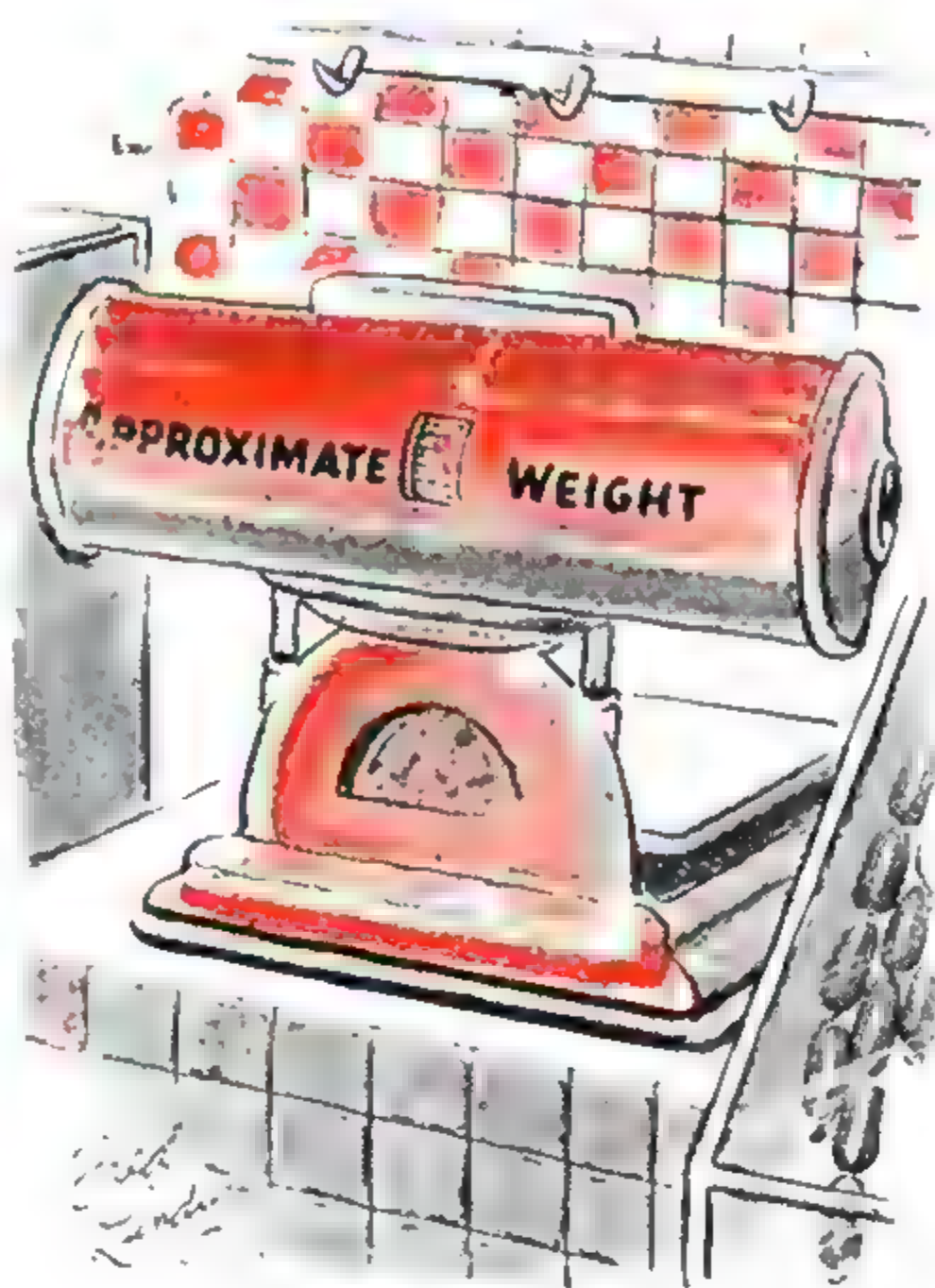
asking Father James to talk to him. But we were too late: the following morning MacGrath didn't come back to the hotel, nor did he come during the day; and it was just coming on for night-fall when we found him. He had caught the monster trout, or maybe I should say that it had caught him. It had pulled him in. We found him drowned in the reeds with the twenty-pounder on his line.

It was a great sin he had committed against his wife and children, and no one can say but that he deserved his punishment. Maybe it was allowed to happen as a warning to the desperate fishermen you sometimes meet, who knows?

They all spoke bad of him at the inquest: I was the only one that tried to say a good word, because I'm an angler myself, and I know what it is when it gets its grip on you.

It wasn't long until stories began to be whispered round the neighborhood, and soon it came to be thought unlucky for anyone,

Continued on page 166



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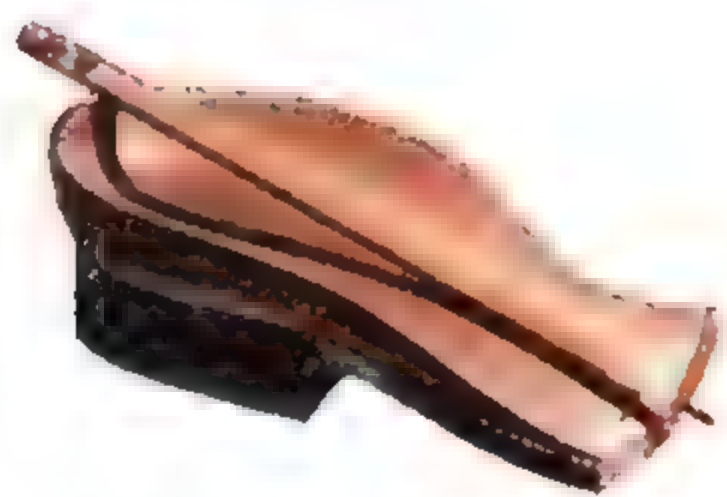
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The Demon Angler

Continued from page 165

above all for an angler, to go near Lough Nalawney. First, a man herding his sheep across the side of Errisbeg saw from a distance something moving among the rocks beside the lake. Then there were others.

Three men are known to have seen him close at hand. Black Tom, who had the name hereabouts of being a poacher, was up there one night with a handful of dynamite meaning to get an easy haul of fish with no trouble to himself, and he is said to have come suddenly upon Ambrose MacGrath leaning against a rock. Black Tom started to run, but in his terror he ran the wrong way, ran right into the lake and was drowned. A tinker lad who was with him told the story. Then there was an English tourist who wore a glass in his eye. He came running into the Atlantic Bar, and had just the strength to call for a glass of whiskey before he

fainted. When we brought him round, he talked wildly about a man with a green face he had seen leaping from rock to rock in the grey light of the moon, thrashing the water with a rod. He left for England the next day, but I hear he died within the month. Then there was little Tommy

Slattery who boasted he wasn't afraid of man, dog or devil—but I'd rather not talk about him.

For myself, though I'm as mad about fishing as any man, nothing in this world would make me cross the ridge of Errisbeg of an evening. It's a ghostly place, Lough Nalawney, with no sound except the breeze stirring the grass among the rocks at the

water's edge. Go see it yourself in the daytime when the sun is high over the bogs. But don't let anything on this earth persuade you to loiter there when it comes on towards evening and the sun goes down. ‡

Continued from page 108



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Dear Old Ghost of Mine

Continued from page 41

strength and rapidity. Four times I grabbed them and brought the sheet and comforter up around my shoulders again.

Then I remember thinking, "This has gone far enough. If you want to get those covers again, you're going to have to take me with them."

All this time, may I add, there hadn't been a sound: no rapping, no patter of unseen feet, no fiendish chuckling, no sheeted dead to squeak and gibber between the foot of the bed and the hall tree. My opponent was a stubborn demon, but assuredly a silent one. There wasn't a whisper in that room except for the ripple of fabric, the low swishing of cloth as it was drawn down across my rayon pajamas, the sound of the gasp and grab I made when I pulled the covers up again.

After that fourth onslaught, I dragged the whole mass of bed-clothing up against increasing pressure, and locked the stuff around me. It felt a little as if there were several big rocks tied to the other end of the comforter, but I did manage to retain the covers. I shoved one side of the material under my left shoulder, rolled almost over on my face, jammed more bedclothing in behind me, and rolled back again.

In addition to this precaution,

I hung on to the top margin of all three bed garments with a grip which would have rung the bell in a Sixth Avenue pin-ball emporium if I had essayed one of those Test-Your-Grip machines with such fervor. The only way that wretched little poltergeist and his pals could draw those covers farther down was to drag me with them; and I weigh around 175 these days.

As a matter of fact, I was right. The ghost couldn't remove the covers, though he tried for a while. My hands were sore from straining and clutching, but I still hung on. The attempts came not in a sly or jerky motion, but with a dull pressure—like the power of inertia, like whole chunks of gravity dangling from the foot of the bed.

The first moment I relaxed my grip or shifted my weight, however slightly, the covers started to go again. I just lay there and hung on.

Lying in this fashion, on my left side with my face turned toward the east wall of the room, I became aware that the wall had grown very bright. My first thought was that the moon had broken through clouds outside and was shining through that window. I can't remember now whether I could see the desk any longer or

Continued on page 172

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Dear Old Ghost of Mine

Continued from page 171

not; the desk was the only piece of furniture against that wall, but it was pretty well down toward the window

I do know that the brightness on the wall was, within five minutes, as white as milk. Yet when I moved my head, when I lifted slightly and gazed across the tight-drawn comforter toward the window, the window was as dark and grey as ever; and so was the sky beyond it.

Again I turned to look at the wall. The milky whiteness was increasing, turning to a kind of luminescence. The best way I could describe the phenomenon is to say that it looked like the mysterious wavery flare of a radium compound: the radium paint which seems to wink and recede and come nearer again, when you gaze at your luminous wristwatch in the dark. All over that wall, in a rough pattern covering perhaps thirty square feet, the light was flowing and brightening.

The brightness occurred from a point about five feet above the floor, down nearly to the floor itself, and in an over-all space probably six or seven feet in length. As the brilliancy increased, so did the area of light lessen. It seemed to shrink in, more or less, from all four corners of the patch that was roughly rectangular.

There was now (within ten minutes from the time I first discerned the light) a kind of misshapen core of whiteness. It was flat. It didn't seem to stand out from the wall: neither the core nor the area of discernible light that surrounded it. But a mass of brilliance was slowly taking shape.

I was now hearing sounds . . . perhaps a sound would be correct. It was more like a murmur of distant voices than anything else I can think of now or could think of then: voices of a number of human beings. Those distant people were speaking or wailing or laughing rapidly, but they seemed incredibly far away. Such a babble might be noticed if one stood at the far end of a large house, and heard a party and a funeral simultaneously in progress in rooms on another floor and at the opposite end of the house.

Most assuredly I could hear voices. I knew that they were the utterance of humans, that there were many in number, and that their hullabaloo ran from caterwauling through speechifying and gossip into honest laughter. And yet I wasn't able to recognize even one word that they were saying.

Here's a thing which seemed peculiar to me and still might

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appear perfectly natural to those more sophisticated in psychic phenomena: *the audible phenomena increased in direct ratio to the increase in the intensity and centralization of the light on the wall.* The brighter the luminescence, the more high-pitched and sturdy and discernible the voices, and the more nearly could I *almost* hear what they were saying.

Almost—but not quite. I cannot honestly identify a single word which I heard, yet indeed they were words and I think spoken in English. Certainly there was laughter. Certainly I heard remotely the sound of sobbing; and more than these—lying over them in sound, as frosting covers a cake—was the bickering chatter of little voices, other voices, men and women gabbling, interrupting one another, prattling of things that must have been petty in the extreme if they could be recited with such careless rapidity.

As I stared at the core of light on the wall, it began to assume a more specific shape. I am confident that the flow of light—or rather, of luminous material—was casting itself in the mold of a man or a woman. There was one flickering moment when I perceived this: I think that I saw a head and shoulders and the upper part of a body, but whether of a man or a woman I cannot say.

Throughout this whole performance observed by my eyes

and my ears, I was resisting mutely. I was saying rapidly, in a kind of chant of defiance within my soul: "I won't believe you, I must refuse to look at you, to hear you. I am stronger than you. I will resist! You cannot overcome me. You cannot *make me* hear you or see you." I thought not these words precisely; but certainly such resentful thoughts were flowing through my mind in a determined stream, the while I gazed and listened.

Then on the instant when I became aware that a head and shoulders and body were taking shape against that empty east wall of the room, I had an inspiration. I almost spoke the thought aloud. Perhaps I did speak it aloud. It was certainly as if I said in firmly-intentioned accents within my mind: "Oh, I get the idea! I know what you want. You *want* me to look at you and *listen* to you. Well, I won't. You can't make me."

With a desperate heave, I rose to a half-sitting position, still wrapped in the covers, still gripping them furiously with my hands. I flung myself on my right side, with my face turned away from that east wall. I lay with my weight pinioning the crumpled bedclothes on my right side, and with my left elbow locking a mat of sheet and blanket and comforter against my body.

Also, I was still clutching the edge of the bedclothing with both

Continued on page 174



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Dear Old Ghost of Mine

Continued from page 173

hands; but at least I was not looking at that wall any longer, and already those garbled voices were fading from my ears.

That was the way I was lying when I went to sleep; that was the way I was lying when I woke up to find the clouds broken outside and the sunlight streaming in. I had pressed the sheet and comforter with such fury that there were hundreds of complex little wrinkles in the cloth—as firmly pushed into the texture of the goods as if an iron had pressed them there . . .

It was Saturday morning, and the door was still soundly locked, its bright spring bolt solid in the metal casing. The east wall was as pure and empty as very ordinary wallpaper could make it.

Now, I do not pretend to tell you what it was, with which I struggled on that bed; nor what I observed or almost observed on the strange silver sheet of the wall. I cannot diagnose or identify the babble of voices that I heard.

But hear them I did—and see the luminous flare and maneuvering of milky, flowing light I did—and feel repeated tearing of unseen hands at the bedclothes I did, also.

I've had a few nightmares in my life, long ago when I was sick and feverish. I was neither sick

nor feverish that early morning in Truxley Court; I wasn't experiencing the horrid mental hysteria which is commonly dubbed nightmare, on that morning.

I have been drunk in my life—perhaps more times than it would be polite to admit. I wasn't drunk in Truxley Court. There were a lot of queer things happening in that room; and though the cumulative effect at the time was to make me feel annoyed and defiant rather than terror-stricken, I should not like to stay in that room again—alone.

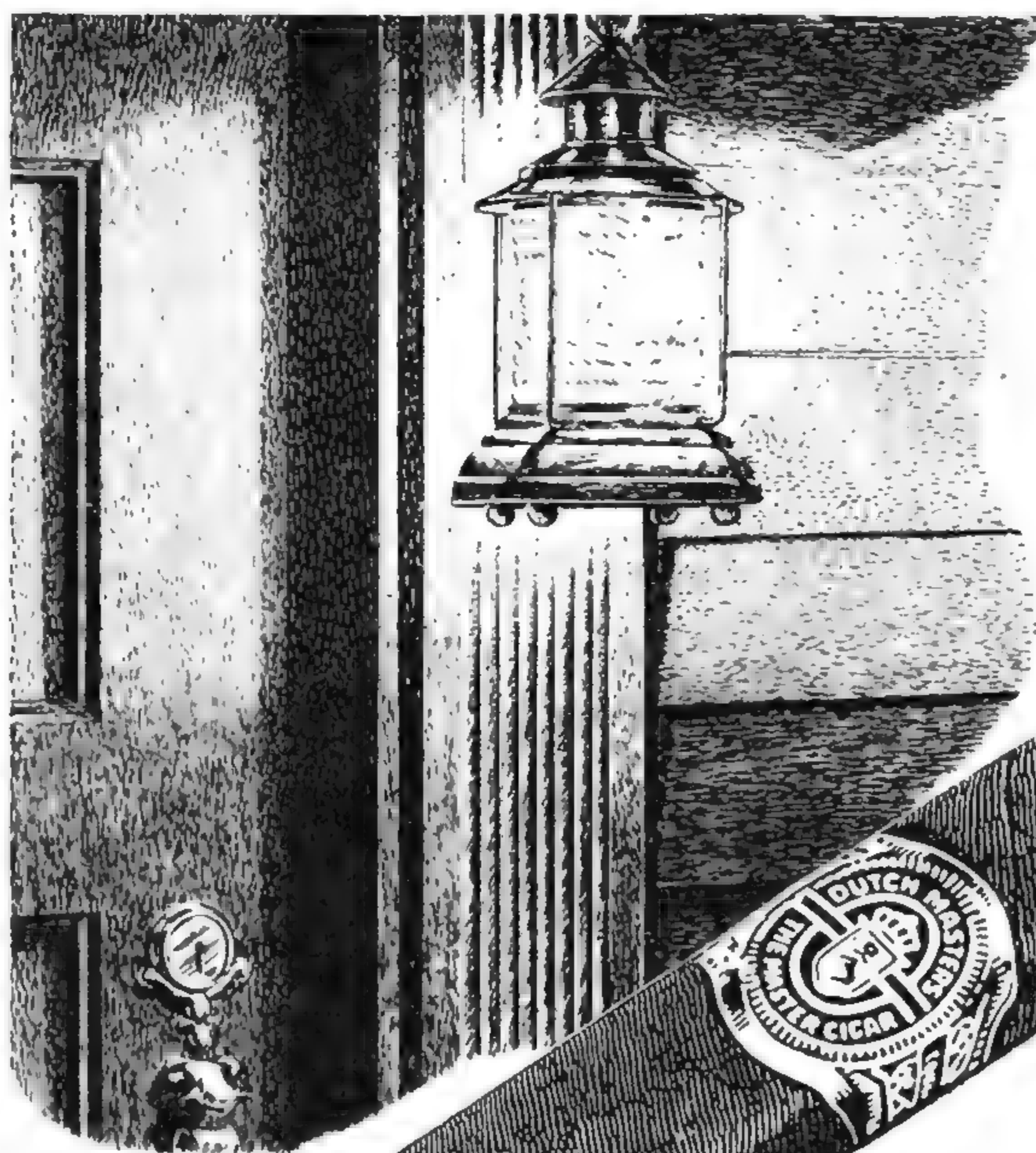
I bathed, shaved, went down to breakfast in the basement dining room. There was the usual group of waxy old men and wall-eyed visiting RNVR officers and grim-jawed maiden aunts. And Mrs. Stuart herself, bustling from table to table like an amiable little sparrow.

She stopped at last beside me and took a long look. I don't know what she saw in my face. Her eyebrows went high. She smiled.

Her voice was frail but honeyed. "Did you sleep well?" she inquired.

"Very well, thank you," I lied. I wonder now what expression would have come into her face if I had told her otherwise. ‡

Continued from page 41



WELCOME HOME

A friendly light at your door, a good meal on the table, and a mellow Dutch Masters to enjoy with your coffee! Simple pleasures, yes, but rich in their welcome when you come home at night.

DUTCH MASTERS

Ten Old Tigers

Continued from page 61

last war—showed the old Sergeant-Major how to load his rifle. The present pattern was quite new to him: in his day he had handled the ancient *chassepot*, and the forgotten Lebel.

The Sergeant-Major addressed them again: "Now, come on, you sons of dogs! Do you want to live forever?" It was the greatest war cry I had ever heard. I tore a strip off the tablecloth nearest my hand. I tied it 'round my head where I was wounded. I rose. I stood as on parade. I bellowed at them:

"What the devil is this? Sergeant-Major, are you forgetting yourself? Why, confound and blast you, man, I'll break you for this if you don't watch out! Who's commanding this company? Did you ask permission to speak? Now then! Get into line, there! Why, you ratty mongrels—are you sons of men? Or are you rookies? As you were! 'Shun! As you were! Company

...sloooooope arms! By your left... quick... march!"

It was a dream. It was a fantasy. At the head of ten men, the youngest of whom was over sixty—whose combined ages added up to something like seven hundred years—I marched out to hold back

the shattering advance of the German tanks.

There went, up that ruined road littered with the debris of an army that had fled, seven hundred and forty-odd years of French glory.

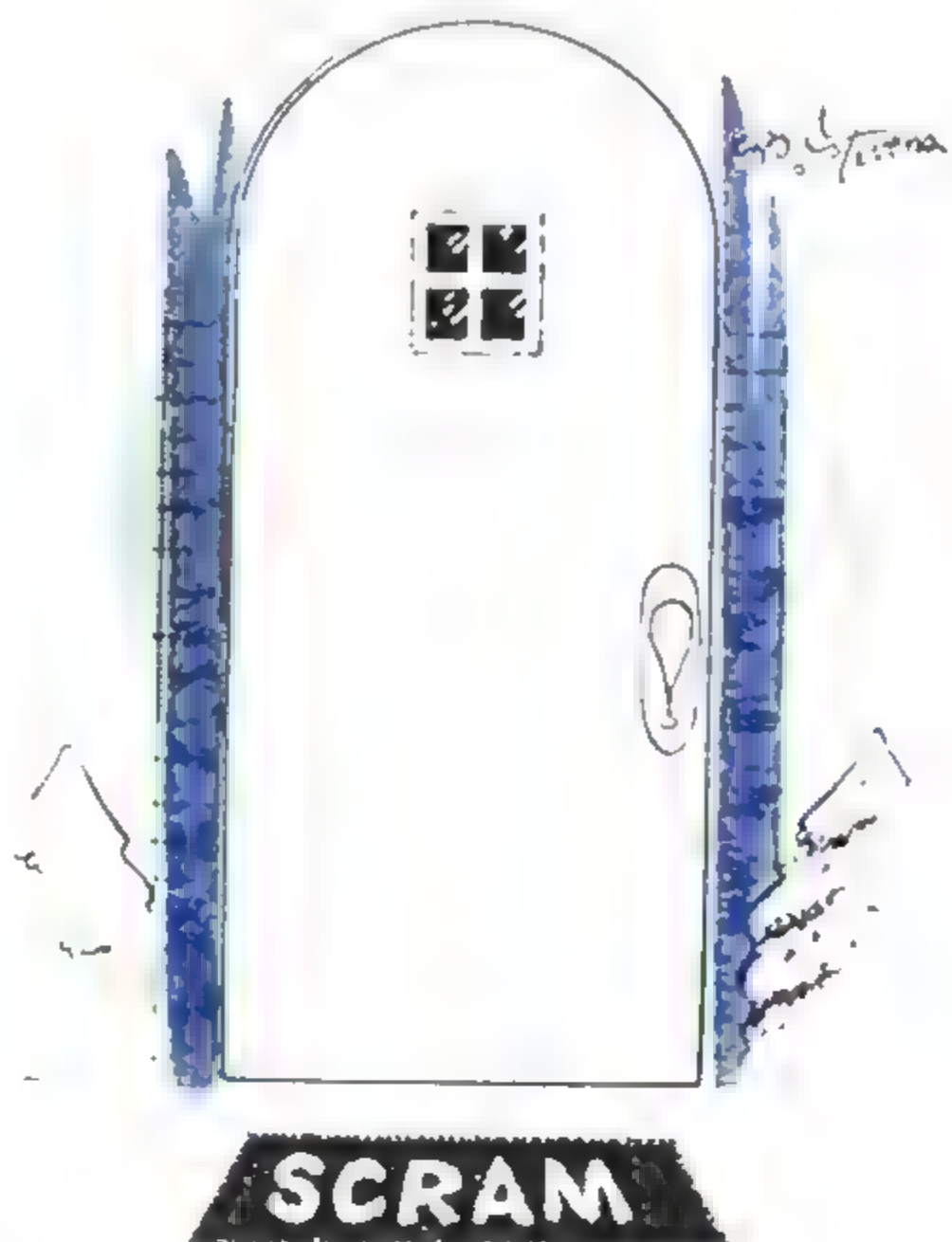
I was the odd forty years.

The tanks had passed. The mass of infantry was following. I found a position in the face of the advance. There

was natural cover. I hardly cared. To me, this was not a battle, so much as a gesture. It was my duty to die with France, I thought. And I was going out to die. Those wonderful old men had shamed me into it.

We saw the Boches coming. We had only our rifles, and about

Continued on page 176



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Ten Old Tigers

Continued from page 175

forty rounds of ammunition for each man. I was lying next to Sergeant Bonenfant. He was crooning over the butt of his rifle, caressing it with his cheek, and crying heavy old tears of joy. His poor aged hands were clutching his weapon. I could see the blue veins like cords, and the dried old fingernails dead-white under the pressure of his grip. The Germans came in sight. "Hold it," I said. The word went along. At a hundred yards I said: "Ready." At seventy-five yards I said: "Fire!" I roared it, and picked off an officer. The ten other rifles went off in a ragged little volley, but nine more Germans went down.

They must have thought that there was some huge counter-attack brought up to surprise them. They stopped. They took cover. We fired at will, picking our men. Ah, my poor old Tigers of Tolly... their muscles could no longer work with their eyes! Only one bullet in five hit anything, although the Boche was horribly ex-

posed. Oh, for a section armed with light machine guns! I could have inflicted astronomical casualties. But it was better as it happened. Yes, it was greater. They were great, those men who had exhausted themselves in the quarrels of France.

We went on firing until our ammunition was exhausted.

Meanwhile, the Boches had let loose machine guns.

Bonenfant went down first. I saw one drop of blood, like a jewel, on his white moustache. No more. He died smiling. He thought he had hit the man he aimed at. But the man got up afterwards: he had simply ducked. I fired my

last cartridge. "That for you, Bonenfant," I said. Then I got up. I yelled: "Charge!" In one hand I held a bayonet; in the other my revolver. "Charge!" I shouted... and even as I shouted, I felt a kind of hammer hit my knee. A ricocheting bullet had smashed it to pieces, and I went down like a skittle, sobbing with rage and



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disappointment. I wanted to die with my grandfathers-in-arms.

I lay, helpless. And I saw the last of my Old Tigers advancing with fixed bayonets upon the enemy. Four old men, carrying their bayonets at high port, ran as fast as their rheumatismal legs would carry them—against twenty thousand German soldiers.

A machine gun went at-at-at-at-at. The old Sergeant-Major and one other tripped and rolled over. The last two kept advancing. I believe that even the Germans were touched. They held their fire. An officer stood up and waved his hands, and shouted something. The last two Old Tigers ran faster, with the little

jogging steps of exhaustion. The officer fired his pistol. One fell. With his last ounce of strength he tried to throw his rifle at the Germans. But his arm was too weak.

And so the last of them all came down on the great German army.

Ten yards away from the officer, he stopped. I could see his chest and shoulders heaving. He

was exhausted. Not even his will could take him a step farther. I was mad with pain and misery, and the shame of having fallen. I screamed: "Vive la France!" The last Old Tiger found breath enough to cry back—such a poor, pitiful, quavering cry; and yet so stupendous and so noble that the earth seemed to stop in its orbit and the sky seemed to stand still . . . "Vive la France!" Then he simply fell dead, because his heart had stopped.

That was the end of the Ten Old Tigers of Tolly.

I lay there, nearly dead. I lay for three days. I was found, then. I lost my leg. I am glad I lost my leg. All of me could not be buried with those great old men:

but at least a part of me is honored by their presence in a grave.

A nation is great only as its finest sons are great. France is as great as the Ten Old Tigers. They are planted in the earth like seeds. Out of them there will grow something stronger and more beautiful than trees. Such men do not die. God send me such an end. ‡

Continued from page 61



"The doctor will now see the gentleman who's been here since last Tuesday!"

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WHERE MEN PLAYED for keeps in dazzling air thrusts, glare protection often determined the winner. To that end Calobar Sun Glasses were in action on all fronts during the war. Calobar lenses are optically ground and polished. Specially formulated, they absorb hot infra-red rays . . . block ultra-violet rays. They protect against blinding light . . . yet admit plenty

of seeing light. Today, Calobar Sun Glasses are once again in production for civilian use. In a short time, they will be available to all, through those who render ophthalmic services.

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Science Careers for the Yanks

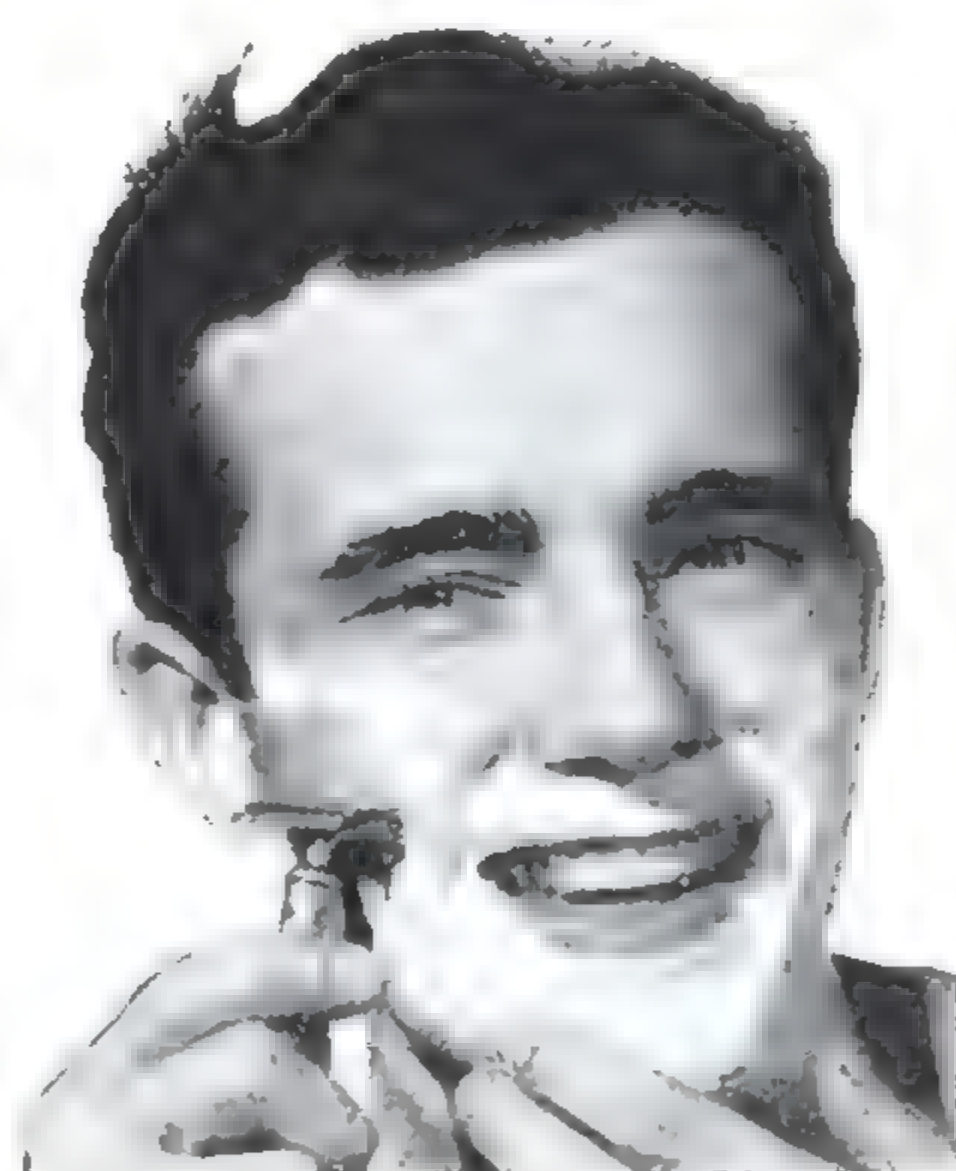
Continued from page 39

puts a car in the junk pile. Now multiply what's going on at Chrysler by over 2,300 laboratories and then by many thousands of studies going on the country over and you have a rough idea of the extent of career opportunities in industrial research.

Government research is about as varied and complicated as industrial research. Right now, the best scientific brains in the country are working, under government control, on atomic research. Federal agencies like the Bureau of Standards, War and Navy Departments, Tennessee Valley Authority, U. S. Public Health Service, Department of Agriculture, and U. S. Weather Bureau carry on studies in every field of science. Government scientists may be finding ways to develop a better louse powder, smaller turkeys that will fit into city apartment ovens, or hogs that will give more meat per pound of feed. And you would find some studying the elasticity of wool as related to its chemical structure, or health problems of migratory farm labor, or doing the scientific spadework necessary to build huge government navigation, flood control and power dams. Heap on top of that the research work carried on by all the states and you'll find a need somewhere for every kind of scientist.

Now let's narrow our sights again and look in on one of the biggest research fields in government. The Department of Agriculture (and the state agriculture colleges) employ specialists in all types of livestock and crop production—beef and dairy cattle, hogs, sheep, goats, poultry, grasses, grains, oil crops, fiber crops, tobacco, fruits, nut crops, vegetables, drug crops; not forgetting forests and even flowers and other ornamentals.

There is also the division by sciences. Some livestock people, for example, are geneticists and breeders; there are specialists in nutrition; in animal diseases and parasites; some are physiologists; some are chemists. The same thing is true in the case of all crops. There are plant breeders, plant physiologists, chemists, and so on, for each one. And for both livestock and crops there are bacteriologists, who study microscopic organisms, and entomologists, whose concern is the control of insect pests. Basic to all of these is soil science, which finds the answers to such questions as what kind of handling the soil needs to give the best results, what crops should be grown where, what fertilizers should be used and how they should be applied. Engineering is another



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broadfield, covering investigations in farm machinery and equipment, farm buildings, and such structures as those used in irrigation.

Science also studies what can be done with products—for instance, the handling of livestock feeds; the storing, transporting, and processing of foods by such means as curing, canning, freezing, drying; and the uses that may be made of agricultural products and by-products for such things as plastics, rubber, paper, fiberboard and fuel.

Some people might argue that business research isn't a science. We'll call it a science anyway—because there are careers here.

What is this business research? For one thing the economists study general business conditions. They watch bank deposits in various parts of the country and also employment conditions, wages paid, and many other signs of current trends. These data help the company plan production and sales programs. For instance, conditions may be improving so they

will want to get set to get more manufactured items on the market.

It also includes time and motion studies, fatigue studies, budget planning, advertising, study of consumer attitudes to products, public and government relations, and 101 other things.

In the field of personnel research, psychologists have a place and, in a few instances, psychiatrists. The companies that engage in business research to any serious extent usually have a staff of from eight to ten persons of primary and secondary rank and roughly ten to twenty clerical assistants.

Some companies require that their economists or statisticians be in the upper third of their college class besides having some experience with the company itself. Some companies require one year of graduate work in economics or statistics. Getting a top job often requires a reputation in this field.

Most companies take care of their business research staff quite

Continued on page 180



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100% WOOL NAPHTHALATED

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Science Careers for the Yanks

Continued from page 179

well. They allow them time to write for scientific and technical journals and to attend professional meetings of the various societies on company time. All in all, it's a good life—and opportunities are increasing.

Pay in all these various research fields is good. Throughout industry, established personnel regularly make from 4,000 to 5,000 dollars a year. For the best—the sky's the limit. In government the starting salary of young scientists just out of college is 2,000 a year—but after ten or fifteen years in the field they usually wind up somewhere between 4,000 to 7,000 dollars a year. To make 8,000 and 10,000 dollars in government they have to hit the top, because that's about the limit.

How can you set your sights for a career in science? First you had better make up your mind that you have enough on the ball and that you'll stick to it and give yourself a fair break before you

decide that science isn't for you. Next you might start building your education right now wherever you are through the United States Armed Forces Institute.

When you are out of service you already have one of the biggest hurdles overcome—finding the money you'll need to go to college. That's taken care of by

the GI Bill which will pay up to 500 dollars a year for your tuition and books, besides giving an allowance of 50 dollars a month for a single man and 75 a month for a married man to live on. And don't think you are too old at 25. College men will be older because most of them have been busy for four or five years win-

ning the war. And remember college courses are being streamlined so you can finish in as low as two and one half years.

Science needs good men and pays for them. You can be one of them if you have what it takes and go after it. ‡

Continued from page 39



The inside facts
are still
the same . . .

Through Peace—War—and Peace again—the hidden, inside quality of Glover Sportswear remains unchangingly the same. Today as always, you'll find the same skilled tailoring, the same perfect fit, the same generous sizing in Glover Sportswear for men, made of woolen, leather, gabardine and poplin. As more wartime restrictions are removed, we'll have new and outstanding post-war styling to show you.

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Quality
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How About It, Mr. President?

Continued from page 68

that beset football and other big-time intercollegiate sports. If they would accept the responsibility along with their authority and exercise the latter directly, much could be accomplished beneficially for intercollegiate athletics that can never be achieved in any other way.

That leaves the whole thing up to the attitude of the presidents, individually and collectively. Whatever policy they establish, working in co-operation with their boards of trustees, can be administered and made effectual by them. Why, then, do we have so many of these evils, since the presidents have the authority and the means to prevent them?

Everything depends on the attitude and personality of the president. These evils of football, apparent and some of them vital, are merely the fleas on the dog's back. One flippant college president solved the problem of the fleas on the dog's back, by killing the dog. That could be considered smart handling of the situation only if the dog were completely valueless—which is not true. Intercollegiate athletics have inestimable values to the individual students and to the collective undergraduate bodies and therefore should not be destroyed simply because they happen to

have caught some fleas, even though the act of slaughter does provide a publicity stunt flea circus for the attending president. Democracy has fleas, too; and so does capitalism.

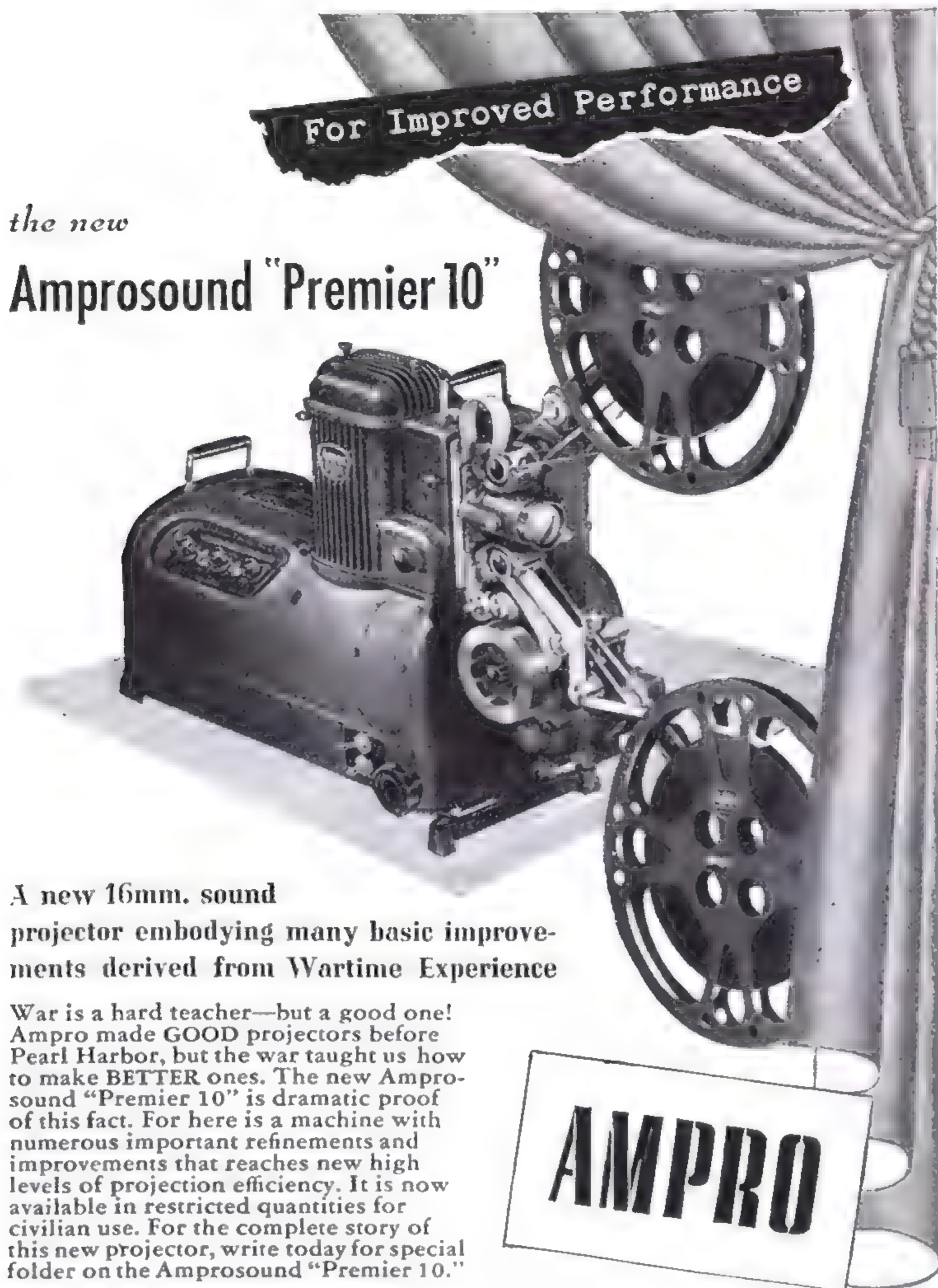
In the olden times they used to bleed people on almost every symptom of illness, but today medicine has far more effective cures. We can use some of those improved, scientific cures in modern intercollegiate sports, without any more bleeding.

Exploiting and harping on the evils of intercollegiate athletics has been a more profitable racket than trying to correct and save college sports. John R. Tunis for years made a good business out of dramatizing the flea circus of college sports. One national magazine spent no less than 17,000 dollars on a documented exposé of what the sub-halfback at dear old Whoozis got on his "free ride." This sort of thing served to magnify and exaggerate the fleas to the size of hippopotami overshadowing everything else; but nowhere along the line did anyone have the heart to put the finger on the man legitimately responsible for these "conditions,"—the dear old college president, who in addition to dodging his responsibility has devoted most of his energies to trying to get out from under

Continued on page 182

the new

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War is a hard teacher—but a good one! Ampro made GOOD projectors before Pearl Harbor, but the war taught us how to make BETTER ones. The new Amprosound "Premier 10" is dramatic proof of this fact. For here is a machine with numerous important refinements and improvements that reaches new high levels of projection efficiency. It is now available in restricted quantities for civilian use. For the complete story of this new projector, write today for special folder on the Amprosound "Premier 10."

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How About It, Mr. President?

Continued from page 181

that responsibility by one "smoothy" stratagem or another—such as aforementioned killing the old dog himself.

Competitive athletics are too valuable to the individual student and also to the student body as a separate social entity to be dismissed so curtly. It is interesting to note that those who condemn athletics and would "kill the dog" are those who have never taken part in a competitive athletic program. Those who know athletic competition and all of its ramifications, ninety-nine per cent of the time want their sons to have that experience.

The first step is for the president and the board of trustees to decide on the proper policy in sports for a given school. The greatest of all the evils and the most fundamental has been the forced use of sports like football to make school monies. I think, however, that the worst of that is over. The stadium building era was to blame. Now that pressure has been pretty generally liquidated.

Use of football funds to pay for other physical education departmental needs is still a factor in many places. If all of these needs were cared for out of the regular school budget—the same as any other department, letting football

profits if there are any, be used to increase the recreational and athletic facilities of the school, all would benefit and no one should object.

The money policy will determine the sports policy of the school. After the policy on sports has been determined, the job arises of finding men to conduct that policy satisfactorily. Whenever a school has to find a new football coach and they look around for a "big-name coach" the admission is usually being made that they must have some one to appease alumni or who will be an attraction to athletes. The alumni interest is necessary in order that they will send athletic material to the school. The demands that the new coach be a big name in the football world is usually an admission that the football program is divorced from sound educational policies. There are many hundreds of excellently trained coaches in the high schools who from the standpoint of football knowledge, handling men, and co-operating with the school administration would be ideal men in any university. They are not known nationally and therefore probably would not have a following of husky football players. The "busy" alumni who really haven't gotten far enough out of school to



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let the university officials run the university, would not be impressed by a high school man. Many schools have missed a bet in the selection of a football coach. The coach can and should be the most influential man on the campus among the students. In working with the student body and in being a real leader on the faculty, especially where student relationships are concerned, the high school coach has had experiences that few university coaches have had. The day of glorifying the sports star has not passed among the younger generations. Individuals have grown older, but boys haven't changed a bit. Competitive sports automatically set up a virtual senate of venerated leaders among the students—an *aristoi* of talent that is looked up to, admired, and respected. The sports stars exert tremendous influence among the students, and the right type of coach can create a tradition of a particularly valuable type of student leader carrying on over the years.



The ideal coach, therefore, is primarily one who has the right sort of personality to influence student-age people in the right direction and who *does* influence them in the right way. Secondly, and *only* secondly, comes his ability to get results with boys on a football field. That phase, which

has always been exaggerated, is really only incidental.

The ideal football coach, the man to be sought, is a genuine *educator* first of all, and a man who can be an integral part of the faculty and the entire educational setup. The coach and his assistants, in most cases, spend a great deal of time evenings and in off-season months circulating among

the students. He calls on the athletes in their rooms, fraternities and dormitories. His job consists of counseling and advising boys, who by their accomplishments as athletes are the leaders of their groups and of the entire student body. What could be of more value in any educational setup and what member of

Continued on page 184

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How About It, Mr. President?

Continued from page 183

the faculty is in a position that makes him as influential?

Function of the athletic department, entirely apart from winning or losing games and meets is the inculcation of ideals of manliness, mannerliness and sportsmanship, which is a vital part of a college education. By the conspicuousness of his position the football coach is the leading figure in this part of the educational program. While he is a member of the educational faculty his functions are not scholastic, so the coach, in a way, stands between the student body and the more severe and aloof scientific and scholarly staff. His appeal to the undergraduates is fundamentally emotional and it is now thoroughly recognized that lack of training of the emotional life has been a weakness in our educational system.

By his position the football coach can have a wider influence on the active body of students than can any other person on the campus. At a meeting of the lettermen of a large midwestern school a telephone call came to the fraternity house where they were meeting, from the dean saying that the student body was rioting, heading for downtown to crash picture shows and break windows and tear up things generally. Could the lettermen do

anything to help him prevent a lot of trouble? The lettermen with their sweaters on, formed a thin line of blockage across the path of the students celebrating the arrival of spring, and by their example and influence turned back that mob without any violence—something the law itself could not do. On Sunday morning we frequently find the coach and his football players at church. There is no way of measuring the good it does the hundreds of students who pack the campus churches to see the football stars and the coach among those present.

This is a factor in undergraduate life, an asset of football that is *never* exploited in the newspapers nor in the annual budget.

A classic example of a football coach beneficially influencing his entire undergraduate body was Knute Rockne at Notre Dame. Rockne's office was a nerve center of the entire school—not just of athletics. In his office there was a continual coming and going of his emissaries who kept things going smoothly in the entire school. The password to any door at Notre Dame in those days was: "Rock sent me."

But what would have become of Rock's great influence if he had not year after year produced winning teams? That is the ques-



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tion that must be answered if the coach is to take his place as an educator. Otherwise he is just the chief asset of the publicity department, or its greatest flop; he is just a hired trainer of gladiators without concern for the welfare of anyone except himself. Must the qualities of leadership of a man like Rockne or Stagg depend entirely on his winning teams? How about it, Mr. President?

That is the evil. That is the dog, the other symptoms are only the fleas. And where is the evil centered? Not in the football stadium.

A few years ago a drive was on for a Union building for one of the greatest universities. Alumni meetings in various cities were scheduled. The team had had several bad seasons. At every meeting the alumni were dead on the subject of the Union. "Do something about the team," was the response everywhere. "Get a winning team and then we'll talk about a Union building."

Demand for a winning team at any cost is the logical result of the

system as it has grown. One leading educator answered the question by dropping football altogether.

This was not an answer. It was dodging the issue. The practical answer is controlled schedules for equal competition. A weakness of the conference, or league system is

that an armament race is set up and many times a weak team has to play out of its class all the season, with bad effects. Certainly the coaches do not want this. One fine coach moaned to me about such a season, saying that it hurt him to send his boys in to lose because "it schooled them for defeat in their lives afterward."

In equal competition the wins

are pretty sure to be divided in a healthy, sportsmanlike atmosphere.

I have been through the mill and I believe that with a few simple corrections, intercollegiate sports can go forward in the years ahead and do a far better job for everybody than they have done in the past—and that is not to

Continued on page 186



*weather it rains
weather it shines*

THE ARDLEIGH
ALL-WEATHER COAT...

... will keep you the best-dressed man on the street. For it's made of Skinner's Tackle Twill—a Long-Life Cravenetted high tenacity twist with a rich dull lustre. In the ARDLEIGH, Tackle Twill is precision-styled with a full-cut drape, an exclusive li-flat fly front construction, and simple lines that spell comfort as well as high-fashion—wet or dry! In a handsome new wheat-tone shade of tan. All sizes. If none at your dealer's, write us.

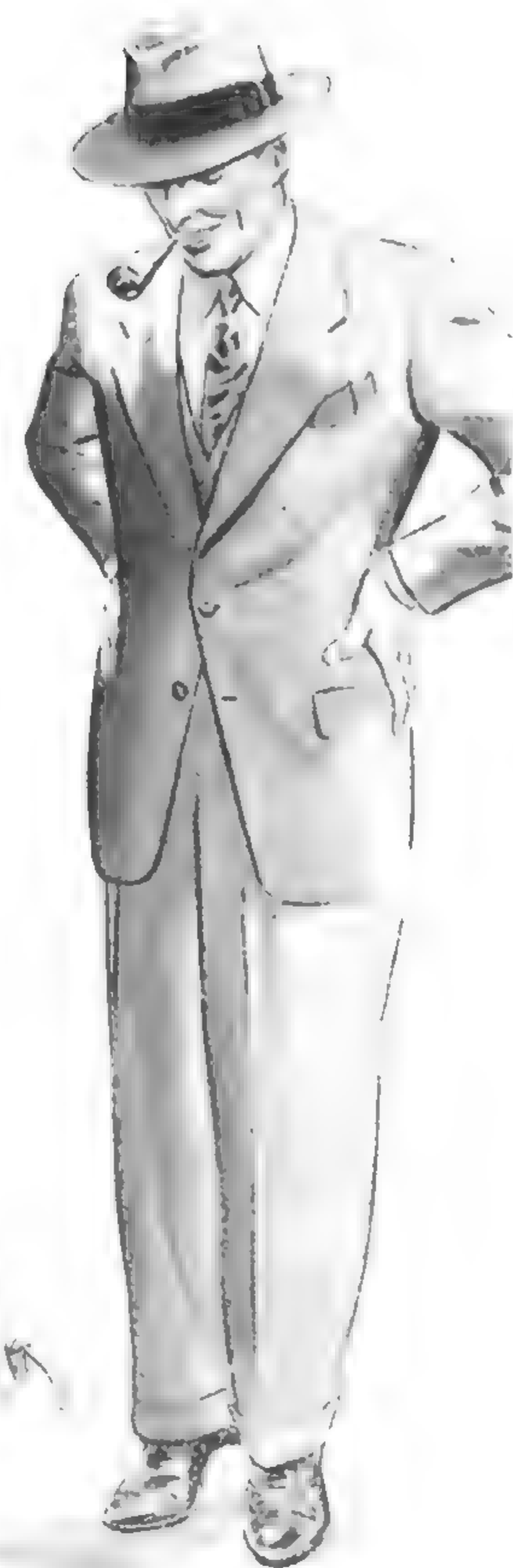
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IT'S well to *insist* on Synchro-Flex* British Walkers because their *Synchro-Flex* stability gives you walking lift and lightness unequalled. This wonderfully satisfying quality is attained by *patented*, Synchro-Flex construction—and in no other way. So, look carefully for the trade mark when you buy. *It's your protection.*



BROADMOOR, in Black or Brown Calf, is available at most Synchro-Flex* British Walker retail outlets.



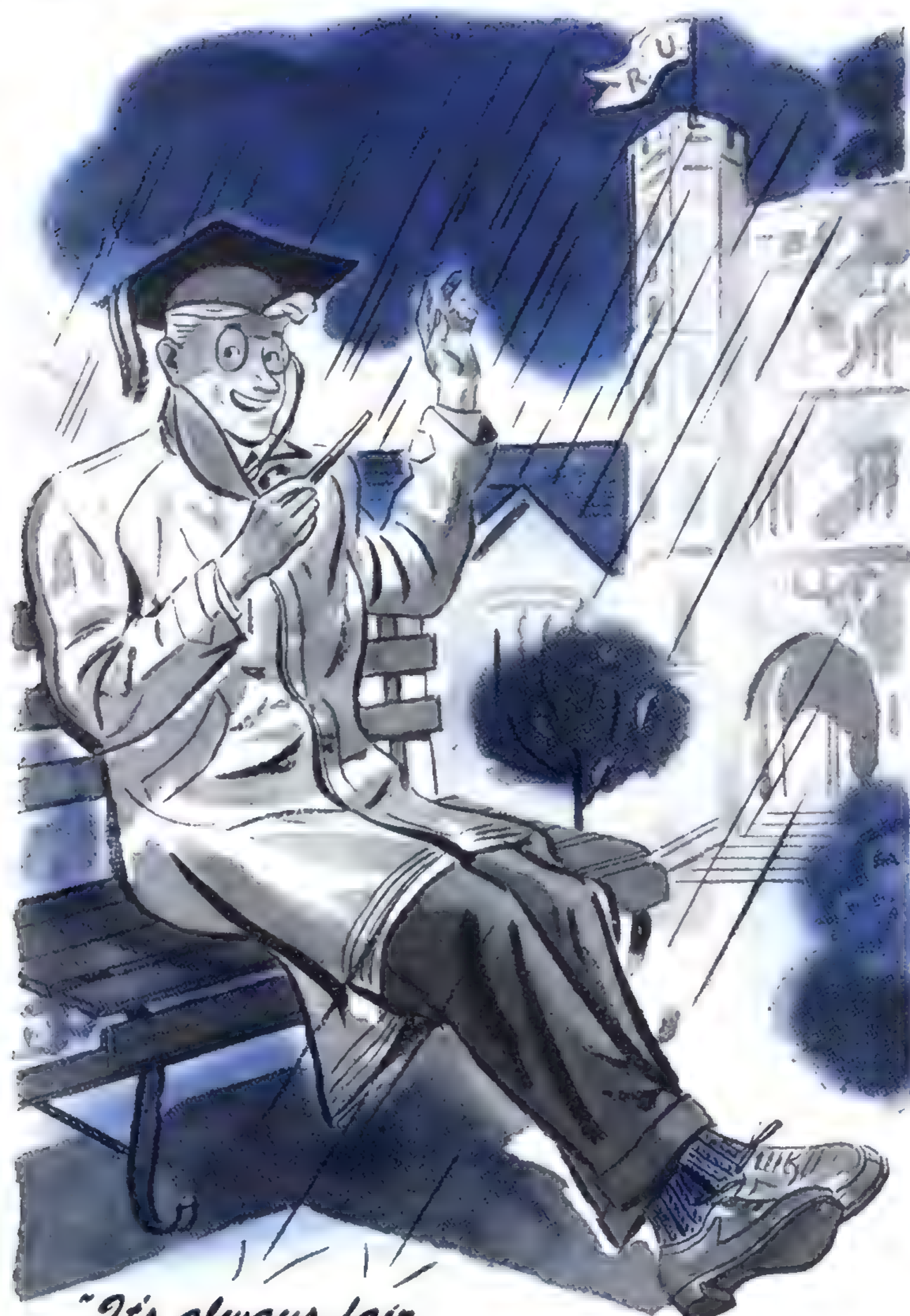
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BRITISH WALKERS

MADE IN THE U.S.A.

by J.P. SMITH SHOE CO. Chicago

Synchro-Flex* British Walkers for Men and Women
The only shoes with genuine Synchro-Flex construction.



"It's always fair weather . . . when Wat-a-tite and I get together!" SAYS PROFESSOR H. Z. BUGBEE*

Rainwear U.'s gift to a water-logged populace, Prof. H. Z. Bugbee* W. A. U. (Without an Umbrella) finds a campus bench just as cozy under a blanket of dew (on the heavy side) as the guys and gals of Old R. U. find it under a blanket of stars.

The learned Bugbee* has sat out rainstorms before and knows that Wat-a-tite processed rainwear keeps him as comfortable as a co-ed in a fullback's arms, and just as warm! That's because Wat-a-tite doesn't "choke" fabric pores. Instead, it keeps them open; lets them "breathe".

Furthermore, the Prof.'s raincoat has sailed successfully through several dry cleansings and a couple of WASHINGS without damage to the Wat-a-tite finish. (When washing Wat-a-tite garments, rinse thoroughly and press with a good hot flat-iron.) Dean Bugbee* knows, too, that Wat-a-tite won't weaken fabrics; in fact, it sometimes strengthens them; and Wat-a-tite garments don't stiffen or crackle in cold weather.

Remember, for better, more comfortable, all-weather protection, your best buy is Wat-a-tite. Look for the famous Wat-a-tite label next time you buy rainwear or sportswear.

MOUNT HOPE FINISHING CO., North Dighton, Mass.



A LASTING WATER REPELLENT FINISH

Wat-a-tite

FOR COTTONS AND RAYONS

*Any similarity to true names is purely coincidental.

How About It, Mr. President?

Continued from page 185

say that they haven't done a mighty good job in the past, slanderous and scurrilous magazine writers to the contrary.

A workable Bill of Rights for Intercollegiate Sports would be pretty direct and simple:

1. Board of Trustees to set up and establish a definite policy on intercollegiate sports that does not put pressure on the teams to raise money for the school.
 - a. Necessary expenses of the athletic department to be covered by the school budget, the same as any other school department.
 - b. Whatever profits that may accrue from football to be devoted to "new" projects in the athletic department, and none of it to cover any routine or accumulated expenses.
2. A president with the interest and will to administer actively and directly the established policy of the school on athletics, both in respect to its own internal activities and also in respect to its relationships and agreements with other schools.
3. Athletic conferences where the representative of the university president is ex-officio the director of athletics.
4. An athletic director, supported and backed by the president, with authority as well as responsibility for carrying out the set and determined policy of the school in sports.
5. A football coach who first of all appreciates and accepts his opportunity to be a useful force on the campus, influencing the entire student body in the right direction by virtue of his peculiarly influential

position, and who is, secondly, a competent man in the technicalities of creating effective football players and teams from the available material in the normal student body.

a. Control or adjustment of schedules to prevent unequal and unfair competition as far as possible.

Details, substance, must be added to make a satisfying picture, of course; this is only a skeleton, but it is a foundation on which a good job can be erected. The case for football is the case for all competitive athletics. Competitive athletics have too many undeniable values to be lost because of a few ills. The advantages should be spread to the utmost extent possible over all the student body.

Few who have been through school or college can doubt what competitive athletics can do for any individual who partakes of their strange and exciting potion or can ever forget the strangely glamorous spell these artificial struggles spread over people when they are young, not only in body but in heart as well. Perhaps the finest all-around quality a human being can have is sportsmanship, a quality that connotes almost every other good quality. And sportsmanship is the peculiar special department of the athletic coach in education. Let that be the compass and final test of every endeavor and all will be well. #

Continued from page 68

It's time to buy your best blue suit!



Your sense of quality . . . your good taste in selection . . . your pride in being smartly dressed . . . nowhere are these more clearly reflected than in a "Registered & Guaranteed"

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BLUE SUIT • \$45

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This Man's World

Continued from page 50

hat left over from the last war, Oscar. To the storm cellars, men, the Olympics are with us again.

The Modern Emily Post

THE headline over the newspaper paragraph read, *Hero's Coatless Dad Gets Meal At Willard* and the story had to do with an old gentleman from Lepanto, Arkansas, named James Hendrix, Sr., who was given the heave-o from the dining room of the Willard Hotel for sitting down to dinner without his coat on.

Then it developed that there was quite a to-do, because Mr. Hendrix, Senior, turned out to be the father of one of twenty-eight heroes decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor by President Truman one afternoon at the White House, and the management of the hotel went into a lather, explaining Mr. Hendrix was not served because the head-waiter did not know who he was.

Then the management continued: "It has been a long-standing rule in all the better hotels of the country that guests must wear coats in the main dining room. In the coffee shop it's different. But we would have been glad to have waived the rule if we had known who he was. In fact, he came back the next night and was served."

"Did he have on a coat?" in-

quired the reporter, not impressed.

"No, he did not."

Now I read this at first as a very satisfying little American tale, the old Arkansas farmer tossed by the stuffy waiter who fails to recognize his true worth. But lo and behold it turns out his son is a hero, the ritzy waiter gets his come-uppance. Happy ending; Dad dining democratically in his shirt sleeves in the glittering *salle à manger* and snapping his galluses at convention and highfalutin' foreign ways.

But on second examination there appears to be something fundamentally wrong with the morals and the balance of the little newspaper filler, and I can't quite get my finger on it.

If the hotel really had a rule about wearing a coat in the main dining room, and most of them have, where could there possibly be a connection between the reasons for that rule and the heroic deed of Mr. Hendrix, Junior, which made it wrong for old man Hendrix to be without his coat on one night, and right for him to shed it the next? Could that be it?

Or am I bothered by the naive explanation that Dad was bounced the first night because the head-waiter didn't *know* who he was? And would a shirt-sleeved father of a boy who *hadn't* won the Medal

Continued on page 188



Travel isn't easy

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but we make

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LUGGAGE**

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TOUROBE... the wardrobe-trunk-in-miniature will soon again be available. Cradles suits, dresses, or both.

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Boston Garters . . . Shirley, Massachusetts

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Suspender Co. Oldest suspender and garter

makers in America

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This Man's World

Continued from page 187

of Honor, but only the Bronze Star, have been barred the same night that the gent from the Ozarks was permitted to chomp his vittles coatless? See what I mean? Something doesn't add up.

What I am driving at is that if the hotel was capable of waiving a rule, which it obviously was, how much nicer it would have been, and how much sweeter a story if the headwaiter had waived it the first night without ever bothering to know who Mr. Hendrix was beyond the fact that he was a human being. I mean if the man in charge of the dining room had looked the situation over and said to himself, "There's an old guy and his family who are in a little bit of trouble. They're obviously not used to our ways here, but if I mention it to him, or ask him to leave, or put him out, or refuse to serve him he is going to be embarrassed and unhappy, so I'll just skip the whole thing, get him his supper and maybe see that someone tips him off privately afterwards."

I suspect what is really bothering me is the hypocrisy of the entire headwaiter, hotel-clerk system of "Oh-excuse-me-I-didn't-realize-who-you-were" which more or less permeates our entire social organization. I have never complained about the petty racket which enables a headwaiter to stick a "Reserved" sign on an empty table in order to sell it later in the evening, but I get mad as hell when the little fellow who is Joe W. Unidentified can't buy it until someone comes along and whispers into the Headwaiter's ear, "Psssst! Don't you know who *that* is? That's Joe Zileh, the great Thimblegriber."

"Yes sir, Mr. Zileh, come right this way!"

Damn and tarnation, what difference does it make what Zileh is, or what he does? He's a guy, he's got money in his jeans, he's hungry and wants to sit down and eat, or buy some wine, or see the show. You don't suppose that I'm a Democrat, do you?

As for coats on, or coats off, it's a good rule either way as long as you stick to it, but I also fail to see the sense of one rule for the military and another for civilians. For a soldier can go into *any* dining room or any place with his coat or blouse off and in his shirt sleeves, but a civilian cannot, which is probably what helped to baffle poor farmer Hendrix, because his son was with him at the time he was heaved, and *he* was very likely in shirt sleeves.

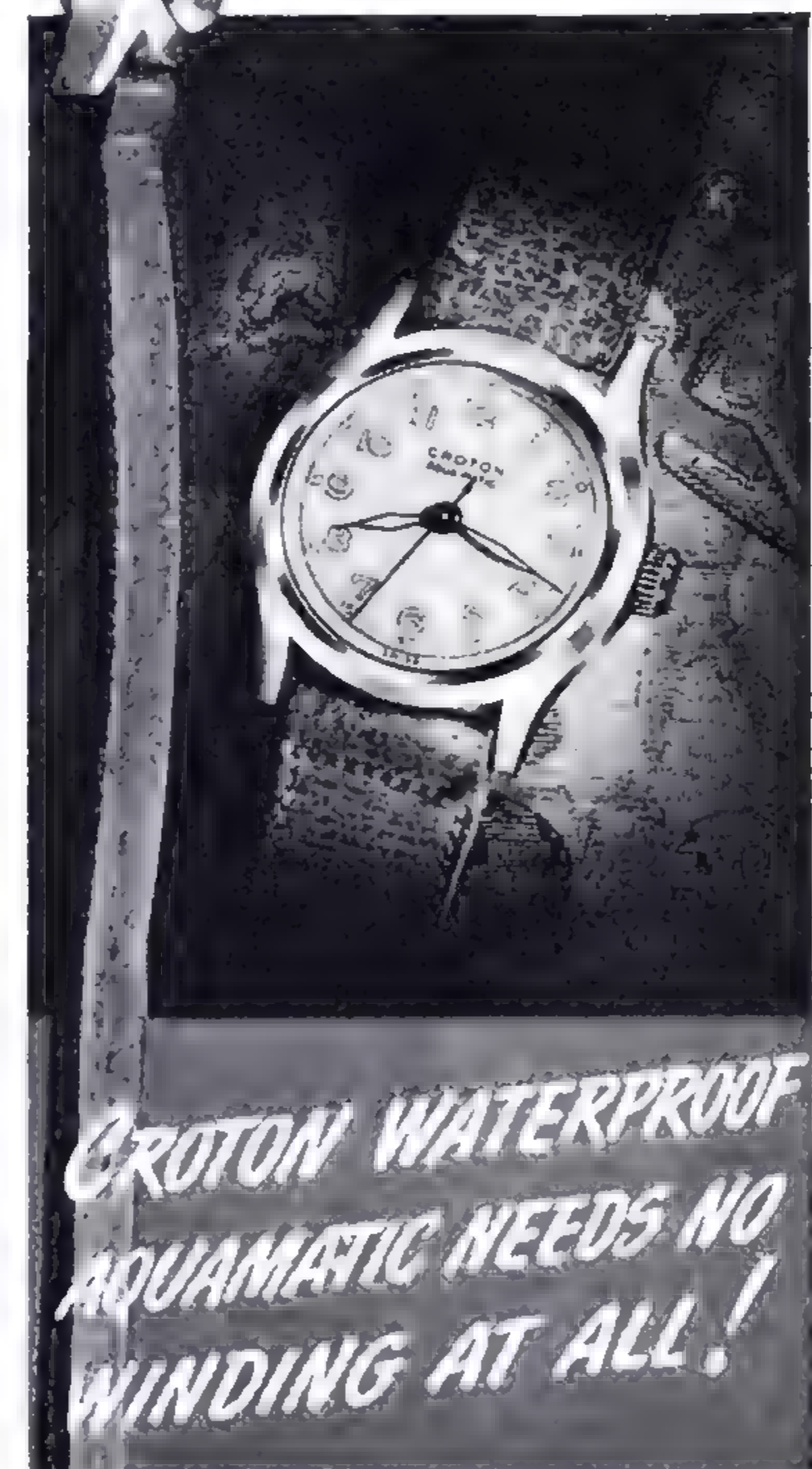
All right. Now *you* play with it for a while.

Herr Schmeling

THE guy reading the news out of the squawk-box on my desk has just revealed that the British plan to have Herr Max (I-zee-somesings) Schmeling, the world's ex-heavyweight boxing champion and ex-German paratrooper, re-educate the carefully

"inside
story"

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never
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A famous laboratory proved it. Three Croton Aquamatics in a 30-day comparison test were reported 13.5% more accurate than the average of nine well-known stem-wind watches when checked against a standard time signal. You've dreamed about this kind of "automatic" timekeeping—now you can have it!

This Croton has everything. Wear it when you bathe or swim, it's waterproof—with a crystal you can't break! Also radium dial, sweep second hand, shock resistant. Everything you want in a fine 17-jewel watch (plus self-winding) for only \$49.50. Fed. Tax Incl.

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Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
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poisoned Nazi youngsters by translating and publishing books—English and American books; which it is hoped will decontaminate the little rats.

Herr Max is a pretty smart gee. He acquired his nickname (I zee somesings) when he sat at the ringside of the Paolino-Louis fight in Madison Square Garden for the purpose of scouting Joe Louis, with whom he had an engagement.

Joe flattened Uzcudun, a feat never before accomplished, but Herr Schmeling never even blanched. He merely kept reiterating with great satisfaction, "Ya, se knockout vas good, but I zee somesings. I vill knock Louis out."

Which, as you remember he did, in their first fight. He just kept reiterating, "I zee somesings," but he would never tell anyone what it was he "zaw," not even his then friend, the perpetrator of this piece, who at that time was functioning as his ghost.

Later when we met in Berlin after the fight he revealed what it was he "zaw." Studying Louis' style he noted that the great Joseph had an uncorrected weakness. Every time he led with a left jab he dropped his right hand a little exposing his chin. Duck soup for a right-hand counter puncher like Schmeling. He kept his bazoo buttoned about it for fear it would get out and somebody would tip Louis off and correct the error.

That first fight, Schmeling was dropping his right hand over Louis' right paw, all night. Louis' corner caught on to it right away, but by that time it was too late to correct what had become a habit. Next time Mr. Louis fought you can bet he didn't uncover that jaw any more when leading with a left.

I referred to myself as Schmeling's "then" friend, because I am not certain whether I am his friend now. It depends a great deal on Max's story and how much reconstructed he is as a German. I do not like Germans, not any of them who were in Nazi-land during the past war, or who had anything to do with it. They have proved themselves to be a foul, loathsome and disgusting people.

I should say that there was hope for Max as a human being and a right thinker if he is still married to his wife, Anny Ondra, the former movie star. Anny was a Czech, a sweet girl and an intelligent person. Theirs was a love match which began when they became neighbors in one of the suburbs of Berlin. She was then a great film star and he merely the heavyweight champion of the world. But he was afraid to talk to her. He worshipped her humbly from a distance and every day sent her dozens of roses anonymously. In the meantime, Anny had quietly fallen for the big, tough, black-haired guy who lived next to her. Eventually they got together.

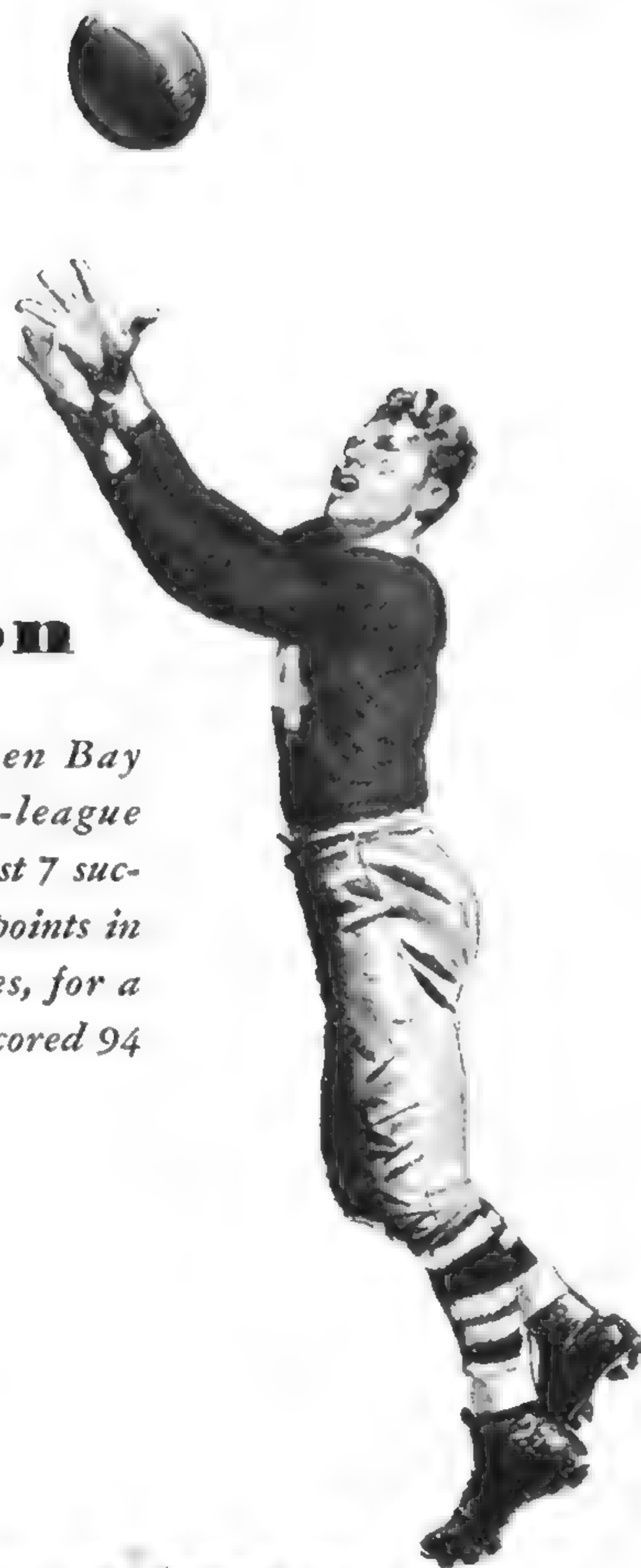
Maybe at that the British were smart to put a part of their re-

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*There is
Only One*

Don Hutson

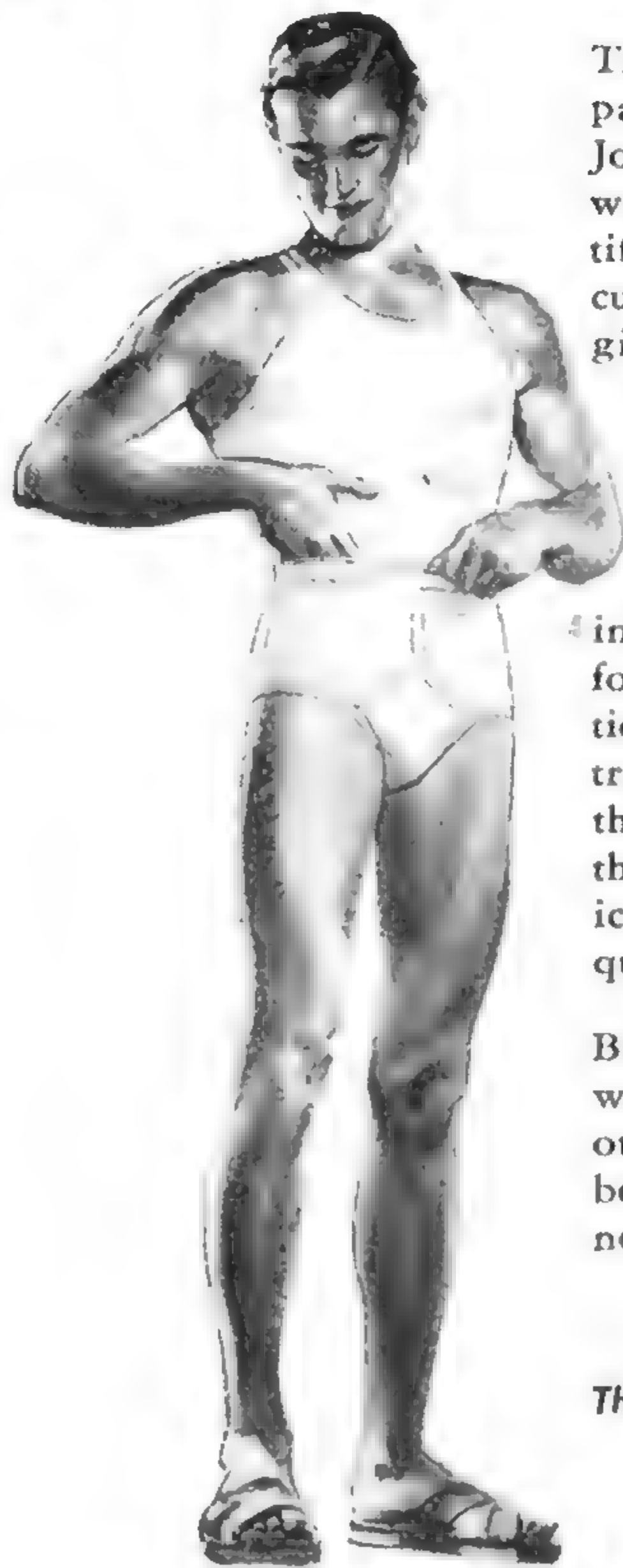
Don Hutson of the famous Green Bay Packers was the unanimous all-league selection 8 out of 10 years—the last 7 successively. Don Hutson scored 726 points in league football; caught 442 passes, for a yardage gain of 7,176 yards; and scored 94 touchdowns on passes alone.



*There is
Only One*

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But—no other garment should be substituted when you ask for Jockey. If you have to buy other makes before Jockey returns, you will be doubly convinced that only Jockey has these necessary comfort features.

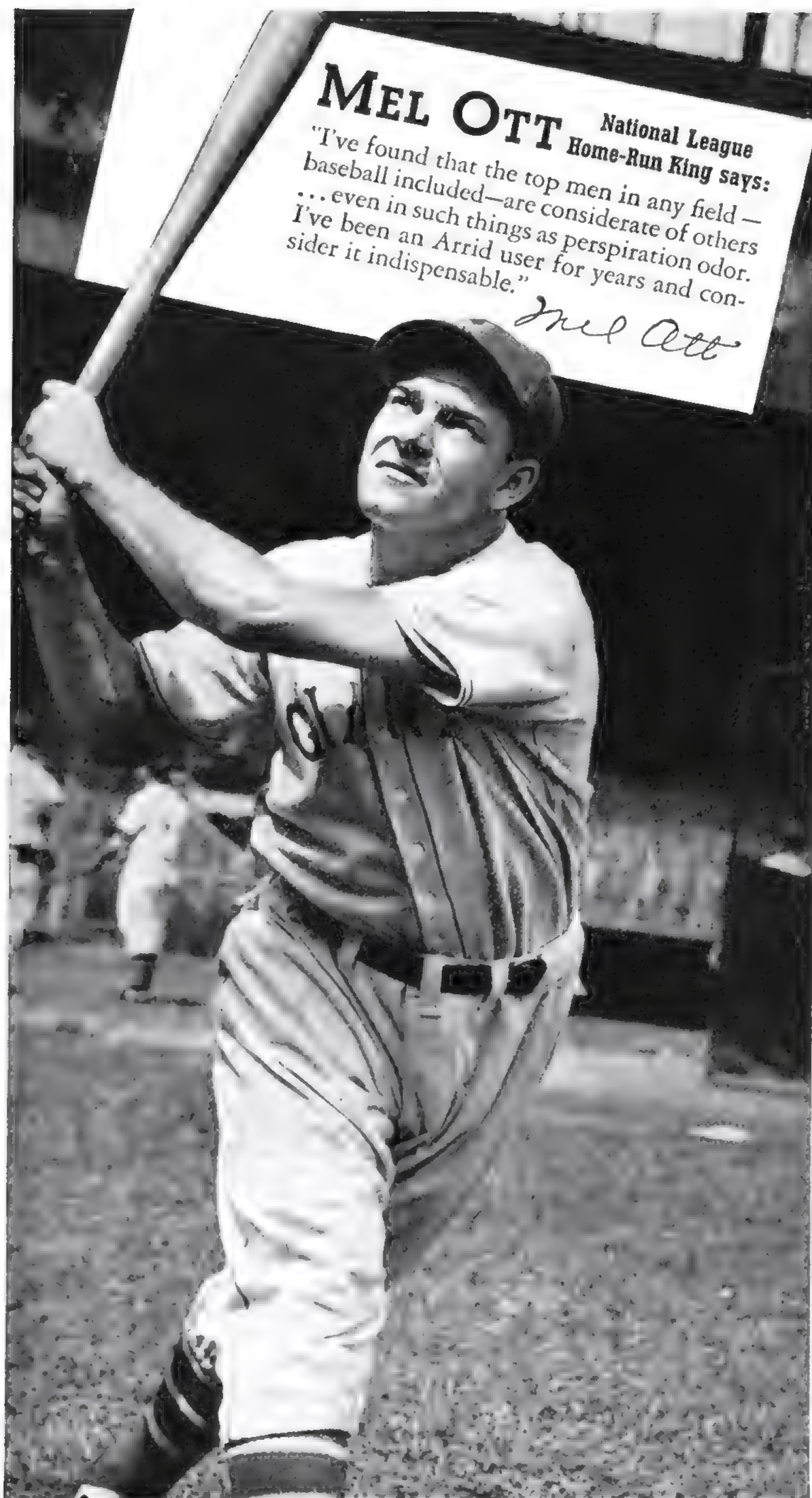
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Start using Arrid today. Get a jar at any drug or department store.

39¢ Plus tax Also 59¢

ARRID



More men and women use Arrid than any other deodorant

This Man's World

Continued from page 189

education problem in the hands of the ex-champion who knows America and American ways. For Schmeling was never a dumb Joe. And that little blonde wife of his was smart as a whip.

Time will tell, but in the meantime, I'm keeping my left out where Germans are concerned. For a long time.

Big Joe

I AM scared to hell and gone of spiders and am always glad when autumn is at hand and I can move to town and leave the joint to them, but this last summer I got quite fond of one named Big Joe who set up his pitch outside the kitchen window and I even cooperated with him because he was such an industrious sucker and a fine workman to boot.

He had obviously studied engineering at M. I. T. because his webs were beautifully trussed and counterpoised. Just outside the kitchen we have a porch light we leave on for hours to attract the moths and nits and buzzy things to keep them there rather than have them going to bed with us.

Joe was a big brown fellow about the size of a half a buck when he was all spread out. It didn't take him long to case the joint and decide that light was a good place to set up in business.

He'd come out about sundown and start working on that web, and it was a treat to watch him. Top support, bottom anchor, side struts, main radial supports, auxiliary safety anchors, and then off he'd go, around and around, weaving the strands of the booby trap an eighth of an inch apart, stopping only occasionally to measure and test. Then he'd spit on his hands and get to doin' it again.

It took him about an hour to finish it, when he'd take a last look around, hang out his sign "Open For Business," and park in the middle and wait. When something would turn up he'd pounce like a tiger. Boy, could he move. He wouldn't bother about the small fry, but it was an absolute caution to watch him package a moth. When business was slack I'd toss moths into his web just to see him shoot down, grab them, give them a shot of anesthetic to quiet them down and then wrap them up, as neat and quick as a parcel clerk during the Christmas holidays, spinning and turning the moth until inside of ten seconds it was sealed in a neat envelope and ready for the deep freeze or wherever Big Joe moved it to later.

Because next morning, Joe would be gone, web, loot and all, not a speck remaining until next evening he'd come out and do it all over again. Joe was a Big-Time Operator and even had a gang of little spiders hanging around the fringe to pick up any stray small stuff that Joe didn't figure was worth embalming. Sometimes when trade was slack



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BUY
VICTORY BONDS

and I wasn't helping him, Joe would shake his web imperiously to call attention to himself. Darned if he hadn't gotten used to service, so every night I had to go out and keep him supplied.

In the end he went the way of all who get rich too quickly. He got fat and lazy, took to fudging on the web job, let it get dirty and fall into a state of disrepair. There'd be gaping holes in it that he wouldn't bother about, through which the whole collection of night flying insectivora would buzz unscathed. He was slowing up on his pounces, and stuff was getting away. I couldn't feed him any more because the web wouldn't hold the big stuff any more. He'd leave the old torn web stand overnight and come back to it the next day looking bilious. Eventually he went away and didn't come back. He was either sulking or died of apoplexy. I know that in his last moments he was blaming me for what happened. There's a beautiful moral in this somewhere.

How do you like Gallico, the great nature lover?

P. S. Damn! I just read in the Sunday papers that male spiders never spin webs. For "Big Joe," in the above, please read "Big Josephine." #

Continued from page 50

The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

Negro says it's No Revolution

The article, *Gentlemen, This Is Revolution*, which appeared in the July issue of Esquire, attracted much attention among the Negro servicemen in this particular ex-Theater of Operations. It struck us all the more favorably not only because it was published in one of the most popular magazines with the large circulation of Esquire, but also because it was written by such a nationally-known writer as Sinclair Lewis. For the first time we began to suspect that we weren't being sold down the river, "Uncle Tom's Cabin" style, in our absence.



The outlook of the Negro soldier is pretty similar to that of the Man in the Street except that in the case of many of the Northerners, such as myself, he has come into greater (and incidentally, more painful) contact with discrimination and racial dislikes in the Army than he did while he was a civilian. When we first entered the Army, our first ambitions were, like all other 'eruits, one of three things, depending on personal make-up: (1) bum a way out, (2) get in some particular branch of the service where a fellow could learn a job to his liking, or (3) if his I.Q. was over 110, go to Officer's Candidate School. And of course, like all other 'eruits, we looked for—and got—a certain amount of kicking around. We usually consoled ourselves by the reflection that the Army is like that and that the white boys were getting it, too, which they usually were.

It was when basic training was over and we began to be sent to our permanent outfits that we began to taste the bitter dose of being a "minority" to any great degree. It was manifested in having little or no opportunity of choosing our branch of service, in having little chance of attending O.C.S. and in having no officers of our race

Continued on page 192

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The last pipeful of tobacco is as enjoyable as the first . . . thanks to the patented way the Rogers Air-Tite inner Pouch SEALS itself. The secret is in the construction. When you close the zipper, the inner lips are tightly pressed together, automatically sealing in the freshness and the aroma of the tobacco. Exquisitely made of fine leathers in a variety of models by Rogers craftsmen . . . producers of the finest in smokers' accessories. At better shops everywhere. Model No. 213 (illustrated above) \$3.00 . . . other models from \$1.50 to \$15.



A cross section showing how lips of the patented inner pouch are sealed tightly when the outer pouch is zipped shut. Every genuine "Air-Tite" has the name embossed.

U. S. Pat. 1,801,193; Can. Pat. 374,167

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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 191

above the rank of first lieutenant or else none at all. Even things like this we could take, though, and there was no real revolution in thought until we came overseas where a lot of untoward items began to encroach upon our consciousness.

For example, most combat outfits were white; the Negro troops' activities were confined to port battalions, quartermaster, general-service engineers and ordnance. Except for two infantry divisions and a very few scattered infantry regiments and tank battalions, the Negro soldier was a noncombatant. It was overseas where a lot of us colored GI's first began to think of ourselves seriously as members of a separate group—a group which had the odds stacked against it. It was overseas that we first began to get reports from home about the race riots and discrimination on defense jobs and at the same time a lot of reminders of the Anti-Lynch Bill, suffrage in the South, the F.E.P.C. and a lot of other things.

One potent reason for this new trend of thought, I believe, was that we got along so well with the Italian natives as well as the other soldiers with whom we went into combat. Jerry made a lot of friends out of enemies with his burp-guns and 88s; I know of several cases of Southern white boys in hospitals and clearing stations telling how they'd changed their minds about Negroes since they'd shared the same foxholes and pillboxes with the guys who were supposed to be poison according to the old folks at home.

All this should give you a pretty good idea of what's been going on in our minds since we left home. As to whether we've decided to do something about it—of course we have! You can't expect to build a guy up with words like Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness for four or five years in order to get him to go through hell and then make him dismiss the whole thing from his mind and go back to his old place behind the Bar Sinister.

But there won't be a revolution.

We are still Americans, raised in the American tradition, and we know our fellow-American well enough to realize that, except for a few bad eggs scattered here and there, you'll meet a fellow halfway. You are beginning to understand our problem of racial recognition and when we get home again and start after that problem, you'll help us to solve it. That's why I say that there will be no revolution.

CPL. JOHN BUFORD WILSON
New York, N. Y.

Feather fan

Just finished reading an article by Leonard Feather and the character is really in there pitching like a two bar tag. I belong to that small select group in Lindy's (with the Lox and bagels) known as Song Pluggers, and we cats get around digging all the bands, and I mean all the bands because the song is the thing and we have to satisfy the boss by getting the tunes in the band books, hitting the Variety sheet, and paying off the Shylocks to keep ourselves looking sharp with all new togs and keeping everyone happy.

With all our gum beating as far as conversation is concerned, Feather is on the top of my list 'cause that guy knows what he is talking about. Picking Davey Tough, Chubby Jackson, and the rest of the Woody Herman crew as the coming jazz greats because they are really putting down some wonderful music and a new style, is really a sender. Tell Leonard he's great.

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An Island Sanctuary

Continued from page 98

trade rum. You're a long way from home?"

"Yep. This is Reay Island, isn't it? When the engine trouble started I made for it."

"What about grub?" suggested Seed. "Luen Chi . . . a curry. Get a move on."

"Any Japs here?"

"No."

"Good. I'm afraid I'm stuck here for a while."

"We can put you up. Glad to have you."

"God knows when they'll come for me. Or if they'll come for me. Probably write me off as a total loss."

"Let's wait and see. Someone'll come sooner or later."

"You the trader here?"

Seed nodded. He was dressed like a native, his skin tanned by the tropic sun. "You'd better get out of those wet clothes," he said. "I can lend you some ducks of mine. We're near enough of the same size. The Chink will press your uniform when he's dried it."

"Thanks a lot. Sorry to be a nuisance."

The spirits had revived Holwell and he was looking around him with interest.

"Any other white people here?"

Seed shook his head.

"Kind of lonely?"

"I don't know. Suits me. Been here fifteen years."

"All through this war?"

Again Seed nodded.

The resources of the bungalow were strained to their utmost, but Holwell was made comfortable. Luen Chi, moreover, produced an excellent curry. An hour after the meal, Holwell dropped into an uneasy sleep and when at length he awoke, a bed was ready for him in what had once been the American trader's bedroom.

He slept until daylight and after he had bathed in the sea appeared to be none the worse for his adventure.

Seed found the American extremely attractive. Holwell was about thirty, came from San Francisco, and was friendly and talkative. But there was little for him to do on the island except swim—an occupation with obvious limitations. The only book on the island was a ten-year-old price list of a Sydney firm, and the wireless set without a battery was useless.

"You don't happen to have a razor?" Holwell asked the second evening.

"Several . . . but no soap. We haven't seen a ship for quite a while."

"Then I'll have to let my beard grow."

They were sitting on the veranda, watching the sun go down in a mass of shimmering color: "This place is so damned beautiful—it does something to you," the American said, as if thinking aloud, and the trader noticed a strange quality in his voice.

"I suppose beauty's some-

Continued on page 194

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An Island Sanctuary

Continued from page 193

thing," Seed said, doubtfully. "The place must have satisfied you . . ."

"In a way it has. I landed here fifteen years ago and I've never left the island. And now I don't suppose I ever shall."

"Hard to imagine a life without money."

"Money," echoed Seed. "This island's one of the few places where money doesn't count at all. Money and women seem to make up life as I remember it. And now war. Money, women and war. You're welcome to it."

"The native women seem . . ." Holwell hesitated.

"Poisonous," the trader put in. "And stupid. More like Australian aborigines than the Island folk are usually. The men aren't quite so bad, when you get to know them."

"You don't miss women?"

"Not now. I'll tell you a story, if you care to listen, which explains . . . things. It's a long time ago—just after my war. There were two men. Shall we call them Smith and Brown?"

"Why not? They're good names," the American smiled. "I suppose there's a woman in the story, too?"

"You're right. There is. Goodness knows what her real name was. She was a dancer and could sing a bit, but that wasn't all her accomplishments. Ever been to Malabaya?"

"No."

"It's in Sumatra. Suppose the Japs are there now. She was at Caproni's Café, the one overlooking the harbor. Cora she called herself—just Cora."

"That's Smith and Brown and Cora," said the American.

"I'm telling this yarn all cock-eyed. She doesn't come in until later. These two chaps were running a store at a place called Maikon thirty miles or so up country. They'd both had a thin time, both had wandered about a bit, tried this and that without making much of a do with anything. Things weren't too easy just after the war, as you may have read in the history books."

Holwell grinned.

"But at last," his host went on, "they seemed to have struck lucky. They'd taken the store over when it was almost derelict and had got together a decent stock and were really making money. Smith had a girl at home—anyway she still wrote to him, but he hadn't seen her in quite a while.

"The idea was that she would come out to Maikon. Pretty vague, I suppose, but it kinda kept Smith more or less on the rails."

The American nodded.

"As the weeks went by they were doing very well indeed. They'd started a bank account in Malabaya. Most week ends one or the other went into the town, combining business with



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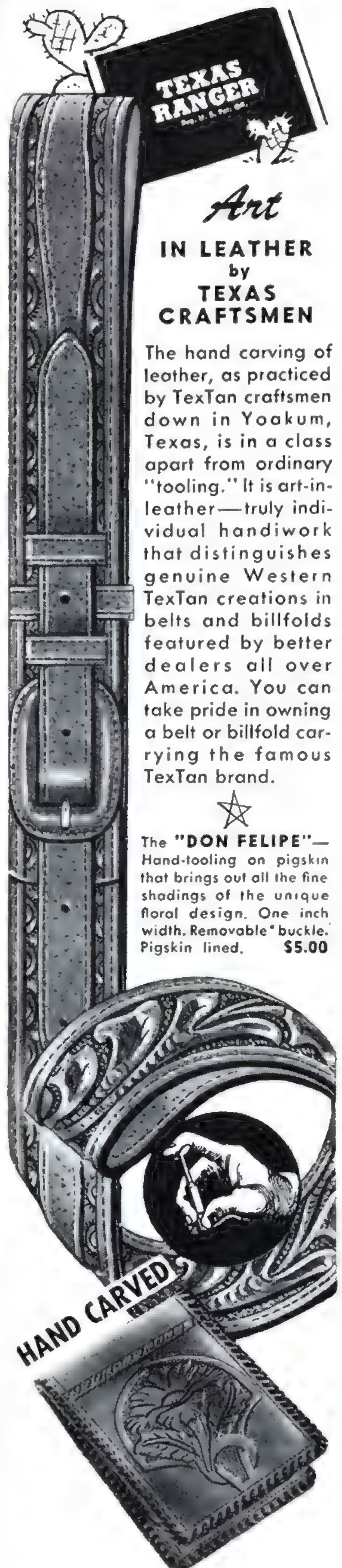
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pleasure, as you might say. Brown was very often a bit the worse for wear when he got back and it usually took him a day or so to get over it. Booze was about the only cheap thing along the coast in those days and when Brown was on the drink, he drank. The two partners were never in Malabaya together.

"The boom days were on the way and for the first time in their lives the two men were making real money. Smith took out a photo of the little girl in London and stuck it on the shelf in the sitting room behind the store. Fair hair, she'd got. And pretty. It was difficult to see her there in that bungalow, of course, but the swelling banking account had sort of put it on the map. And as Smith pointed out, the place wasn't too bad. There were two bedrooms and a biggish lounge with a veranda: the store and warehouse were at the end. And as much help—mainly Chinese—as you wanted."

"Pretty hot there?" the American asked.

"Bout the same as this. Bit hotter in summer and there was no air conditioning then—anyway not in Maikon. But the possibility of getting the little girl out there grew on Smith and he began to cut out his fortnightly visits to Malabaya.

"This suited Brown, because one of them had to go and he was always willing. They had an old Ford van and Smith was afraid that his partner would pile it up, but he always got back safely on Monday morning with the trade goods he'd picked up at the wholesalers.

"One Monday morning, Brown turned up cold sober and without a trace of the morning after. Smith, of course, noticed it and was inclined to pull his leg: 'There's other things in life than booze,' Brown replied shortly.

"The next week it was the same. Brown seemed very quiet, but that afternoon he raised Cain with the Chink who was supposed to keep the store and the bungalow clean, with the result that the place seemed unnaturally tidy when the two men sat down to their evening meal. He'd brought back new tablecloths and linen and vases and what not.

"Then it all came out. Brown—Brown, mind you!—was getting married.

"Smith watched his partner in silence before he said: 'Who is she?'

"'I'm not saying anything until she's my wife. She's a good woman—whatever people may say. She's had a hard life and I'm going to give her a chance.'

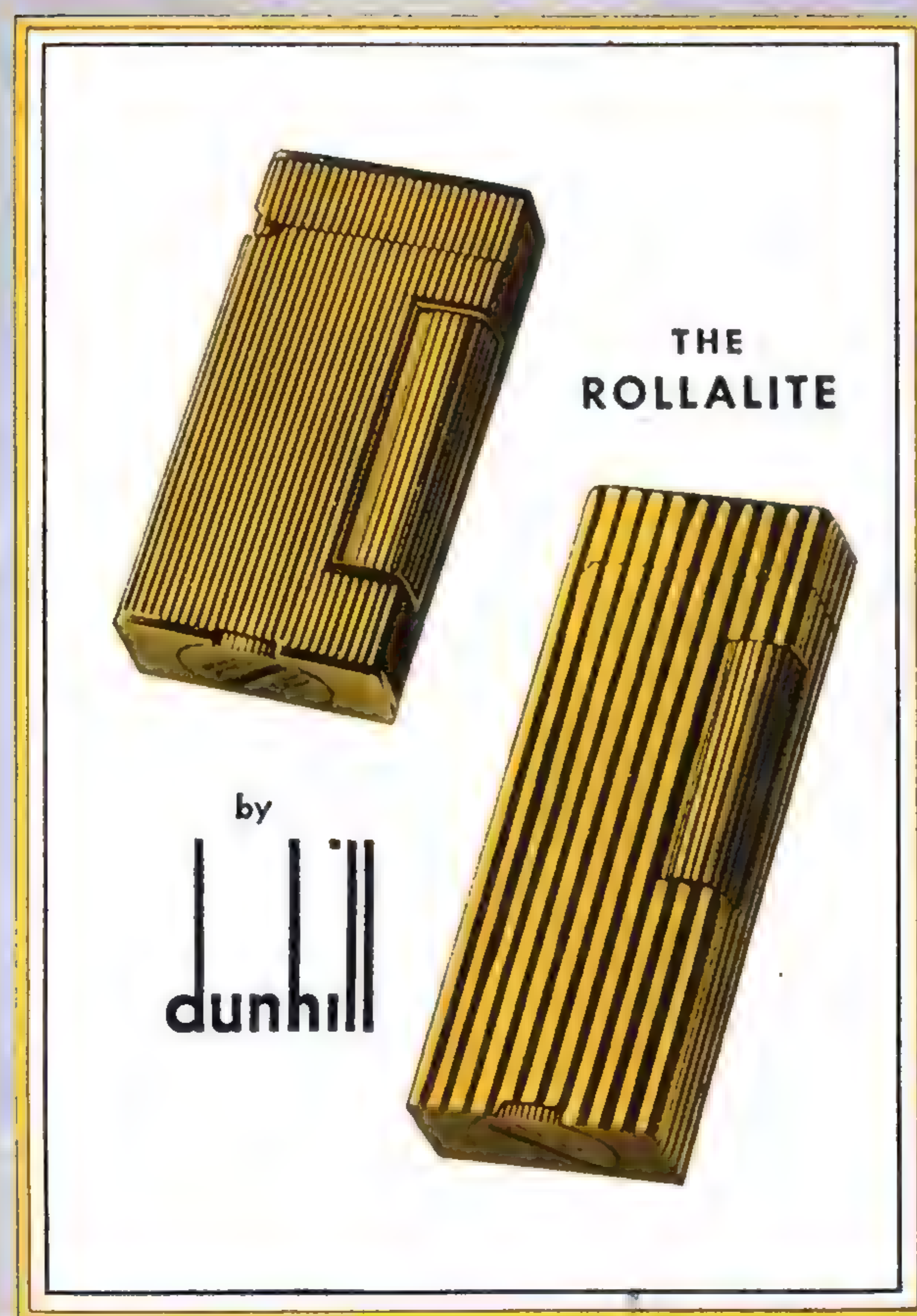
"'You'll bring her out here?'

"'Why not? You've often pointed out that the place divides into two easily. We can share this room, of course.'

"'I see,' said Smith. 'Depends a lot on the girl of course.'

"'Would you mind if I went into town again next week end? After that you can go as often

Continued on page 196



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An Island Sanctuary

Continued from page 195

as you want. I shall stick here after I'm married."

"'Sure,' said Smith. 'You bringing her back next Monday?'"

"'Yep,' said Brown. And there was nothing much that Smith could say.

"That week the place was scrubbed and polished and by Friday it was all okay. Brown went off in the Ford leaving Smith in a very doubtful state of mind. After all, whatever Brown said, the presence of another woman in the bungalow seemed to push the little girl in London right out of the picture.

"But he played the game and got in flowers to put in the vases Brown had bought, and so on. And on Monday, Brown, still full of beans and cold sober turned up with his bride in the Ford.

"It was Cora.

"'Well . . . here we are,' said Brown. 'Cora tells me she's met you.'

"Smith didn't show what he was thinking and shook hands with Mrs. Brown.

"She was a very lovely woman, dark, with big dark eyes. Greek, she said, and she possibly had some Greek blood in her. Probably Turkish as well. She said how nice the place looked and Brown beamed all over everything. He was in love with her—head over heels, past all reasoning.

"'I'm afraid you'll find it a bit lonely out here,' Smith said.

"'Good! I'm tired of crowds,' she replied.

"Well, that was that. For the rest of the day Smith went about his work and left them to themselves. He was worried. Cora's statement that she had met him was true. Now, I'm not pretending that Smith was out of a stained-glass window—he was a white man in the tropics—and the little girl in London was a damned long way away. Yes . . . he'd met Cora all right. She couldn't have been pleasanter. At supper that night she said they were her two best pals and Smith caught a flash in her dark eyes as she said it. A pretty situation . . . there was Brown, sloppily in love, determined to give the girl her chance—there was Cora quietly mistress of the situation and secretly amused. And Smith . . . who had met Cora before and knew more about her than any man in love with her could know.

"Presently she noticed the picture of the little girl in London.

"'Who is she?' she asked.

"'A friend of mine,' said Smith.

"'How sweet!' Cora said—just like that. She was a cat if ever a woman was.

"Smith saw that it couldn't go on, that he had to get out. Cora would be all right for a week or so, and then there would be a bust-up. She just couldn't run straight—she was that type.

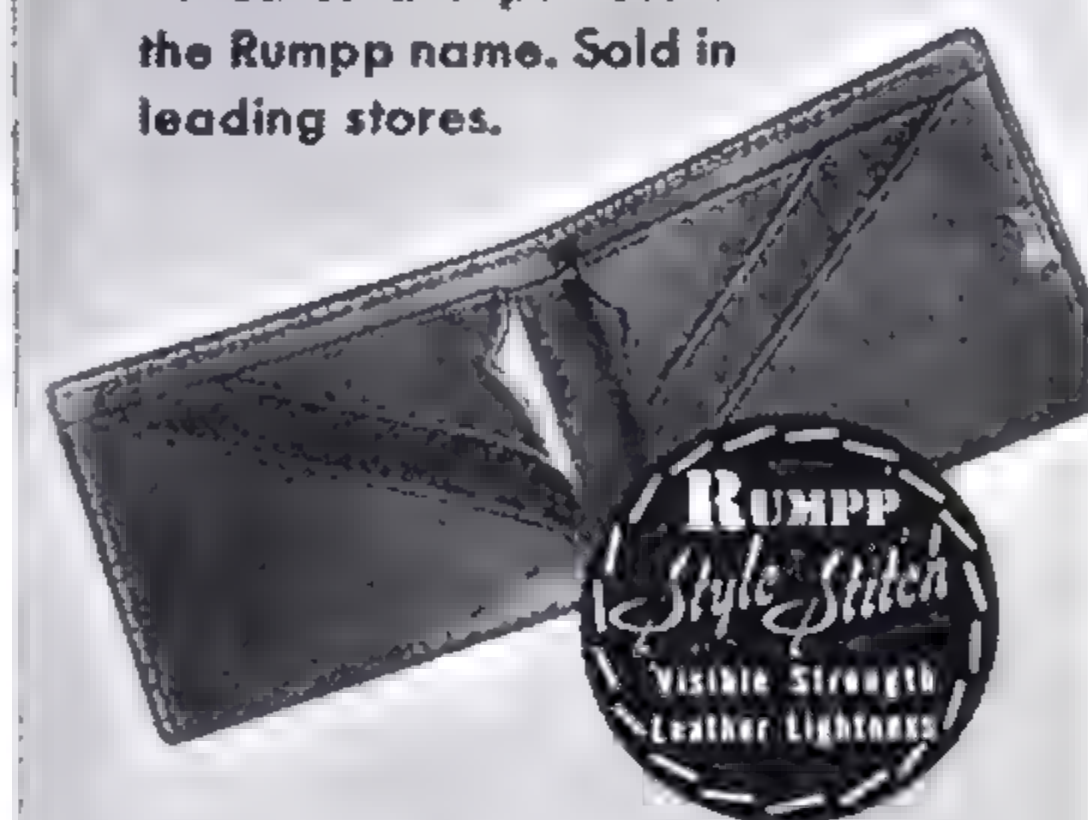
"The next morning he told Brown that he was going. Brown



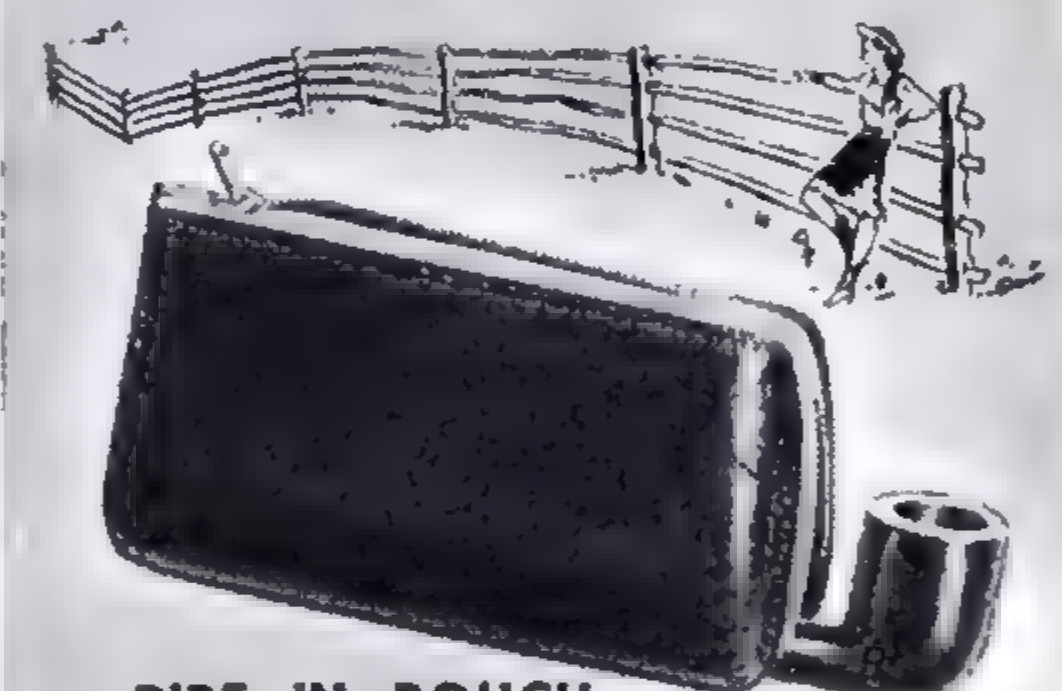
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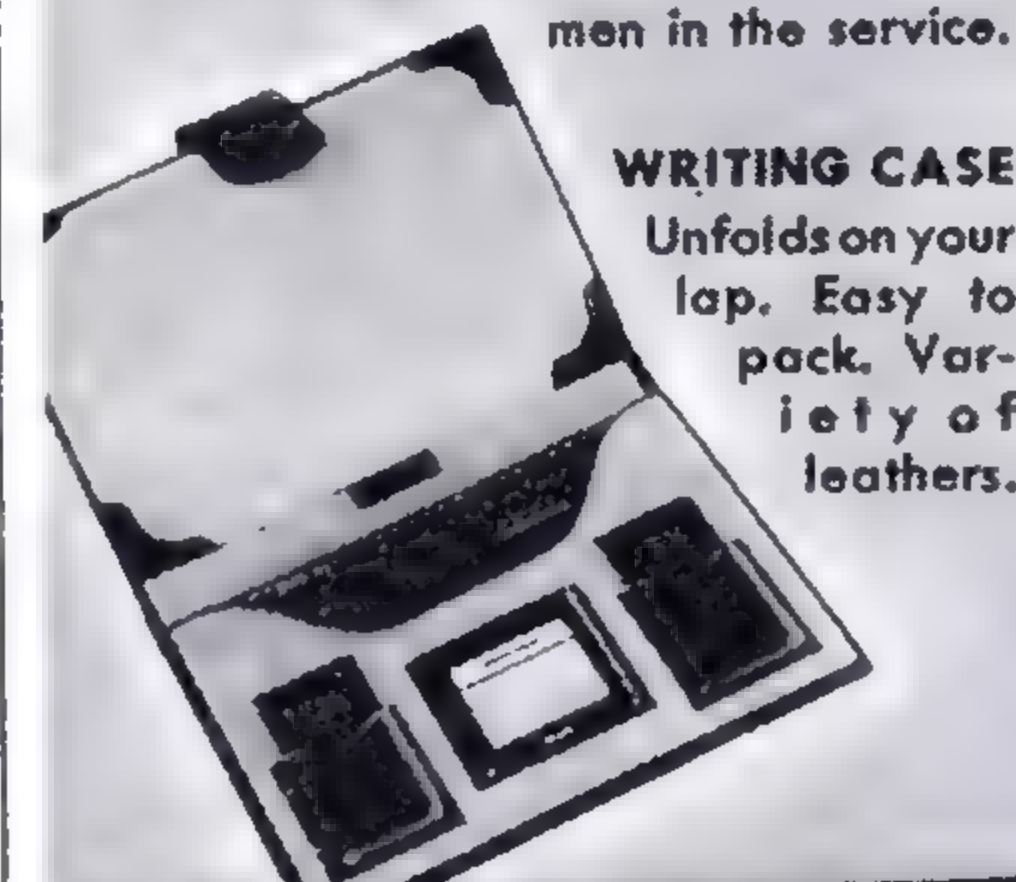
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was upset and tried to argue with him, but he'd made up his mind. And that same evening he went. Brown drove him into town and the last thing Smith saw of Cora was her dark smile as she sat on the veranda watching him go. And so he faced life again with a couple of hundred quid in his pocket case."

Holwell waited as if he expected his host to continue: "It certainly was a tough break for Smith," he said. "But you can't help admiring Brown. After all, whatever she had been, he was giving her a chance. Seems to me that the little girl in London came off worst in the deal."

His host nodded.

"The more I think about it, the more I'm inclined to blame Smith," Holwell said judicially. "Even if—as you put it—he had met Cora before . . . there was no reason why he should forget that she was his pal's wife."

"You didn't know Cora."

"There's good in every woman, even the worst of them," Holwell said stubbornly.

"So I've heard. But I say again that you never knew Cora."

"But I've met her type. It's a very interesting problem deciding who was to blame for the smash . . . I gather that it was a smash as far as Smith was concerned?"

"I've told you what happened."

"Where Smith went wrong was in assuming that the girl wouldn't run straight. Frankly my money's on the other fellow, Brown. He gave the girl a chance. I can picture the Café place—Caproni's. To rescue a girl from that was a fine thing to do."

"Listen!" said the trader suddenly. "A plane!"

Holwell leapt to his feet and dashed out to the veranda. "It's heading this way," he said excitedly.

The speck grew larger; the noise of the engine, louder. It circled round the island before it dropped gently into the placid lagoon. It was an American seaplane.

"I've got a native boat," the trader said, "shall I take you out?"

"Please! Gosh! But that's quick work."

"I can't begin to thank you," Holwell said as he took his place in the flimsy craft. "I'll try and drop some tobacco . . . and soap for you. Or have it dropped."

"Thanks."

"That story you told me has set me thinking. Of course I tumbled that you were Smith."

"So I thought," the trader smiled. "Only I'm not. Smith's doing well, I believe, in England, and I hope he's married his little London girl. No . . . I'm the man who gave a real chance to a girl in Caproni's Café."

The two men shook hands warmly before Holwell clambered up into the seaplane: "If you ever want to come back here—and you may," Seed said with a smile, "you come back. There's a lot to be said for it." ‡

Continued from page 98

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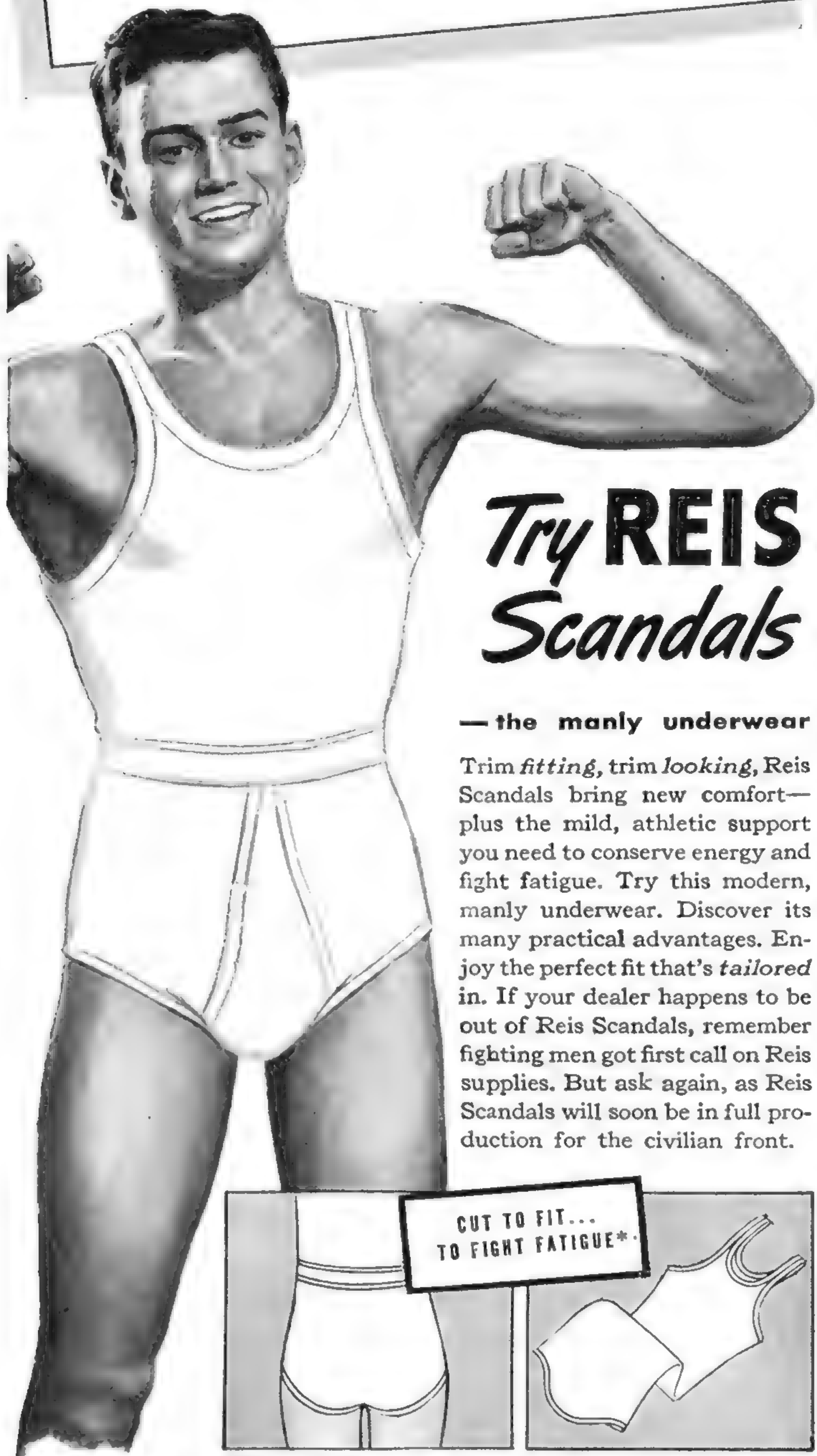
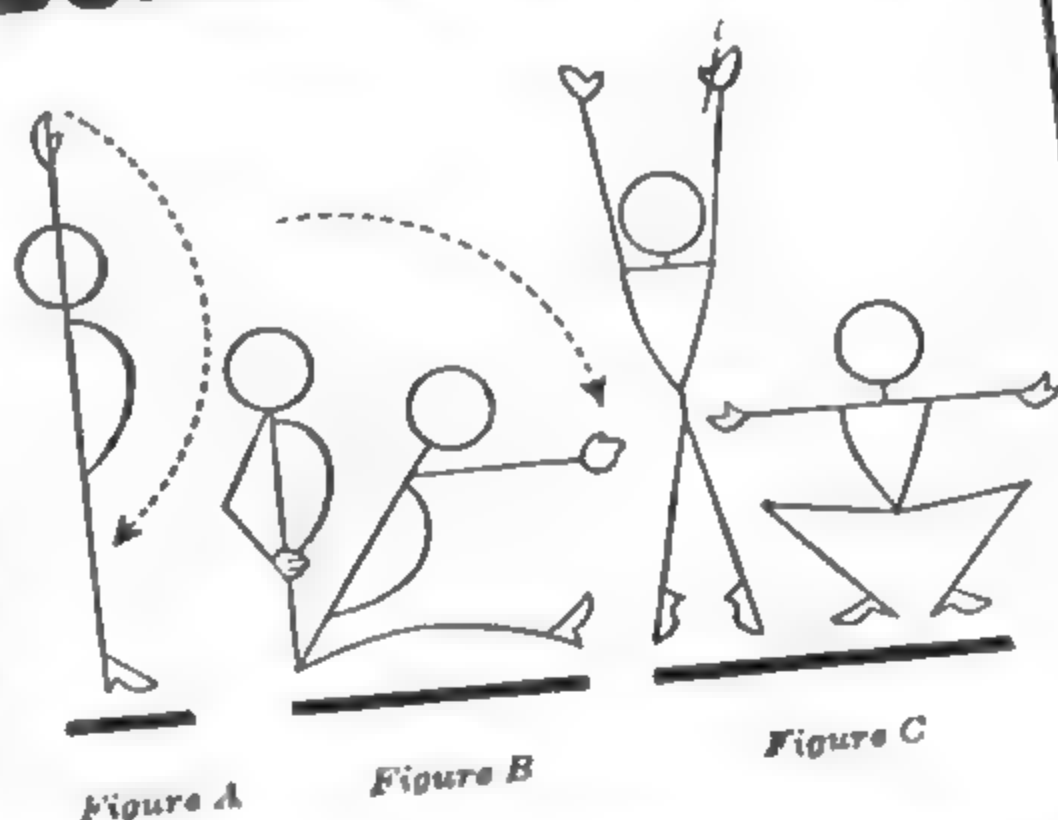
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The Movie of the Month

Continued from page 101

motive because I am a screenwriter. When *The Lost Weekend* was being peddled to pictures, many of the sun-kissed scribes of California began wondering how it could be dramatized. Several took to their cups at the mere thought of undertaking the story. After several years spent in figuring out where to focus the camera while the prop men lift an arthritic western star on his horse, one's dramatic technique becomes a little rusty. Suggestions ranged from a musical, in which Fred Astaire would dance around a cherry in the bottom of a gigantic Manhattan glass to a Salvador Dali fantasy featuring Agnes De Mille ballerinas packing parachutes into the hero's mouth while he was supposed to be eating spaghetti. The public should offer up prayers of thanksgiving for what it has been spared. As one of the minor Hollywood chucks, I hope the New York critics will bear the restraint of Brackett and Wilder in mind when next they are tempted to say all scenarists are eager beavers, bent on gnawing down the oak of literature.

As a writer, I naturally hate to see any credit go to an actor. We like to think of them as being simply nouns with clothes on. But an exception must be made in the case of Ray Milland, who is terrific in the role of the rye-wrecked Don Birnam. Hollywood, having learned of Wales through *How Green Is My Valley* and *The Corn Is Green*, has been a bit puzzled by this moody young Welshman. He is the only member of his race who never has been seen in a movie coal mine. He refrains from singing old Celtic airs while trudging around in the rain with his lunch bucket. All this, in Filmdom, is sheer racial heresy. Milland seems to be welching on his ancestry. Ever since Publix toured a Cardiff choir during the Summer of 1925, no Welshman has been permitted to be anything but a perfect baritone in a movie, and Milland won't even whistle.

Fortunately, he possesses less obvious theatrical qualifications. Most Welshmen make bad actors. A proud and brooding race, they are handicapped by a strong sense of personal privacy. No Welshman wears his thoughts on a tray suspended from his neck, like a girl hawking cigarettes in a night club. In spite of being indifferent emotional peddlers, they have an air of restraint in foreboding suspense that is, in itself, dramatic.

Up until now, many audiences have felt that Milland was holding out on them. He never quite gave in, even when appearing as one of Ginger Rogers' spangled dreams in *Lady in the Dark*. You always suspected that, in his own opinion, Milland felt he was making a God-damned fool of himself.



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Billy Wilder (who, like all great directors, studied his star as well as his vehicle) has capitalized these characteristics into a performance so brilliant that it should win Academy Awards for both of them. This capacity for appearing to lead a secret life is the very essence of Milland's fine performance.

This hunger for self-isolation is a new and subtle emotion for the screen to attempt. In *The Lost Weekend* Milland not only succeeds in inflicting a negation of human relationships on the other characters; he actually inflicts it upon the audience. By means of many shallow fits of temper and a dozen shoddy deceptions, he struggles to conceal his inner man with a craftiness ever more desperate than the guile with which he hides his bottles. He has given Wilder one of the greatest close-ups in movie history. This is a screen-filling shot of a single Milland eye as he awakens with a hang-over. First, one catches the painful look of complete emotional nakedness. Then a protective film seems to pass over the eye, as it casts furtive glances in all directions. One feels that its owner is fearfully trying to guard himself from prying outsiders.

At times the character seems encased in some painful armor that confines though it can't protect. During the love scenes he appears to be tortured by the loyalty of his sweetheart (who is portrayed with surprising tenderness by the comedienne, Jane Wyman), and yet maddeningly incapable of addressing one sincere word to her. There is the same fascinating combination of sensitiveness and callousness in the passages with his brother (a role played with quiet distinction by Phil Terry). Even when trying to explain himself, Milland's hero suffers from a squeamish embarrassment that takes refuge in self-dramatization and self-mockery. This trick of making the character ham, without turning into a hammy actor, is a refreshing tour de force of characterization.

Brackett and Wilder must have been tempted by some brilliant passages in the Jackson book to use the stream-of-consciousness technique—a method which employs the hero's voice as a narrator on the sound track. There are places where it might have been useful. Unfortunately, this was prohibited by seasonal styles in movie making. Last year no picture could lack a soliloquy. Heros voiced their thoughts whether or not they had any. But the soul is being worn with the mouth closed this year. The stream-of-consciousness has been ruled out—even where it's needed. Such arbitrary extinction of a useful tool seems a little like the handicap recently assumed by a novelist in the California Old Soldiers' Home. He wrote a forty thousand word romance without once employing the letter "y."

Brackett and Wilder usually
Continued on page 200

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The Movie of the Month

Continued from page 199

pioneer, but in this instance they have been slaves of fashion. And not without cost. The scene where the hero steals a girl's pocketbook suffers through lack of psychological contrast. As Jackson described this incident, Don Birnam gave himself a fantastic mental build-up while stooping to the depths of petty larceny. He pictured himself as a lovable rogue engaged in a madcap prank. This mood of felonious self-congratulations ended with walloping impact when the pathetic fool was exposed and tossed out on the pavement. The cynical melancholy of this scene is lost by treating it objectively.

But it is soon compensated for by a series of finely shot passages. The drink-starved Don's excruciating effort to hock a typewriter when all the pawnshops are closed for Yom Kippur becomes an epic in plodding frustration. Boris Karloff, with all his pasteboard foreheads, has never achieved such horror as Milland calls up in a hair-raising scene of boozy hallucination. With a mouse, a bat, and a series of agonized close-ups, Milland and Wilder achieve an all-time screen masterpiece of suspense and terror. The sequence in the alcoholic ward is a nightmare combination of Poe-like dread and grand Guignol realism. Here the hero's harassed sufferings are given expert underscoring by Frank Faylen's portrayal of a contemptuous and sadistic intern. As a bit player, Mr. Faylen has enacted every small part at Paramount except that of a minority stockholder. This should win him a chance at better things.

Doris Dowling is another whose career should be furthered by Wilder's expert direction. She plays the girl whom Don met in the bar. She lacks the appeal of the character in the book, but she photographs well, and Wilder has taught her one of those tricks which pass for acting. Ever since Howard Hawks taught George Raft to toss and catch a quarter in *Scarface*, he's been catching five-figure contracts. Miss Dowling's trick is to rub her finger beguilingly over the back of Mr. Milland's neck. It is done so fetchingly that she is bound to have imitators. Unless we start wearing snoods, no man's back hair will be safe this winter.

Most of the parts are well played. The whole picture is kept from turning into a W.C.T.U. tract through the well-modulated performance of Howard Da Silva as a likable and conscientious bartender. This actor will be remembered for his work in the New York stage production of *Oklahoma!* A comparison of Da Silva's work in the two roles emphasizes the importance of the movies as a national theatre, and the home talent aspect of Broadway production.

I have yet to meet an American

"Cosmopolitan"

PRESENTS



The Great Dane

Reg. Appl'd for

Year-Round Weatherproof

Coat



STYLED BY *Cosmo*
OF ESPECIALLY LOOMED
Airedale
WORSTED GABARDINE

COSMOPOLITAN MANUFACTURING CO.

Cambridge 42, Mass.

FRED MONOSSON, President

New York Office • 200 Fifth Avenue
Chicago Office • Merchandise Mart

"COO,"

cooed Lady Twitcherly,



"The man should be knighted!"

Lady Twitcherly has spotted a genuine accomplishment . . . not 'just another cigarette!' The LONGFELLOW in her hand marks a *new era* in after-dinner smoking enjoyment. In over 400 years, there was no cigarette especially made for after-dinner smoking. At last, *this is it!* LONGFELLOWS are 5½ inches long . . . give you 20 minutes of smoking luxury, ideal for that don't-rush-me feeling after every good meal. But it's the choice, very costly, superbly-blended tobaccos that really make LONGFELLOWS the grandest smoking experience any diner ever had. Say . . . maybe Willoughby Taylor, who blended LONGFELLOWS, does rate Knighthood at that!

TWIN-SIZE

LONGFELLOWS

Go to great lengths to please you!

ACTUAL
SIZE

If your tobacconist doesn't yet stock Twin-Size LONGFELLOWS, mail this coupon with money or check.

Box of 100 . . . \$5
Box of 20 . . . \$1

Address: Dept. E-4 Penn Tobacco Co.,
Wilkes Barre, Pa.

Name _____

Address _____

from west of the Mississippi who failed to appreciate the authentic humor and regional understanding of Oscar Hammerstein's and Richard Rodger's book and lyrics for *Oklahoma!* But most Westerners resented the acting. The songs were written with humor, but performed with ridicule. Characters conceived as authentic Americana wound up as stage hicks. I'm sure no affront was intended. But it just wasn't important for the New York Theatre Guild to find actors who understood the spirit of the life they were portraying. To the Guild it seemed as natural for a Bronx actor to play an Oklahoma farm hand as it seems reasonable to the students of the Haskell Indian Institute for an Apache to appear as *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. The movies can indulge in no such parochial castings. Mr. Da Silva is an authentic New Yorker, and in *The Lost Weekend* he has arrived in a role that fits him perfectly. His accent, mannerisms and understanding bring an interpretive philosophy to his part of the bartender. He's expert at putting over the surly tenderness of the New York side-street character, but I hope I never see him as another Oklahoma sod buster until Gene Autrey gets to star in *The Toast of Manhattan*.

Mr. Da Silva does his best to assist in the film's rather unconvincingly happy ending. But it doesn't quite come off. There is a grand sense of the inevitable about Don Birnam's tragedy. To give him a "came the dawn" finish is like letting Hamlet be cured by a psychoanalyst, or permitting King Lear to collect his old age insurance.

My guess is *The Lost Weekend* will make most of its money in the second-run theatres, after discriminating word-of-mouth comment has made the hoi-polo know it is supposed to like it. This happened with *The Informer*, a screen classic that took a beating in the first-run houses.

But, whether it makes money or not, *The Lost Weekend* points the way to a new and more honest movie artistry. Ever since the rise of Hitler, movie writing has been cursed by a series of ready-made villains. The authentic villainess of these creatures inevitably led to a rather perfunctory stock virtue in all the characters who opposed them. This made for a drama of black and white contrast. Movie writers have allowed themselves to become more skilled as propagandists than they are as human delineators. This has produced such figures as the squire in *The Corn Is Green*, who is a fairly accurate reflection of the last century's English landlord system, but a gross caricature of an individual human being.

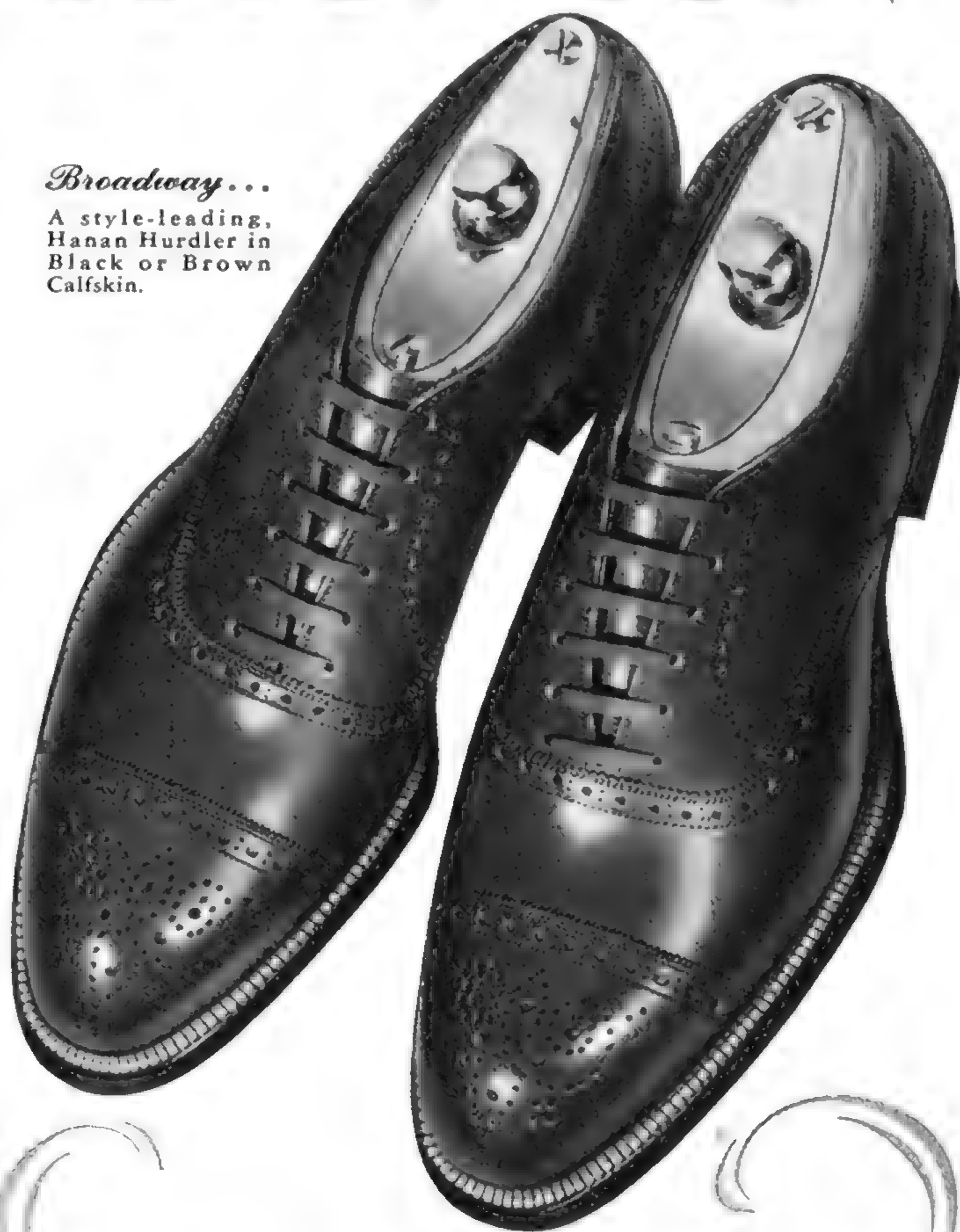
It remains for Billy Wilder and Charley Brackett to remind us that villain and hero often are lodged within the same personality and that timeless tragedies may be housed in the apartment next door. #

Continued from page 101

HANAN

Broadway...

A style-leading,
Hanan Hurdler in
Black or Brown
Calfskin.



for 96 years the
certification
of finer shoes



You, your father, and your grandfather have all identified the best footwear by the same name—HANAN. For 96 years Hanan has trademarked finer craftsmanship, finer leathers, master-styling; and, more recently, a great action-ease achievement in patented Hurdler construction . . . This certainty of complete satisfaction, when you choose Hanan Shoes, is both-fortifying and gratifying.

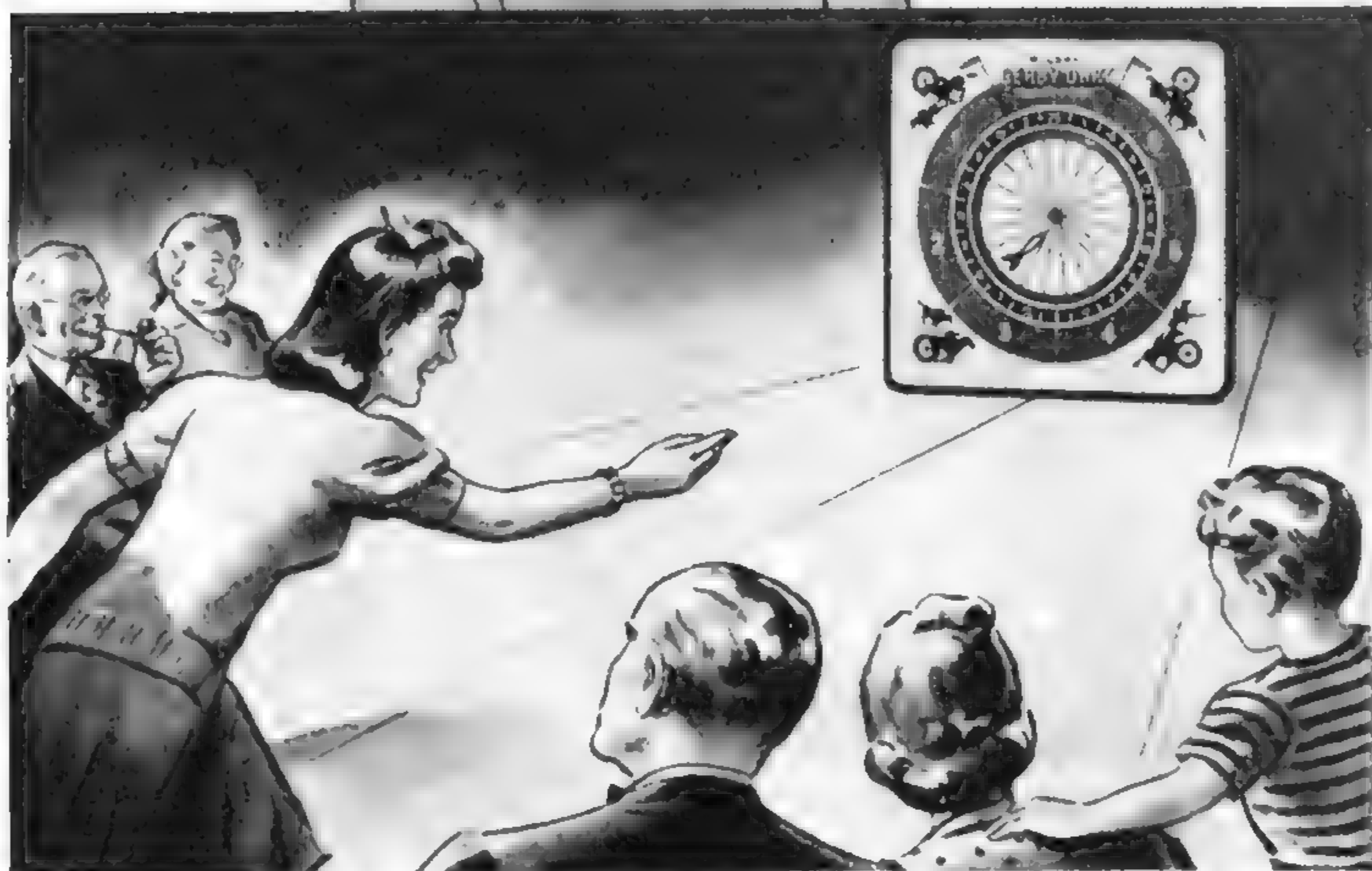
Priced from \$12.75

HANAN Shoes

By HANAN & SON, INC. • CHICAGO 22, ILLINOIS

The Life of the Party

Guaranteed to prevent early evening yawns—watch-peeking—polite boredom.



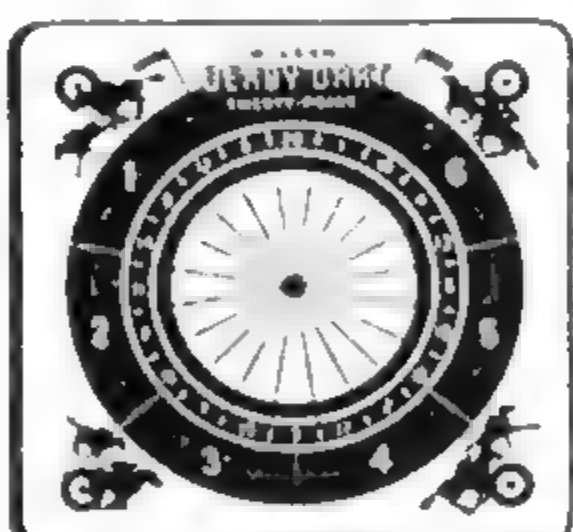
(Derby-Dart illustrated)

The Game of the Age... The Gift of the Year

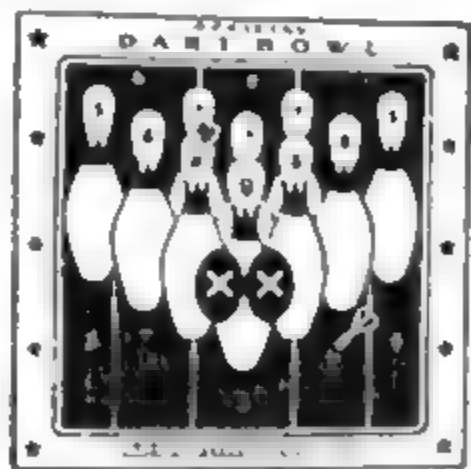
Want to avoid the embarrassment of blooper parties? Here's what to do. Have a Wilson's Super Dart Game in the hall closet. It'll pep up a lagging party in no time. Wilson's new Derby-Dart for example. It's horse-racing, poker, black jack and good old "20-point" all in one. *And all played with darts.* Here's competition, excitement, and mild exercise—the life of any party. But be sure it's a *Wilson Super-Dart*. Give yourself one of these games this Christmas. Give to friends, too. Get them at leading sporting goods, hardware and department stores. Wilson Sporting Goods Co., Chicago, New York and other leading cities.

Wilson SUPER DART GAMES

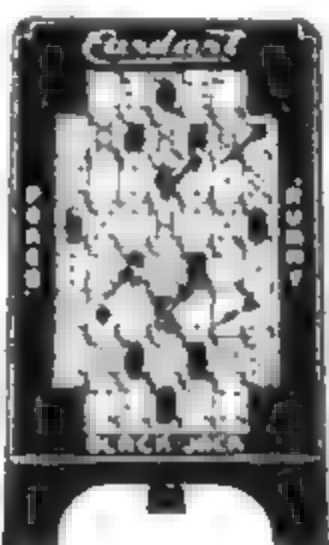
Sturdily built, complete
with championship darts.



NEW! DERBY-DART
Three games in one. Derby-Dart, 20-point and Cardart. Size 24x24", fully equipped



DART-BOWL
Bowling and Darts combined. Bowling fans and those who don't bowl find it great fun. Size 30" square.



CARDART
Darts, Black Jack and Poker combined. All card players are fans. Size 24x40".

BY THE MAKERS OF WILSON SPORTS EQUIPMENT

Carter, Prizewinner

Continued from page 86

carried off prizes. His career began with the May, 1927, exhibition of the Cleveland Museum, in which all five entries were exhibited. He won a third prize in portraiture for one of them, sold the five pictures, raising 800 dollars with which to go to Europe to pursue his studies and broaden his horizon. To run ahead of our story, by the time Carter left Cleveland (he taught at his alma mater during 1930-37 and directed the Federal Art Project in that area during 1937-38) he had won thirteen first prizes, six seconds, four thirds and five honorable mentions and had won two first prizes at the neighboring Butler Art Institute, at Youngstown. As a natural consequence his paintings and water colors adorned the collections of many individuals concerned with the art life of the community. From the beginning, his vogue in Cleveland served him well in other places and he was no more than a fledging artist when he was definitely launched. He early won admittance to the most important art annuals—the Pennsylvania, the Coreoran and the Carnegie—first by submission to juries, later by invitation.

Even in Europe he could not the paths of dalliance idly tread. He studied and he toured, but he also worked and shipped home water colors from which sprouted checks and drafts, so that when he returned to the States he had more in his pocket than he had when he left America. He was successful almost in spite of himself. They tell a story that Carter left in an Italian ditch a water color or an oil with which he was displeased. Someone is supposed to have salvaged it and sold it for Carter, but this yarn is not characteristic, for Carter plays his luck, he doesn't spite it. When he has a letter of introduction, he uses it; when there is a door to be opened, he does not hesitate to knock upon it. He belongs to the self-reliant school, not to the easily discouraged academy.

His Italian journey was a particularly golden time. He spent months at Anticoli-Corrado, where Maurice Sterne, the American painter, was then holding court. He exchanged language lessons with Mario Toppi, a primitive Italian painter, in an olive grove on a hillside near Anticoli and then went visiting in the Sabine hills above Tivoli. It was Sterne who suggested the Isle of Capri and the school of Hans Hoffman, with whom Carter studied awhile. There were months at Taormina, in Sicily. At Florence he was the guest of Mr. Milliken and his mother, who then or later commissioned a portrait. There also he met Harold Parsons, who bought a water color and added a Carter to his collection almost annually thereafter. From Sicily he crossed the Mediterranean to the Tunis region, but he recalls North Africa chiefly for Kairouan,

Are you ARTISTIC

IF YOU LOVE fine, beautiful things, wait for Hamilton! It will be the most exquisitely designed watch you've ever seen—the most accurate, too, thanks to our experience building high-precision timepieces for war. Your lovely Hamilton is coming—wait for it!

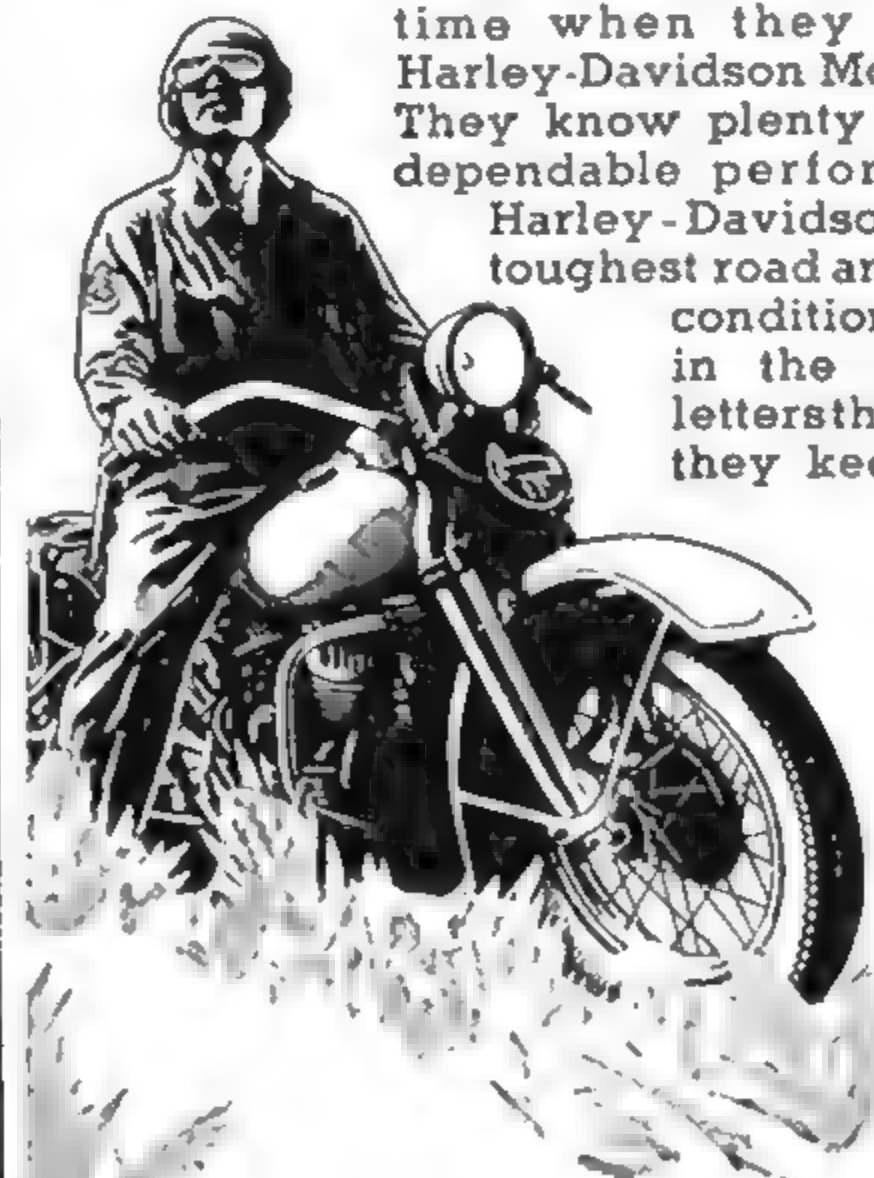


WAIT FOR
HAMILTON
America's Fine Watch

Hamilton Watch Company—Makers of "The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"—Lancaster, Pa.

HARLEY-DAVIDSONS ON THOUSANDS OF "Want-First" LISTS

On war fronts and the home front, thousands of fellows are looking forward to the time when they can own Harley-Davidson Motorcycles. They know plenty about the dependable performance of Harley-Davidsons under toughest road and weather conditions — and in the deluge of letters they send in, they keep saying,



"I've got a new Harley-Davidson on my want-first list."

Thanks, fellows — and you'll get that time-proved dependability that has made Harley-Davidson Motorcycles famous for economy, speed, and stamina. The war has further demonstrated the unmatched power and lasting qualities of Harley-Davidsons. You'll be proud to own this World Champion Motorcycle!

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO.
Dept. E Milwaukee 1, Wis.

Write for free copy of ENTHUSIAST MAGAZINE filled with motorcycling pictures and stories.

**HARLEY-DAVIDSON
MOTORCYCLES**



The time:

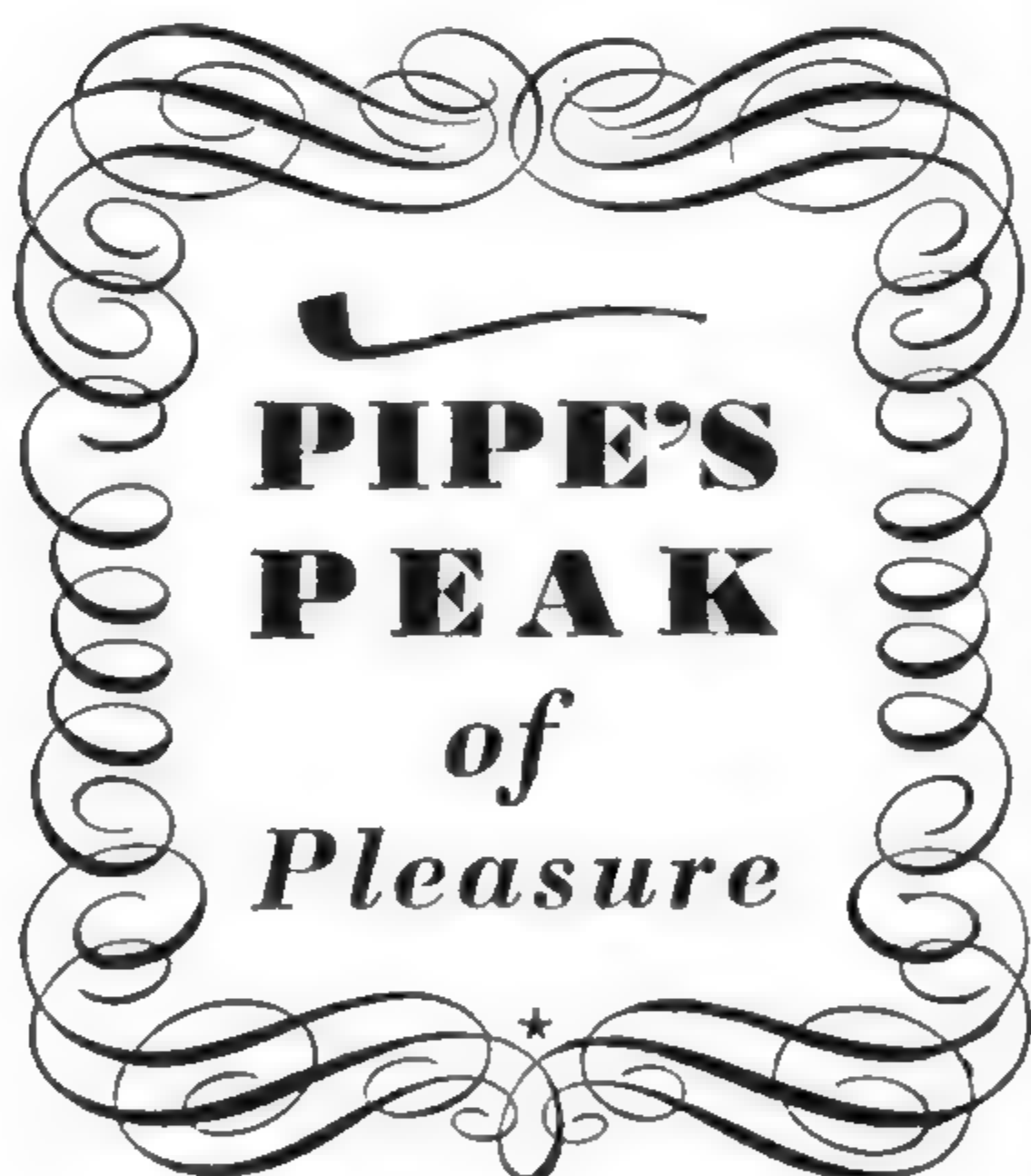
Whenever a glass of delicious wine is welcome, whenever comradeship needs the flavor and bouquet of a master vintner.

The place:

Dinner at home, banquet at the club, party at the hotel—wherever wine lends and gives enchantment to the occasion.

The wine:

Chateau Lejon
BRAND
WHITE WINE
PRODUCT OF USA
Distributed by National Distillers Products Corp., New York, N. Y.



• There is no finer filling for the bowl of a pampered pipe than Walnut... mild, fragrant, friendly Walnut... John Middleton's masterblend of the world's seven most distinguished tobaccos. Naturally aromatic. A brand you can stay with, puff to puff and day to day. A gift worth getting, worth giving. If your dealer is temporarily out of Walnut, remember: Servicemen have first call. Write for booklet: "The Choice of Experience". John Middleton, 1227 Walnut Tobacco St., Philadelphia 7, Pa.



See the pocket-pack.

John Middleton's
WALNUT
PIPE-TOBACCO

Custom-Made for the Carriage-Trade Since 1856

where he made the mistake of opening a door that led to a harem and compounded his error by racing into a mosque or some other sacred edifice without stopping to take off his shoes. Carter's European tour included the cities of Ghent, Bruges, Paris and London; he returned to his native shores in Midsummer of 1928.

On the boat he met Mary Griswold, daughter of H. H. Griswold, then President of the First National Bank and Trust Company of Elmira, New York, and once President of the New York State Bankers Association. At the wedding in Elmira, early in May, 1929, Mr. Milliken, who had come on from Cleveland for the wedding, told Mr. Griswold that he would have to make up his mind that his son-in-law never would be anything but an artist, while Miss Griswold's school chums were wondering what must be the *secret* vice of a young artist who neither smoked nor drank (not even tea or coffee) and who disapproved of women who drank or smoked.

If the young Mrs. Carter could have known, she would have informed them that his vice, although not so secret, was winning prizes. In the month of his marriage he exhibited at the Cleveland Museum a group of three paintings done in Sicily; these were awarded a first prize and the museum bought one of them. Paul Sachs bought a water color for his Fogg Museum collection. In the 1929 water color biennial at the Brooklyn Museum six Carters were shown; of these the museum bought one and the president of the museum another. Bear in mind that Carter was a mere youth of twenty-five in 1929 and in that year he broke into the Carnegie International with his realistic portrait of a New York State farmer, Ezra Davenport, which, on the basis of the artist's scrapbook alone, seems to have been one of the most frequently reproduced American paintings of that period. A reporter captured this sitter's classic commentary on his ordeal: "If I'd known I had to sit so long I'd never had did it." In 1929 Carter was living in Cleveland. The following year he became a teacher at the Cleveland Museum school. Already the young Mrs. Carter must have known, for in the 1930 Cleveland exhibition he carried off three first prizes. The following year, the judges of the Cleveland show, faced by five Carter water colors, among which they found it hard to choose, gave a first prize to the lot, one of which the museum bought, and a first prize in still life for an oil, *Plums*, which Mr. Milliken bought.

Prizewinning and teaching only slightly mitigated the rigors of the depression when it struck the Carters, who had increased by a son. The artist has not forgotten the day when he realized that there was only five dollars in the bank for the three of them. Carter also was not too proud to paint murals

Continued on page 204

Keepsake

GENUINE REGISTERED
DIAMOND RINGS
Trade Mark Registered



home to my heart
Forever



"Hold me close . . . and never let me go. You're home to my heart forever . . . and on my finger shines the radiant symbol of our love . . . a Keepsake, the most treasured of all diamond rings."

Only one diamond in hundreds meets the high standards of color, cut and clarity which Keepsake has maintained through six decades. The name "Keepsake" in the ring, the nationally established price on the tag, and the famous Certificate of Permanent Registration and Guarantee enable you to choose any Keepsake with confidence in its true quality and lasting value. Ask your Keepsake Jeweler to show you the new Matched Sets . . . from \$100 to \$3500.

IF YOU ARE OVERSEAS and want to send your sweetheart a Keepsake, send her a money order and have her write to us for the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler.

*In white as well as natural gold
Rings enlarged to show details
Prices include federal tax

LOWELL Set* 300.00
Engagement Ring 200.00
Also \$350

DALE Set* 212.50
Engagement Ring 150.00

HOLLISTER Set* 900.00
Engagement Ring 750.00
Also \$450

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Keepsake Diamond Rings, A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
214 S. Warren St., Syracuse 2, N. Y.

Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding," with illustrations of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Name.....
Street and No.....
City.....

E 11-48

The perfume
of promise...



Worth
JE REVIENS
(I will return)

unforgettable fragrance...
he'll remember it...
and you!

Carter, Prizewinner

Continued from page 203

for the government. He entered competitions under the Section of Painting and Sculpture of the Treasury Department and drew commissions to decorate the post office walls of Portsmouth, where his father had clerked, and of Ravenna. For the Public Works of Art Project, he painted murals for the Cleveland Public Auditorium. These activities helped keep the wolf at a reasonable distance. Between the Spring of 1937 and the Fall of 1938 he directed the Cleveland project of the Federal Art Projects, which included also the Youngstown and Akron areas, governing the activities of about 100 artists in a manner which he hoped was as fair as it was firm. In the Fall of 1938 he became a teacher in the department of painting and design at the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh where he remained about five years, consolidating his influence, discovering and exploiting new subject matter, widening his horizon and his public, but surrendering, at last, to the soot and grime of the city, which he abandoned, at the first favorable opportunity, for a farmhouse in the purer air of Bucks County.

Today Clarence Carter is painting advertisements and, as he sees it, enlarging his public and helping to raise the visual standard of the nation. He is not making a prostitute's descent to commercial art because his style has not altered; the advertisement is no less a Carter than the oil on canvas. "I paint as I please and always shall. If the painter retained his integrity he could likewise raise the visual standard of the nation."

Carter's introduction to the new field began when his dealer sent the Museum of Modern Art, for its Realists and Magic Realists show early in 1943, a Carter opus, *Jane Reed and Dora Hunt*, a typically clear-cut Carter showing two old women picking up lumps of coal on a railroad track under a crescent moon.

Gerald Link, art director of the advertising agency of Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc., saw the painting and wondered if the artist would do one for the American Locomotive Company illustrating the theme of *What's Around the Bend?* which, when it was printed in full color, made at least one Pacific veteran homesick for the railroad bend he used to know as a boy, and won *The Art News* nomination as one of the best ads of the year. One commission led to another, and then Richard Chenault, art director of the advertising agency of Fuller & Smith & Ross, Inc., conceived the idea of a series of paintings for the Alcoa Steamship Co. which required Carter to make a voyage, in the middle of the war, through the islands of the Caribbean and to visit the northern perimeter of South America. Out of this voyage has come a series of nine

Noymer
DISTINCTION
IN LEATHER

Traditionally
FINEST QUALITY

At better stores everywhere
NOYMER MANUFACTURING CO.
Boston, Mass.

LONGHORN LEATHER
"Indian Mocs"

\$4.95

Out of the West where they brand the best
... Genuine Longhorn Leather ...
came our inspiration for these casual "Indian
Mocs"! Shoes outdoors—Slippers indoors.
Sizes 6 to 12, D Widths.

Authentically Yours

FLAGG BROS.
NASHVILLE, TENN.

920 EWING AVE.
CASH C.O.D. DEPT. 28

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Include 25¢ extra for postage. Also current ration stamp.



Pipedom's Aristocrat

The Jobey

De Luxe

of Centuries old Imported Briar and Centuries old Jobey Skill



\$15

In your favorite shape—unconditionally guaranteed

An artfully handcrafted pipe, distinguished for its many exclusive features.

Ask to see the JOBEY VIRGIN BRIAR . . . \$7.50
the JOBEY NUT BRUYERE . . . \$6.00
and the JOBEY PLUM . . . \$5.00

At fine pipe shops or write for Booklet D
Norwalk Pipe Co., 218 E. 26th St., New York, N. Y.

Gantner WIKIES



Tops for Christmas, both for servicemen and men at home! Snug-fitting wool WIKIES or swagger poplin shorts... at better stores, the year 'round.



GANTNER & MATTERN CO., San Francisco

paintings which already have appeared in various publications, in black and white and in color; and as this is being written, Carter has commenced a second series of nine on the ports of call of Alcoa Steamship.

Carter is one of those nationally-recognized painters who wants to be understood and liked by the general public. Lest the Cleveland emphasis on his career give the impression that he was a big frog only in that art puddle, let it be known that he is represented also in the permanent collections of the Metropolitan, Whitney and Modern Museums and also in the public art collections in Brooklyn, Kansas City, Toledo, Cambridge and elsewhere. To him it is a matter of pride, and not of apology, that the general public gave a painting of his the popular prize at a national exhibition at the Carnegie Institute some years ago. Between Ezra Davenport, the old farmer who knows what he likes, and the abstruse art critic, who talks a language Ezra doesn't understand, Carter inclines toward the matter-of-fact farmer, which ought to make him tractable in translating the wishes of advertising agency art directors. One critic called Carter a super-realist, and another referred to his clean and cheerful palette. White is his favorite color and he would be nearly helpless if he were deprived of it for long. An early painting—*The White Fan*—is chiefly in varieties of white.

There are no impenetrable, mysterious or "significant" shadows in a Carter canvas. His is a daylight world, and not always one of false cheerfulness. He has painted pictures of mine areas, whistle-stop railroad stations, rows of depressing clapboard houses that make the characteristic expressions of the Ashcan School of Art studies in irrepressible optimism. But Carter's paintings have no message; they are the painter's reports, with what seems to be a minimum of editorial comment, on the world he has seen. Some years ago he did a self-portrait which was an amused and amusing commentary on the fact that the electric light bulb in his Carnegie Institute studio was more effective for its purpose than the steam pipe was for its purpose. The portrait was called *More Light than Heat*. I believe that that phrase sums up the paintings of an artist who is an honest and efficient technician, the journalist rather than the poet of the visible world. Carter's paintings tell us much more of what the world has done to him than of what he has done to the world. That is, he does not paint merely an emphasis or an idea. He does not resolve the visible world into any scheme—not even a color scheme. In a generation when most artists strain to achieve the effects of personality, Carter's art is distinguished by a clean impersonality. His octave is wide, but not profound or moving. #

Continued from page 86

Most Convincing Proof of RAZOR APPEAL EVER OFFERED

• Back in 1942 all of our production of Schick Blades went to our fighting men. Hundreds of thousands of civilians had no choice but to lay aside their Schick Injector Razors and use some other type of razor on the market. That condition lasted for almost a year!

THE TEST

Then Schick Blades became available again in 1943, and the Schick Injector Razor was put to a crucial test—a test probably unequalled in all razor history. Would the hundreds of thousands who had been forced to use other razors now keep on with these razors? Or—now that Schick Blades were again plentiful—would they return to the Schick Injector Razor?

THE ANSWER

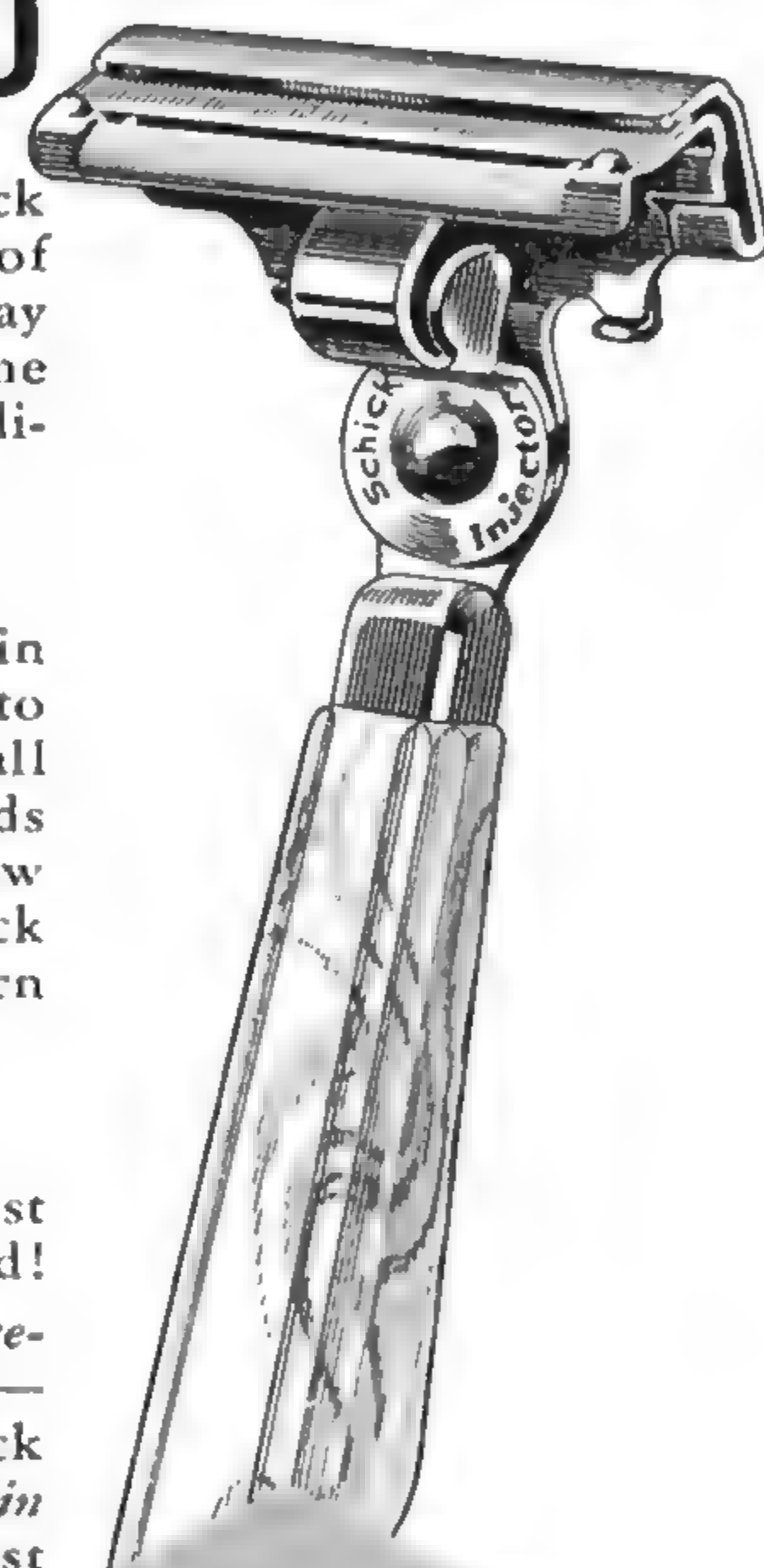
The answer to that question was the most convincing proof of razor appeal ever offered!

The Schick Injector Razors—forced into retirement a year before—were put back to work—almost to a man! We know because Schick Blade sales climbed back to pre-war levels within a few short months. A dramatic answer to a most dramatic test!

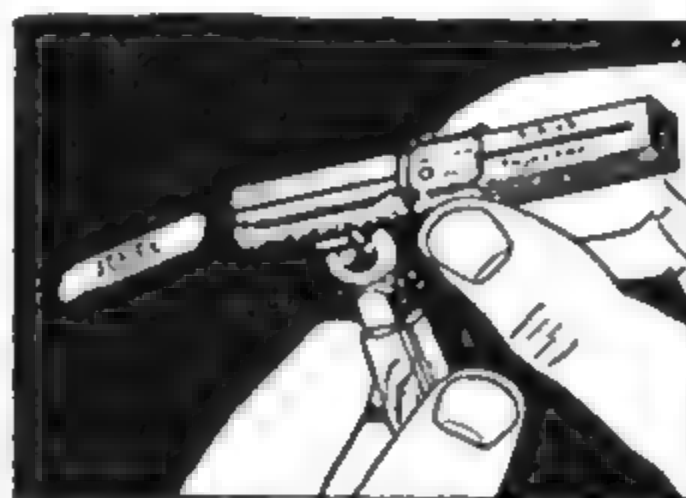
SCHICK BLADES NOW AVAILABLE BUT—

All the Schick Injector Razors we can produce are still going to the armed forces. We expect to resume civilian production shortly—so in a few months your store will have one for you. Then we hope you, too, will try the razor that passed the supreme test of razor loyalty

**SCHICK BLADES
NOW
PLENTIFUL!**
and razors, too,
for civilians soon



THE EXCLUSIVE SHAVING ADVANTAGES MEN COULDN'T FORGET!



AUTOMATIC BLADE CHANGE

A pull and push on the Injector shoots out old blade, slides in fresh one instantly. Nothing to take apart or reassemble. No fumbling with sharp edges or paper wrappers.



SOLID GUIDE BAR

Has a sure-grip surface that stretches and flattens the skin just ahead of the blade. Makes whiskers pop up for closer, more comfortable shave. Corner guards protect against nicking and scraping.

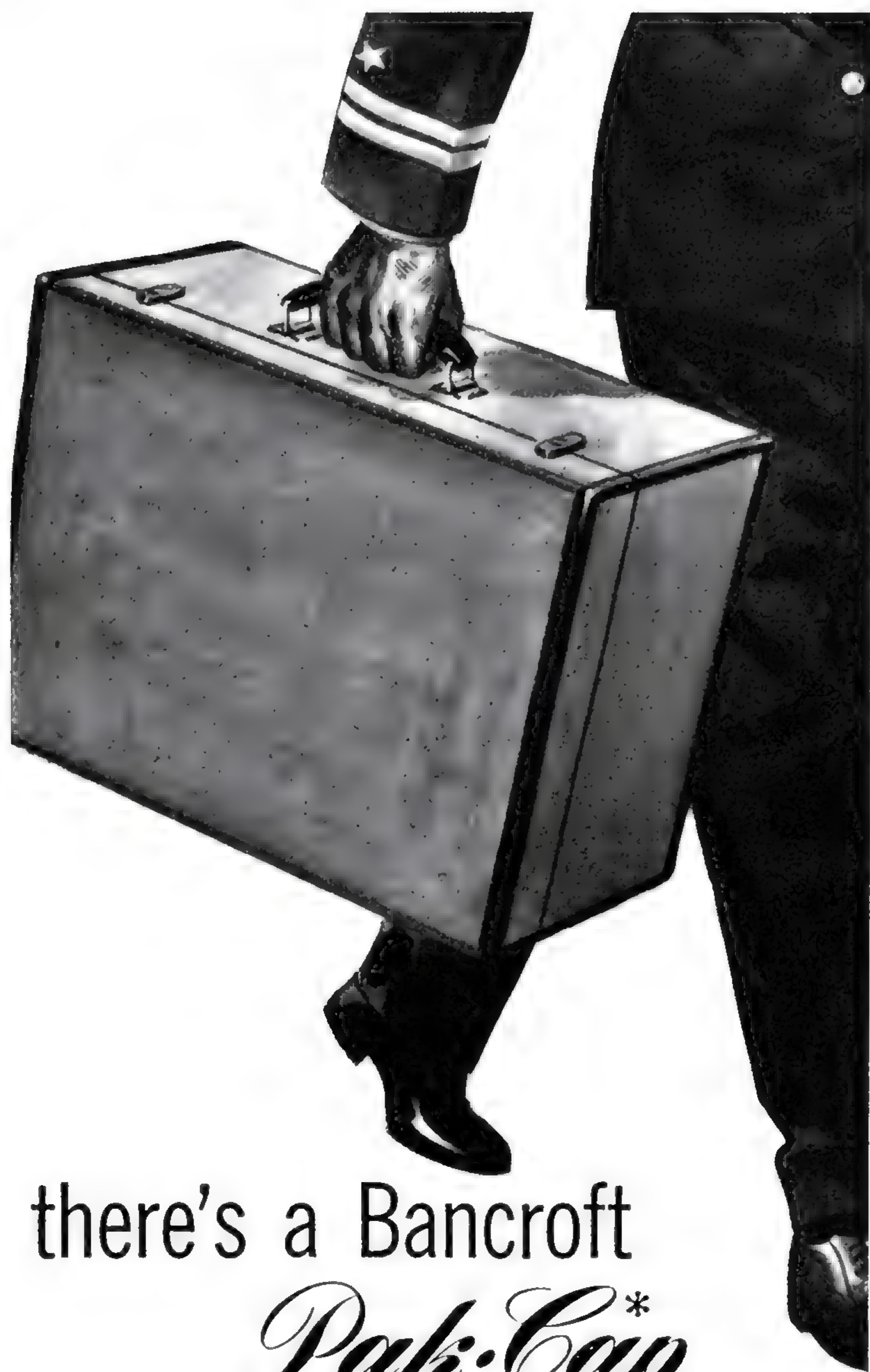


DOUBLE-THICK BLADES

Twice as thick as ordinary blades, 3 times as thick as paper-thin ones. Take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in special cartridge, their cutting edges are suspended in space.

Schick Injector RAZOR

MAGAZINE REPEATING RAZOR COMPANY, BRIDGEPORT 1, CONN.



there's a Bancroft *Pak-Cap** inside

HERE'S a naval manoeuver that only the Bancroft PAK-CAP can perform. It's riding compactly inside the officer's grip, completely collapsed yet crush-proof. When removed, a flip of the finger will restore it to its original jaunty shape. This unique patented construction is but one Bancroft advantage made possible by almost half a century of specialization.

BANCROFT
Pak-Cap

White Caps \$7.50

untrimmed

Slightly higher west of the Rockies

* T. M. U. S. PAT. OFF

BANCROFT
Military Caps



At better stores everywhere.

BANCROFT CAP CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Write for free booklet, "How To Care For Your Bancroft Cap."

MANUFACTURERS OF THE "FLIGHTER," AMERICA'S FOREMOST YACHTING CAP.

The Death of Nero

Continued from page 59

which they clung, to the dubious East? Would not the soldiers be amazed if the Emperor were to abandon the capitol instead of dying for it, if necessity required it? One of the officers cynically quoted one of Virgil's verses which Nero loved to recite with particular pathos: "Is it then so hard a thing to die?" The Emperor looked at the men with surprise, smiled distractedly, and shook his head at so much faint-heartedness.

Half an hour later, the leaders of the guards requested another audience. The growing unrest in the city, they suggested to the Emperor, required the reinforcement of his life guards. But if the guards round the Palatine were reinforced, people might ask questions. Thus it was expedient that the Emperor repair to the Servilian Gardens which could be guarded much more easily and unobtrusively. The Servilian Gardens contained a number of court attendants' dwellings and work buildings of the royal household. The officers expected a fit of rage from the Emperor. But nothing of the kind happened. Instead, an expression of childlike astonishment made Nero's fleshy face look almost silly. "I always thought," he said, "that I could sleep easily on the Palatine even without guards. But, after all, this is a military question, and I yield to expert opinion." Smiling, he gave instructions to move to the Gardens, and hardly an hour later the Emperor was on his way, accompanied by a detachment of life guards. Men were posted at all the entrances to the grounds.

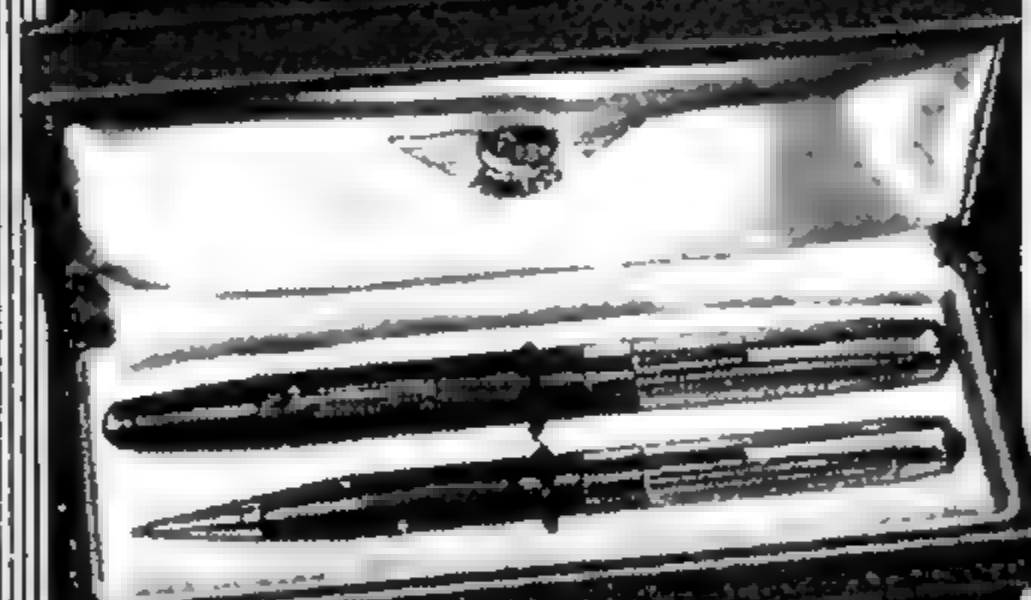
Still, the Emperor could not believe that his rule was seriously threatened, to say nothing of his life. He shut himself up for two hours and wrote the outline of a speech which he meant to deliver in the Forum, to vindicate his rule before the Romans. This done, he gathered his friends about him—surprised to notice that not all whom he had summoned had followed him to the Servilian Gardens—and read them his speech. His project did not seem to arouse much enthusiasm. Nero ignored this and asked the men, standing about bewildered and embarrassed, what he had better wear on the following day in the Forum to deliver his speech. At last, Phaon, his secretary, mustered up enough courage to say in a matter-of-fact tone that Nero would not get so far even as the beginning of his speech because the people would have torn him limb from limb before. "Do you think so, my Phaon? Do you really think so?" the Emperor asked, nonplussed. Everybody now started to speak all at once, and it was obvious that, without exception, they considered his plan impracticable. Plainly irritated, Nero asked, "Well, if I am not to do that, what else is there left for me to

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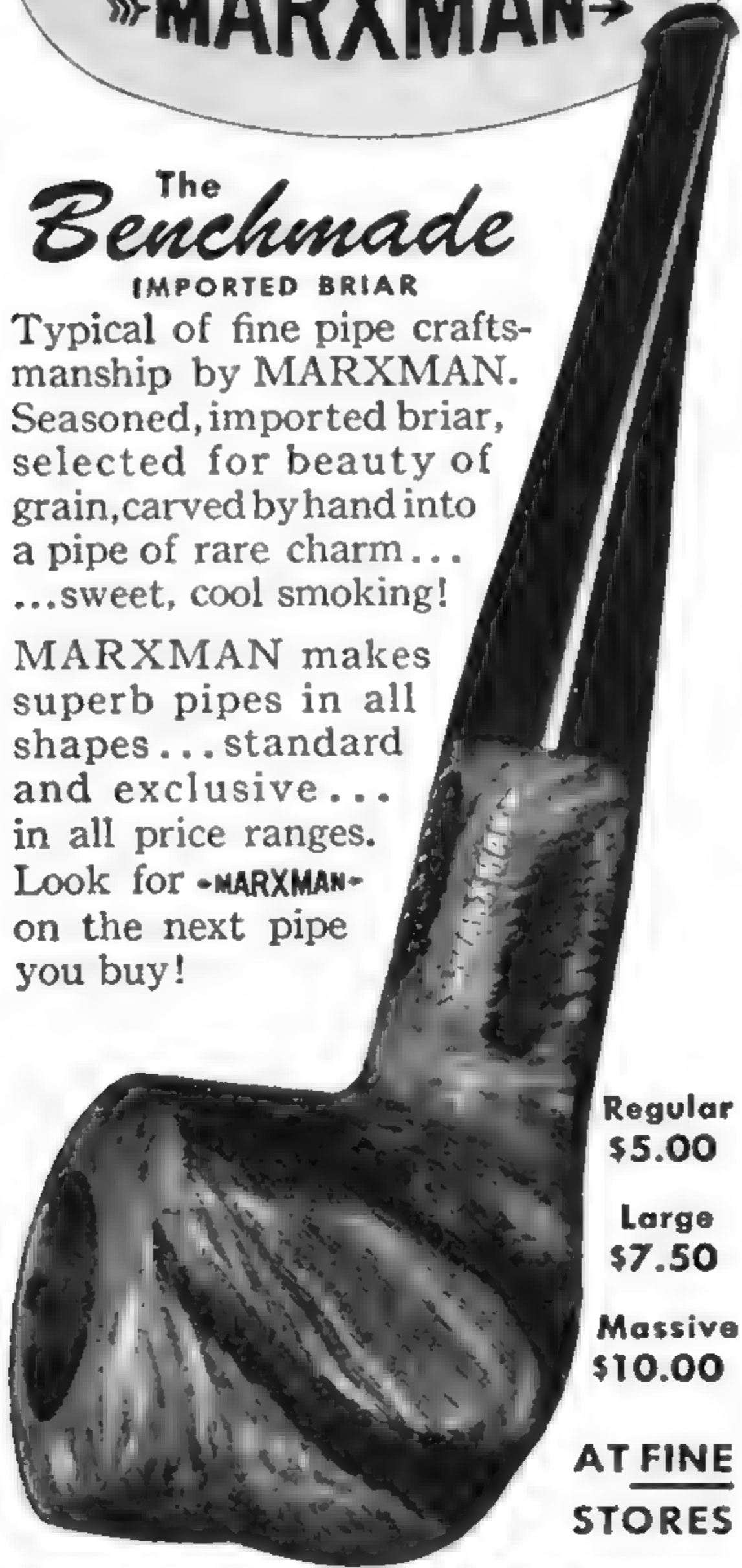
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do? Should I address myself directly to General Galba, the leader of the rebels, put myself into his hands, and appeal to his conscience? Or should I perhaps go to the Parthians and beg for asylum?" But the Parthians were the Romans' mortal enemies, and Nero, after a mildly successful military campaign, had succeeded in coming to a tolerable understanding with them.

The Emperor had himself shaved, took the digestive which his court physician had prescribed for him, and sat down to supper. Though he ate sparingly, he seemed to be in good spirits, and spoke wittily about literature, the theatre, handicrafts. He retired early declaring that he wished to have a clear head for whatever needed to be done on the next day.

But his sleep was troubled. He got up about midnight, meaning to follow an occasional habit and engage some of the numerous guards in affable conversation. But to his surprise there was no guard at the entrance, and the next guard, too, was gone. He walked toward the pavilion occupied by Phaon. The man, it appeared, had been looking for him. He had had news to the effect that, after the Emperor had left the Palatine, the officers of the guards called their men together and told them that the Emperor had left Rome secretly and fled to Egypt; that Galba, the new master, had pledged himself to make a present of thirty thousand sesterces to all the guards after his entry into Rome. Thereupon the troops had taken the oath of allegiance to the new master.

The night was unusually warm, but the Emperor seemed to feel cold. He stood there, a man of medium height, looking rather stout and clumsy in his dressing gown, and wearing sandals on his bare feet. It seemed to Phaon that the Emperor's heavy face blanched and that he pressed his prominent lower lip between his teeth. But all he said was: "Why, that's nonsense. He'll never be able to pay them thirty thousand, and I don't see how they can take such a promise seriously." His guards' pay and gratuities were exceptionally high, so high, in fact, that they could hardly be surpassed. He had therefore assumed that the troops would not be taken in by empty promises of higher gratuities, and he had relied upon them. So it was fundamentally his belief in man's common sense by which he perished; for, continuing on his round of inspection, he found that the men had after all been taken in by a lot of silly promises. At any rate, all the guards had quietly and secretly left their posts. For the first time he had a foreboding of how near his end was.

Nero dismissed Phaon and, dragging his feet, pursued his solitary way through the spacious park, from one of the small courtiers' houses to the other. He meant to call together his court. But all doors were locked, and no

Continued on page 208

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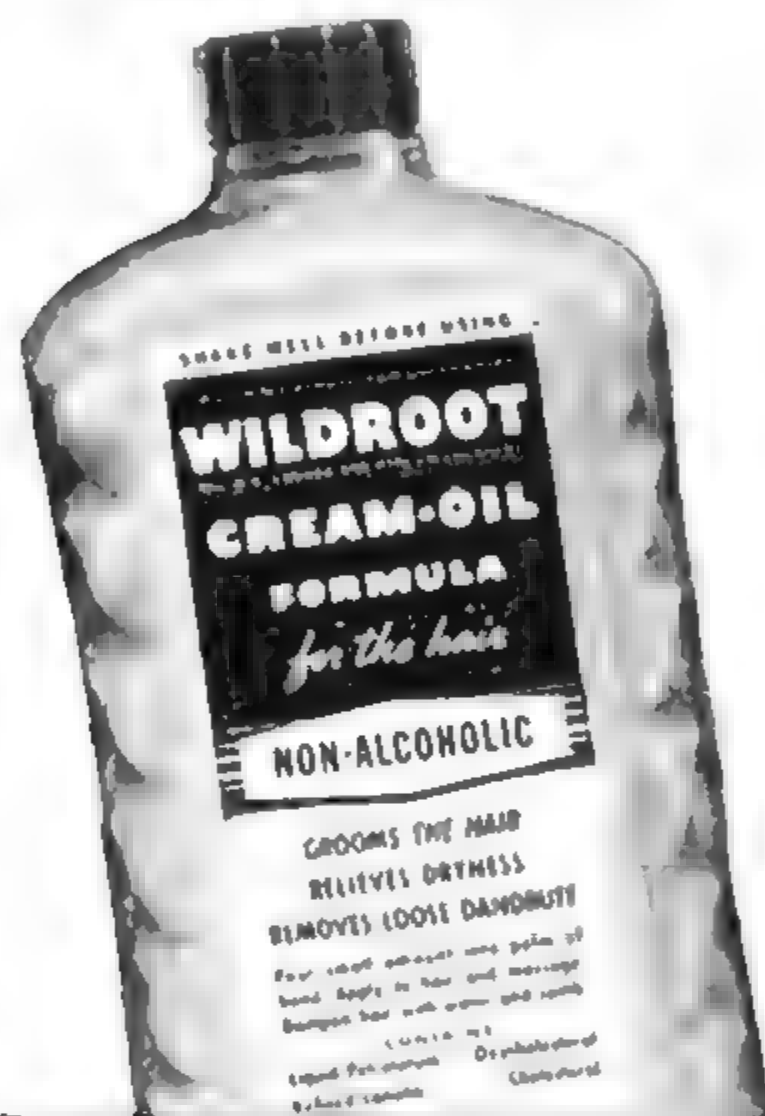
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The Death of Nero

Continued from page 207

response came. He went back to his bedroom, and now his chamberlains and lackeys, too, had run off, having taken along whatever there was to be taken, even the little gold receptacle with the poison. This so infuriated him that his accustomed words failed him, and he only compressed his lips tightly.

Within the next half hour the few remaining faithful ones arrived: the three freedmen—Phaon, Telos and Epaphroditus—and his handsome young friend and bedfellow, the sixteen-year-old Sporos. Nero sat on his bed, silent, bitter and sulking. The rascals had carried off even the pillow cases. He squatted there, flabby and stoutish, his legs protruding remarkably slender from under his short violet dressing gown, his reddish-blond hair, matted by perspiration, falling down over his forehead, the skin of his square and not unattractive face spotty, and his nearsighted grey eyes staring darkly in front of him; and his friends did not know whether he was even aware of their presence.

At last he lifted his eyes. "Send for Edico, please," he said. This Edico, a German, was his favorite life guard. "What does Your Majesty want of Edico?" Telos asked very politely. "I think," Nero replied, "that no one can be of better assistance to me than he, when I die. I should like to die decently." Saying this, he steadily, almost cheerfully, looked from one of the four men to the other. "Edico is not here," Phaon said finally. "Everybody has gone except us." Again Nero shook his head. "Strange, how fainthearted they are," he pondered.

"It would be best," Phaon suggested after a little while, "if Your Majesty were to go to my villa." "Hm, yes," Nero mumbled, "perhaps you're right." He rose sluggishly. "It is rather far," he grumbled. "About eight kilometers," said Phaon. The lad Sporos said eagerly: "They've left some horses in the stables." At the sound of his favorite's clear voice the Emperor's face brightened. "This is the first time you've shown an interest in horses," he smiled.

The sky had become overcast, it looked as if a thunderstorm were brewing. Nero came upon an old cloak which one of the servants had probably discarded, exchanging it against a better garment from the Emperor's wardrobe. They proceeded toward the stables. Nero mounted. Sporos handed up the cloak. It was so large that even the head could be comfortably enwrapped. The disguise began to amuse the Emperor. "Is this all right?" he asked, draping himself. "It looks fine," Phaon criticized dryly, "but the moon will be out again presently, and then everybody will recognize you. Your Majesty would do well to cover your head

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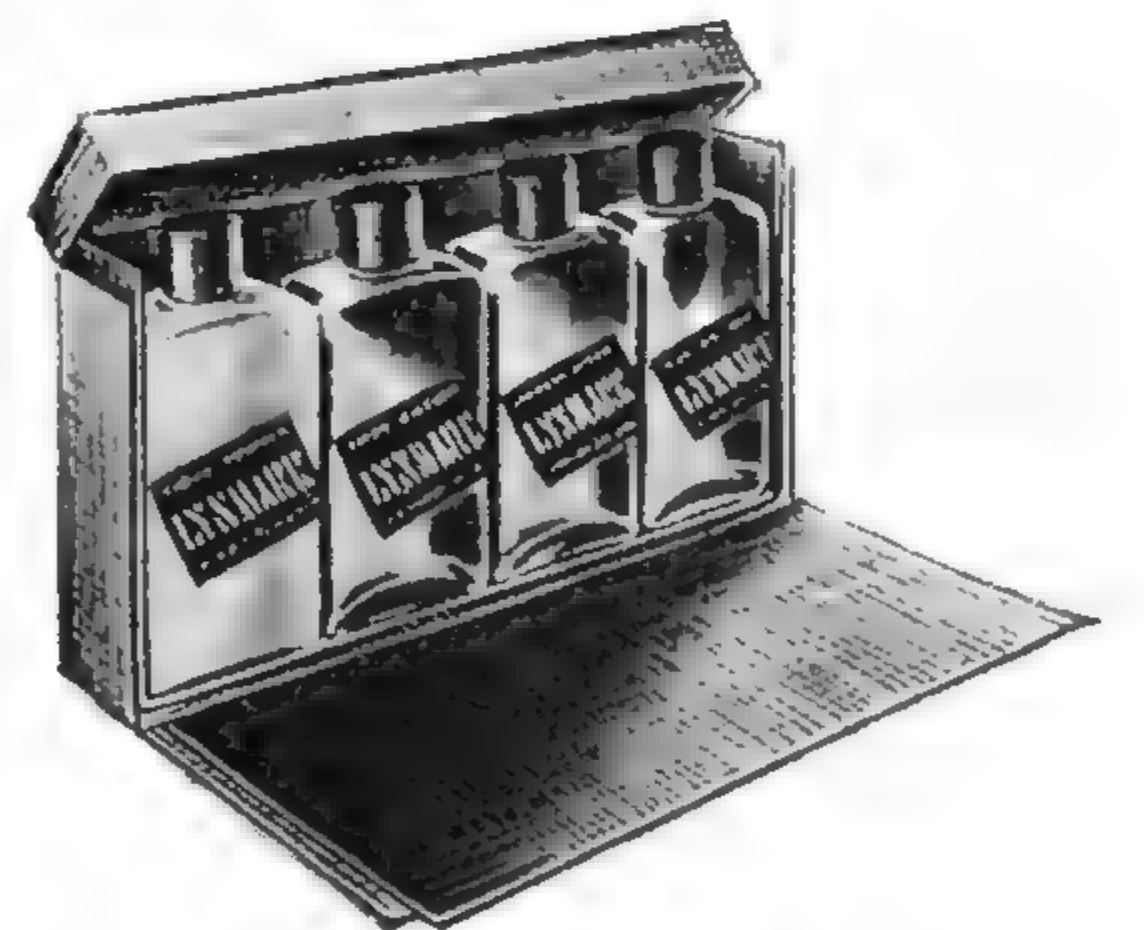
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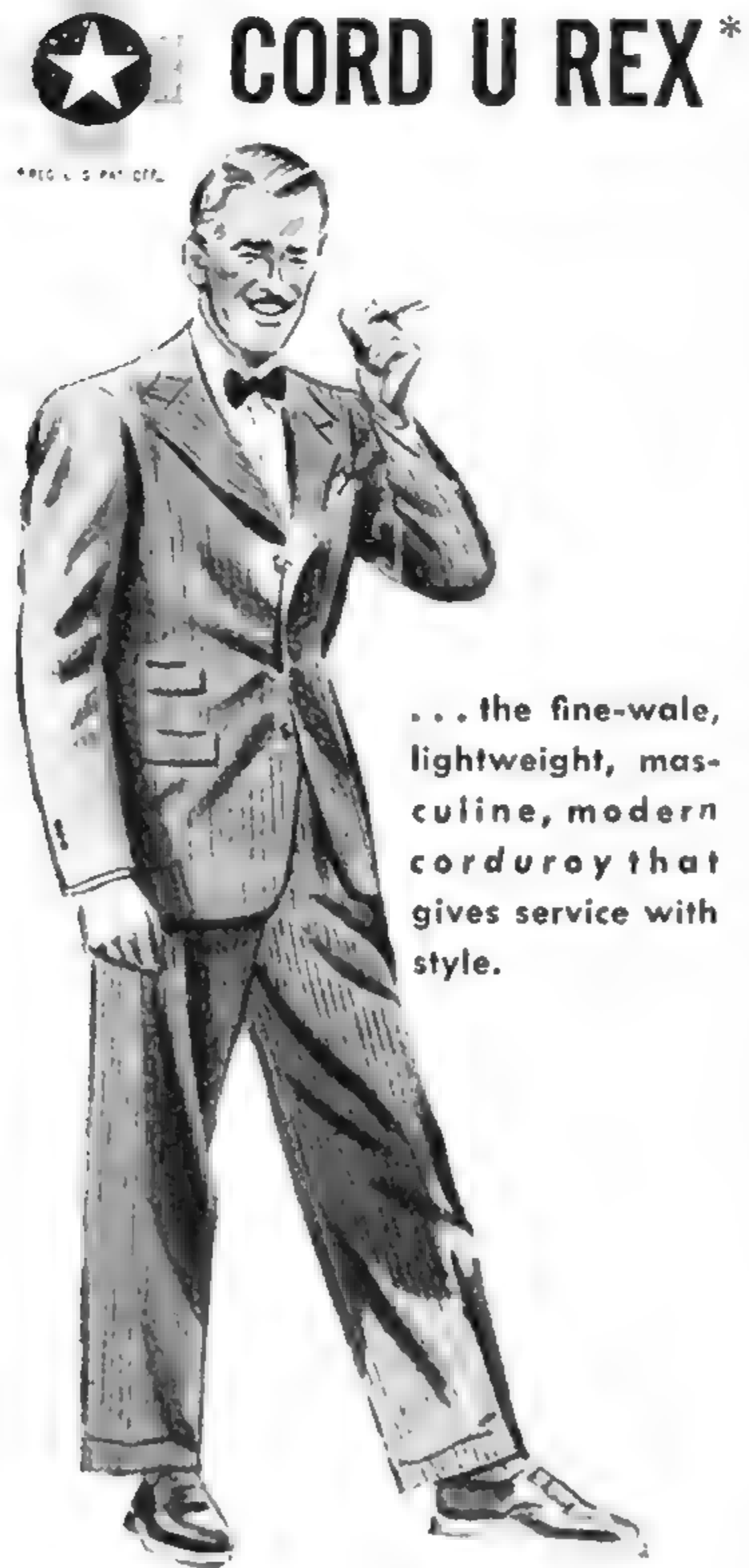
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entirely." But Nero merely said: "Let's go!" and put his horse to a trot.

They passed the life guards' great central barrack. It was lighted and full of noise. Preparations were presumably made for marching to meet Galba, seizing Nero, and occupying the city. The Emperor and his little escort rode on swiftly. Two men came walking in their direction. "Some more," one of them said, "who are looking for Nero." Presently, they met two soldiers of the guards. After a moment's hesitation, they gave the salute to which the Emperor alone was entitled. "Now we're in for it," Phaon grumbled softly.

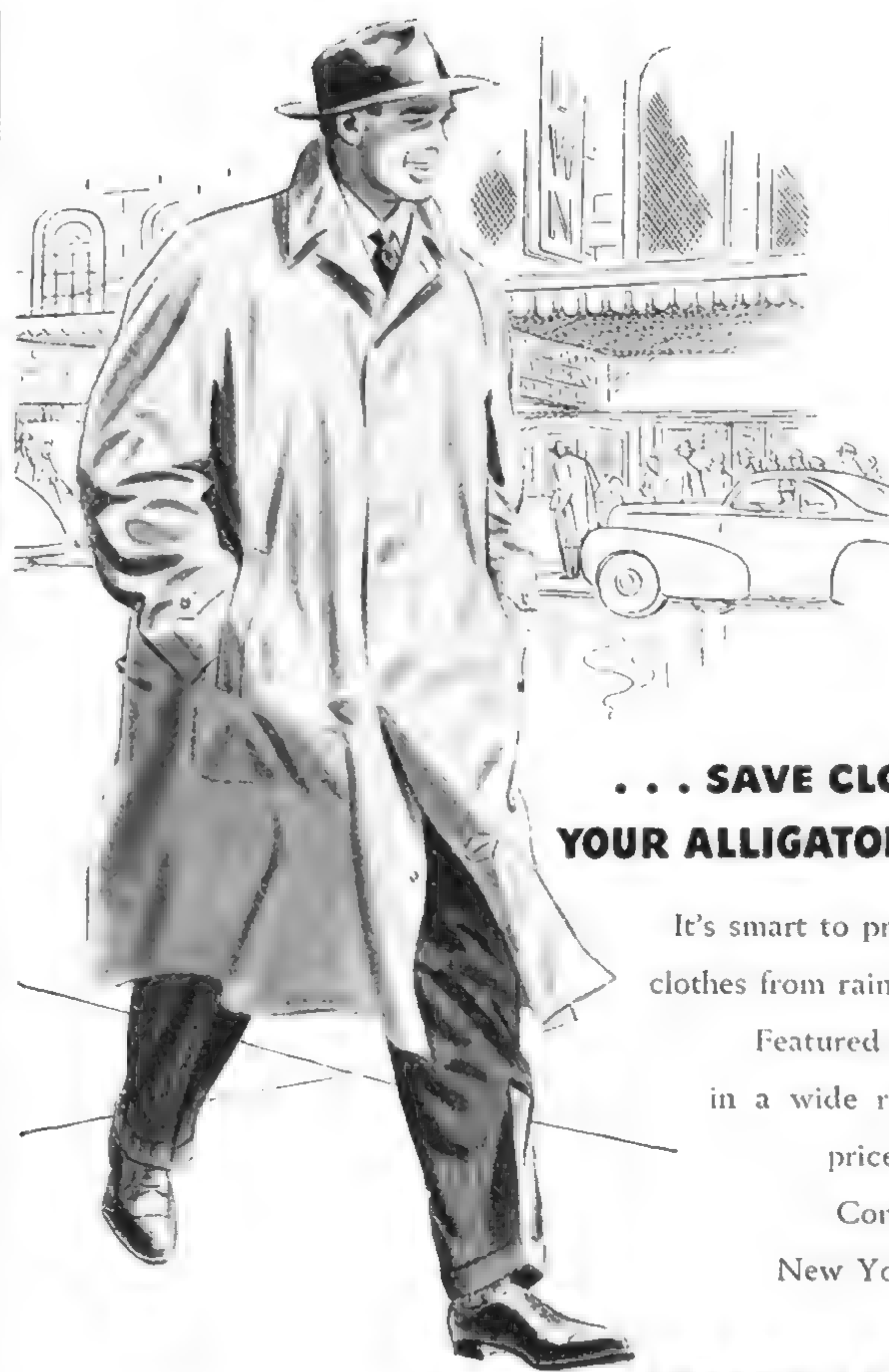
After crossing the Anio River, they rode on silently through the countryside, sparsely dotted with villas. At last, a narrow path leading to Phaon's property branched off from the main highway. Not wishing to arouse the servants, they left the horses behind. To reach the rear of the house, they had to toil through brushwood, thorny brambles and reeds. At times, the others spread their cloaks over the brambles to facilitate the Emperor's progress.

Phaon asked the Emperor to wait until he had ascertained how best to smuggle him into the house and find him a safe spot. He took the others along, leaving Nero behind, alone in the night. He squatted on the ground and clumsily removed the thorns sticking to his clothes. The night was full of unrest, dogs barked, birds screamed before the gathering storm. He felt thirsty, but there was nothing but a puddle of unclean tepid water. He scooped, drank, and spat the water out with disgust. Softly he said to himself: "That's Nero's Drink now." But what was known as "Nero's Drink" was a mixture of seven different kinds of wine of various vintages. Then he relieved nature soberly and meditatively, wondering if that was perhaps the last time.

The others returned. An unused door, opening into the rear of the house, had been cleared by them sufficiently to permit a person to crawl through on all fours. So, puffing and grumbling, Nero crawled inside. He got into a small cellar-like room filled with dampish air. Feebly the moon shed in its beams, and the men did not dare to light up. There lay the Emperor on two shabby blankets, rather exhausted. He had not eaten much at supper, and now, after so arduous a trip, he suffered from hunger and thirst. Phaon went in search of food and brought him some dried tunafish and a little of the sour local wine. Nero ate and drank, taking the first bites and swallows with greed and relish, the following ones with disgust. Then he reclined and closed his eyes.

"Have you news from Rome, my Phaon?" he asked after a while. "Yes," said Phaon, "I have news." "What is it?" asked Nero. "The Senate has decided," the

Continued on page 210



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The Death of Nero

Continued from page 209

secretary replied, "to pronounce you an enemy of the people tomorrow immediately after sunrise and to put you to death in the ancient manner." "What is that: 'the ancient manner'?" the Emperor asked attentively. "The criminal," Phaon replied, "is stripped and bound with cords, his neck is put inside a wooden fork, and then he is scourged until he is dead." "The Senate is quite brave," Nero said contemptuously "since I am no longer to be feared." "It would at any rate be well," Epaphroditus suggested, "not to give them a chance to carry out the sentence." Strangely listless, Nero blinked at him through the darkness with his shortsighted eyes. "You mean," he stated, "that it is for me to die decently." The others were silent. "You may be right," he continued, adding in a casual tone: "Dig me a grave, so they will not find me and mutilate my body. Put me in it until there is an opportunity for cremating me in a befitting manner." While, hesitating, they turned to leave, he touched his fingers to his cloak and clothing, which were dirty. "Another thing," he detained them. "A man cannot die in such clothes," he said disgustedly. "At least get me some decent clothes. And a wreath to die with." And when they still waited, he jumped up unexpectedly, stamped his foot, and cried fiercely; "Get you gone!"

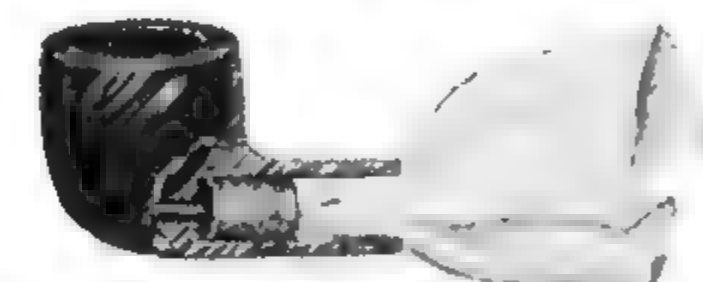
They slunk out hurriedly. The lad Spuros was about to join them, but Nero called him back and made him sit down at his side. Pouting like a boy who wishes to apologize, the Emperor said: "Well, am I not right? A wreath and some decent clothes, that's the least I can ask, isn't it?"

He pulled out the little dagger which he habitually carried about with him, tested its point and edge. "I am glad," he said, "that I remembered to get shaved last night. Come now, my Spuros, and arrange my forelocks for me." He squatted on the ground, his hands clasped around his knees. His strong fleshy face with the straight prominent nose and the mightily protruding lower lip bore an expression of calmness. And while his favorite's tender hands busied themselves with his long reddish-blond hair, he prattled: "It isn't easy to be a good emperor, like Caesar or Augustus. Even to be a good actor, like Roscius or Liban, isn't easy. But to be a great emperor and at the same time a great actor, that's damned difficult."

"Strictly speaking, whatever I did was to the good. True, there isn't any money, and I'd like to know what that scoundrelly Galba is going to do about the thirty thousand he promised to everyone of my guards,"—he shook his head, still astonished—"but that on which I spent the money was good. If the world's historians are just, they will have to come to



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the conclusion: Where Alexander failed, Nero was successful. Nero has in truth spread Greek culture all over the world. But the world's historians are probably not just and they will pause only at what I am supposed to have done badly.

"Now I shall have to cap a great life by a great death. Seneca set me a rather good example there. He died in a decent manner. As a matter of fact, he ought to have been thankful to me for having given him the opportunity of a decent death. Better by far than if he had died a commonplace death in his bed. How about it, my Spuros, don't you want to precede me in death?" He paid no attention to the lad's startled recoil. "I am sure," he continued, "that the many whom I had killed no longer blame me for it. Now that they are dead, they will understand my reasons and when I step down to join them, they will salute me reverentially and amicably. Don't you think so, my Spuros?" But the lad Spuros had cleared out.

Rage seized Nero at finding himself alone. "Where are you, you swine, you scum?" he bawled coarsely. "I'll have you whipped, I'll have you crucified, you traitor, you swine." He felt shaken by self-pity and a mad desire to touch human skin. There was no boy, no woman, for him to mingle with. Raging desire made him breathe violently. He sank his teeth into his full lips, wrathful at Spuros and his lady-friend Calvia, because they were not present, and at Poppaea, because she was dead.

He heard the others come back and at once pulled himself together. It was a matter of dying decently. Playing with the dagger, he begged: "Let me hear, Telos, how you will mourn me." And when Telos haltingly and painfully recited the customary verses of the lamentation for the dead, he corrected him several times.

Horsemen could now be heard approaching. There must be a whole squadron of them, surrounding the house. "If they once succeed in forcing their way in here, Your Majesty," Phaon warned, "it will be too late." The Emperor replied haughtily: "You might have saved yourself the warning." Unhurried, with the aid of the others, he put on the garment they had brought him. They had managed even to procure a wreath. It was scrubby and shabby, but it was a wreath at any rate.

Nero seated himself properly. "Hold my shoulders, Phaon," he commanded, "and let me slide down slowly when it's over." He bade Epaphroditus grasp the wrist of his hand holding the dagger. The two men did as they were told, and Telos guarded the door.

Nero looked from one of his friends to the other, sighed deeply, and said: "What an artist the world is losing in me!" And, with Epaphroditus to guide his hand, he plunged the dagger into his throat. ‡

Continued from page 59

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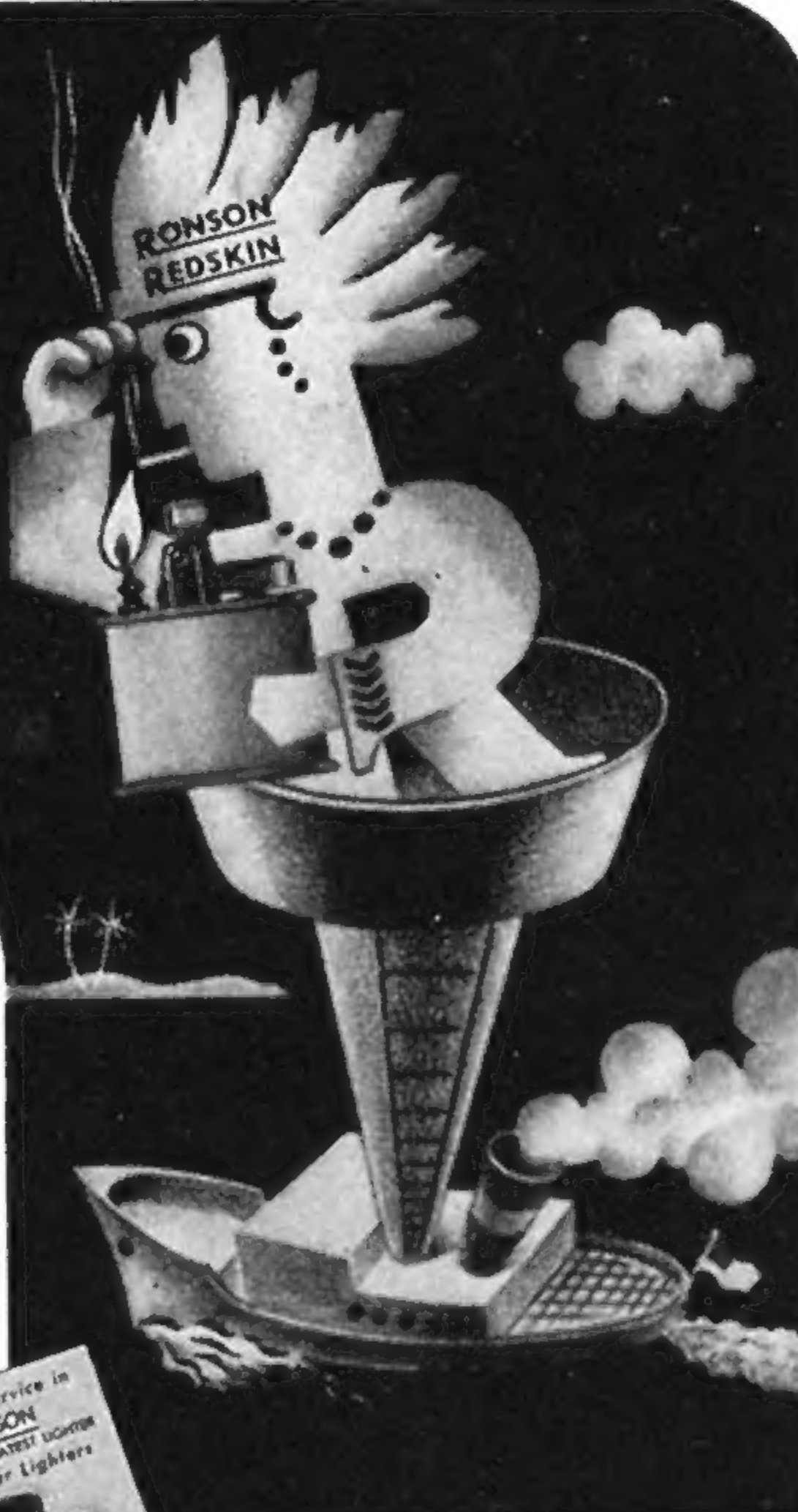
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